

*Your Luck is
in your
Hand*



THE

FORTUNATE

HAND

OR
THE SCIENCE
OF
MODERN PALMISTRY

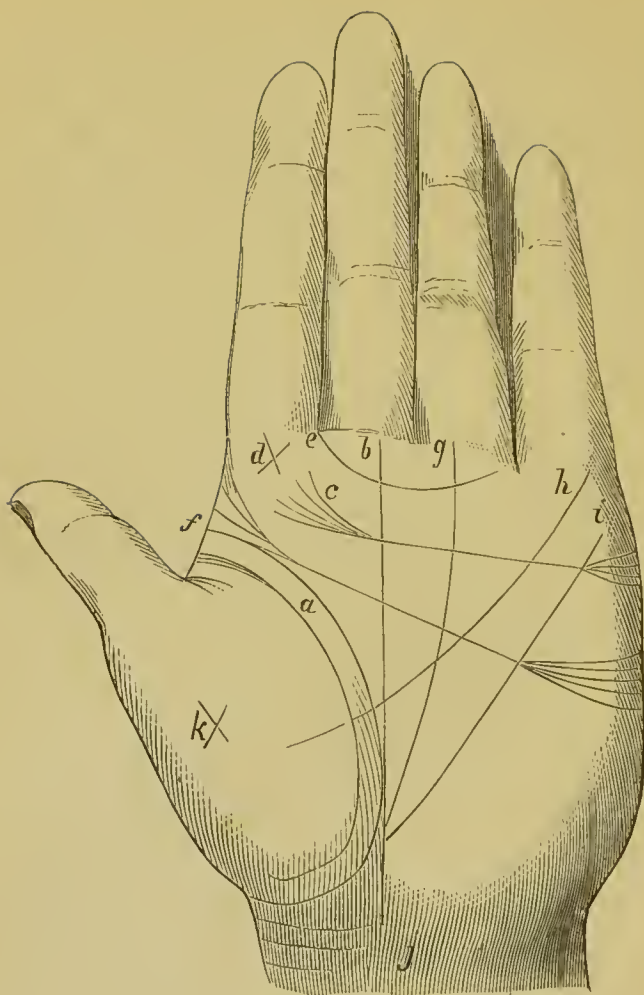


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THE HAND OF GOOD FORTUNE.

Frontispiece.

YOUR LUCK'S IN YOUR HAND;

OR,

The Science of Modern Palmistry.

CHIEFLY ACCORDING TO THE SYSTEMS OF

D'ARPENTIGNY AND DESBARROLLES,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GIPSIES.

BY

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YOUR LUCK'S IN YOUR HAND.



CHAPTER I.

PALMISTRY AS A SCIENCE.

IN one aspect it is, perhaps, impossible to overrate the advantages derived from the vast flood of what may be called the purely mental or abstract form of knowledge with which people of our day are now so happily endowed. It etherealizes and refines all the grosser parts of our nature, smooths away the rough friction of material life, and on the very face of the earth itself impresses something like the lineaments of an intellectual existence. But all our knowledge, even in its highest form, is but an abstraction of principles originating in natural phenomena, and we are too apt, from the blinding influence of so much of this light, to overlook the potent truths lying enstamped on every material object around us. We read Nature too much by the light of books, rather than in the character of

her own vernacular ; and we look at her materials too much through the highly intensified lens of an intellectual medium, instead of using our own optics and our own observation. A knowledge of the concrete is, however, the best of all foundations for the higher science ; and even during the ascent up into its higher abstractions, the mind will often gain rest and increased vigour from falling back upon those first elementary principles. But the course of the world at present is running rather into every artificial channel, and after the most highly abstractive pursuits, to the danger, in no small degree, of losing much practical wisdom derived from an observation of common things. In some cases even this high art-culture destroys or impairs our natural faculties.

An illiterate person, unhampered by note-book or memoranda of any kind, will remember, collect, and arrange in his memory a much larger number of facts and ideas as to places, dates, and things, than one trusting every detail to paper, and not using his memory. The man of the world who looks at character, and judges it by his own acquired standard of a commercial morality, may be often far surpassed by the retired partner of his cares at home, or even by one of his own children, in penetrating the inner soul of some plausible but deceitful friend. Character has ever a natural language and expression of its own, and this is often best read by the unsophisticated and the natural student. A child coming into the presence of a new companion will instinctively be drawn towards or re-

pelled from him by the exhibition of some outward evidences altogether unperceived by another. Savages can direct their course through the intricacies of woods and the densest forests by marks and signs that no one else could ever perceive. The mariner can read the language of the sky, and foretell the weather of to-morrow, in a way which to a landsman would appear incredible.

In the now defunct science of astrology there are many proofs of an intense study of Nature's language, and had there not been some original foundation of truth in its elements, often answering the observations and calculations of its students, it could never have grown into so compact a form and so beautiful a structure. It was only when its upper ramifications got entangled in the mysticisms of philosophic speculation and Aristotelian logic, that the system decayed and died; but it must have had something of a root in truth and nature. Does not at least our own planet, the moon, exercise some influence over mundane things? Certainly it wonderfully affects the tides, and the tides greatly affect the affairs of men. It is not unusually supposed to affect the weather, and the weather is a well-known source of health, disease, prosperity, or failure: it influences, indeed, both mind and body. Many are the agencies—the skyey influences—that mould and govern the actions of these frail bodies of ours. And to be born under a particular star may be but a generalization of a simple truth as to its benign or malign power over us. This may originally

have signified but the season of the night or of the year on which any one was born. If, then, other concomitants as to the health, circumstances, and condition of life of the parents were added to this, many shrewd calculations might have often been made and verified as to the future well-being of the subject of such a horoscope. But the mischief always is, that when some discrepancies and inconsistencies appear on the surface of any science not well understood, the whole system is condemned.

Now this is not fair treatment, even of so doubtful a science as astrology; and amidst our iconoclastic zeal in bringing down the entire fabric, and scattering the foundation, some prudence would be a good thing in tempering our ardour. Amidst the scattered elements, there will doubtless at least be found many gems and relics of truth and beauty that ought not to be lost.

It may, indeed, be safely asserted that there is some truth in every science or doctrine that has ever appeared among men. If we could always get to the bottom of it, we would very likely find the original discoverer or architect of the system a zealous enthusiast in his own creed. Having got firm hold of one or two indisputable points, he fixes them down as a foundation, and proceeds to build; but much depends upon the upper structure as well as the lower. His original truths may rest a superstructure of a certain height; but far exceeding that limit he rears his towers and pinnacles, and the whole comes down,

burying truth beneath, never more to appear. We see the ruin and condemn the folly of the architect; but his lost wisdom we know nothing of.

In many of the vague and chimerical speculations of physiognomy, it is impossible to follow and assent to the author on a first perusal, or a first consideration of his views; but our conclusions of the whole science are apt to be made too hastily from such data. Let us look at the first principles enunciated, and consider them, before rising to its higher ground; and it is impossible to look upon the great varieties of the human face and features, ever coming before us, without drawing many conclusions in our own mind as to the character of their owners. In the crowded streets of London, many of the passers-by may give no well-defined idea of the disposition of their inner man, but ever and anon some one individual flashes on the sight, presenting features unmistakably illustrating his character. You feel and know this to be the truth, and further inquiry would afford corroboration. These exceptions, therefore, prove the rule, or rather, such examples show the rule in prominent excess. Some ruling attribute of the mind has impressed a more vivid and unmistakable picture on the countenance of one man; in a second, another passion or faculty appears, in a greater or less degree of prominence, until, in the multitude of faces flitting past, may be seen, as through a mirror, all the endless varieties of human character. That such is the fact, therefore, proves the foundational existence of this science; a closer obser-

vance and more extensive deduction will generalize it into a higher growth.

In phrenology, too, every one of any observation can attest the existence of its fundamental points—"the forehead villanous low," or the lofty brow, the facial angle, the low or lofty crown, the depressed or prominent cerebellum, are all indications commonly noted, and had long been noted, as proofs of mental character. We can even read the character of inanimate nature from the features stamped upon it by the Creator. Indeed, the most wonderful of all languages and of all books is that written in the fossilized hieroglyphics of the rocks. Here Nature registers her own existence, chronicles her history, and reveals her past and present life; and from a contemplation of these records, describing the character and constitution of the planet we live upon, the geologist compiles the materials of his wonderful science.

There is, however, nothing really new under the sun. All these doctrines and sciences have been known from the earliest times in more or less of a rudimentary state. They die away in one form and revive in another, although, doubtless, it is true that, at the present day, more correct principles on most subjects are now enunciated than have previously been given to the world. In strict harmony with this law of resurrection, there comes just now upon us the reappearance of a very old doctrine, which is that of *palmistry*. This is quite an old friend with a new face, or rather with a new hand held out to us, and which we have great pleasure in

meeting with a cordial grasp. In its primitive form, we find this science recorded as having a place among the ancient Egyptians; and for a space of some four thousand years, until the present time, has it probably been more or less practised by tribes bearing at least the same name. The Greeks, the inveterate plagiarists of the Egyptians, copied the system, and embodied it among their semi-religious rites. Like everything coming through their hands, however, it thus acquired a new and fresh beauty and attraction. The Romans, again, imported the custom from the Greeks, and their priests and augurs sedulously practised it. That it was held in high esteem among that people, their writings fully testify. Homer is even said to have written a complete treatise upon the lines of the hand; but, unfortunately, his opinions, like many others of those early times, curious and rare as they now would be, have been destroyed.

But the ancient science of palmistry, or manual divination, mixed up with astrology, or the astral influences, had long slumbered in the pages of neglected volumes, or been read only by those more in quest of the curious than the useful. In the early part of the sixteenth century, some of its principles were disinterred by a learned French Jesuit, who published a small work on the subject; but the religious *esprit de corps* of the author infusing many of the superstitions of his communion into its composition, prevented its circulation beyond the pale of the Romish Church.

During the seventeenth century, so fertile in the rise

and growth of learning and genius, Dr. Rothman wrote a complete treatise upon the art of palmistry, in Latin, translated into English by Wharton, and often found attached to the end of his other works. In a small octavo volume, Dr. Saunders, about the same time, communicated to the world an abridged form of the best and most correct principles of palmistry and chiromancy—a work now very scarce. Another work, now also very rare, written by Partridge, the famous almanack maker and astrologer, at the beginning of the present century, contains a well-condensed abridgment of the whole scheme developed by former writers. In the digested arrangement of this author, the main heads and leading principles of the art are well set forth; and in the following programme we have adopted the same nomenclature.

It must be observed, however, that all these preceding writers detail the principles of the ancient science. It was, indeed, one of the revivals of that period; and while many judicious arguments and reasons were advanced in favour of some of its foundational truths, great freedom was undoubtedly given to the fancy in harmonizing many of its details. The course of palmistry through that period of transition, that formed so powerful a crucible alike for religion, science, and literature, in reviving, purifying, and amending them, was something akin to the Reformation itself. It may be called the palmistry of Pagan times that was then taken up by those morning stars of a new dispensation. A greater light was then made to shine upon it than

during the darker ages, and that light being itself of purer and more benign ray than the superstition of former times, many of its harsher features were smoothed away, its angularities rounded off, and the truthful symmetry of the whole more fully and beautifully revealed. It was the development, not of a ruined, but of an entire Pagan temple, containing, doubtless, many barbarisms, foreign to modern taste, but still commanding respect and admiration from its antiquity and its elaborate finish. But the full reformation has been reserved for our own day, and the Luther and Calvin of chiromaney have but lately appeared in France. Before, therefore, proceeding to give to the reader the principles of *modern palmistry*, a brief outline of the ancient science, as collected and abridged from the works of Paracelsus, Albertus Magnus, and others, may not be out of place.

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT PALMISTRY.

PALMISTRY, from *palma*, the palm of the hand, or chiromaney, from the Greek *cheir*, the hand, and *manteia*, divination, is the art of knowing the disposition, inclination, temper, good and bad fortunes, life and death, of any person by the lines and signatures of the hands. To render the art intelligible, the reader must know that as there are seven planets or wander-

ing stars which have great influence over all sublunary bodies in general, so likewise they have their material and significant position in the hands of every person. The planets are the following—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, Luna. It must also be known that there are twelve celestial signs in the zodiac connected with the scheme. These are the usual astronomical signs—Aries, Taurus, etc. There are also seven lines or parts of the hand, which is the principal part as to palmistry. 1. The table line, or line of fortune. 2. The middle natural line. 3. The line of life, or of the heart. 4. The line of the liver or stomach. 5. The sister line of the line of life. 6. The percussion of the hand. 7. The wrist. Of these lines four only are principal. The hand itself, divided by anatomists into three parts—the wrist, the body of the hand, and the fingers—has, in palmistry, the first of these parts named the palm, or plane of Mars; the second is called the hollow of the hand, extending from the extremity of the other side of the thumb towards the little finger, named the mount of the hand or of the Moon; the third division consists of the five fingers—the Pollex, Index, Medius, Annularis, Auricularis.

The pollex or thumb, being the first, greatest, and strongest, is dedicated to Venus; the next, the index finger, is so called as used in pointing to anything, and attributed to Jupiter; the medius, or middle finger, is so named from its position, and dedicated to Saturn; the annularis, or ring finger, is dedicated to the Sun; and the auricularis, or little finger, is dedicated to

Mercury. The Romans so named this digit as being generally used in picking the ears.

At the roots or bases of each of these fingers there are certain risings which are called mounts, and attributed to the planets. To this also is added that visible flesh which is and belongs to the percussing of the hand. The four fingers have twelve points or ligaments, and to these are attributed the twelve signs of the zodiac (see diagram). Now every mount signifies and denotes something of special consideration—as that of Venus, love; that of Jupiter, honour; of Saturn, misfortunes; and of Mercury, arts and sciences; that of the Sun, riches; of Mars, military achievements; and of Luna, or the Moon, afflictions and mental diseases.

In any of the accompanying diagrams will be seen at a glance the general division of the hand, according to the ancient art, from the roots of the fingers to the line dividing the wrist and the arm. The back of the hand is the opposite part of the palm, and the back of the fingers is understood in the same manner.

It has been said the principal lines of the hand are four in number, and as these are the grounds of prediction or foreknowledge, from the necessary diversity of their signification, different appellations have been given to them. For example, the table line is so called from its constituting the table of the palm. It is also called the line of fortune, as having the most general signification of the good and evil incidents in our temporal affairs. It is called the necessary line, as indispensable in opening and exercising the hand and

fingers, and it is called the line of Mars, as denoting evil, envy, treachery, etc. Now, in all these lines of the hand, five particulars must be carefully noted :—

1. Their quantity, as to length, breadth, and depth, also crookedness and straightness.
2. Their quality in colour and figure in reference to shape and complexion.
3. Their action in reference to other lines as touching or cutting them.
4. Their passion in relation to other lines as being touched or cut by them.
5. Their place or position.

The preceding sketch is a very slight outline of this ancient mirror of the mind—the palmer's hand. Numerous other minor details would require to be filled in to complete the picture, but we must now hasten on to the modern edition of that hand-book—and a very concise, portable little volume it is, of which there is not unfrequently a pocket copy. How many of our young gentleman, anxious to know that nothing is amiss or awry about their moustache or cravat before entering into company, consult their tiny pocket mirror to see themselves. But is not this ever-present looking-glass of the mind a more useful counsellor to give advice as to how they may know themselves? Through this mirror the features of the mind reflect themselves upon the on-looker. He that practises palmistry, too, we are told, ought to look into the left hand, as he will there better find the foundation of his predictions; and in a science of so much speculation, it is pleasant to find reason given for the assertion, even although it might possibly be called in question by the

more rigid physiologist. All the veins of the hand and arm, and the lines of them, we are told, go to the heart, which is the magazine of life and the seat of all desires, affections, and passions. He need not look for anything else in the right hand but the number of years and diseases the person will have. Nor, should even the prediction fail, is the loophole of retreat left unguarded by a good substantial physiological reason. "The practitioner must observe well the temper and constitution of the person before making an inspection, otherwise he may be deceived. He must take care that the body be not tired or fatigued with too much action; for action by heat draws the blood from its due centre to the circumference, and so by extenuation the natural heat is exhausted. Be cautious, also, of the brawny part of the hand, if it be attracted by labour or otherwise, for this clouds the lines and renders them not very perceptible." This is good reason at least, and a powerful rearguard in case of pursuit by the sceptic. It is, in fact, this ever-recurring close contact with the natural laws that palmistry exhibits in so many places, that a thorough examination of it tends greatly to diminish our entire unbelief. No doubt the hand is the organ of the will, the brain, or the mind—an instrument instantaneously responsive to the wielding power. I will to shut my hand, and instantly the fingers obey, or, to open it, and they unclasp; and this it will do for the performance of any action in obedience to the mind, whether that action be good, bad, or indifferent. Then, if the prompting

desires of that mind be evil, corresponding muscles may be affected and consequently developed; or, if good and benevolent, the same may disappear and others manifest themselves. At all events, the formation or configuration of the hand, or some other part of the body, caused by the action of some particular employment, will often readily enough reveal the nature of that employment.

A tailor is instantly known by his walk, and the carpenter's palm is easily distinguished from that of the lawyer's clerk. Besides, owing to the natural symmetry of the whole frame, a part or proportion of one member may often prove an indication of another. A hosier, in wishing to ascertain the circumference of your foot, will measure round the knuckles of the hand. From some such data as this, taken from the universal fitness of things, it must have been, that a conclusion like the following was drawn:—"He whose hand is according to the quantity of his body, and the fingers too short and thick, and fat at the ends, will be a thief, a liar in wait, and addicted to all manner of evil;" so that to have a hand like this would seem to indicate as untrustworthy a character as the man who hath "no music in his soul." "Great and long hands betoken a great spirit, liberality, good condition, craftiness; but the person will be a good counsellor and faithful to his friends." It seems anything but difficult to find a type of this character, the most prominent that just now occurs being that of the late Abraham Lincoln. But the natural connection here seems to vanish—not so

much so, however, in the following :—" A hand something long and the fingers thick, denotes the person to be of a phlegmatic complexion, idle, slothful, but modest." Every one, too, has seen the garrulous old mendicant whose "fingers stand at a distance, and are much dispersed, denoting misery, poverty, and confident loquacity." " He whose fingers are in such a manner that they seem to stick against each other as if he were beating a drum, is changeable in his thoughts, and has a bad opinion of other people." This is unquestionably the nervous, irritable man, who is easily betrayed by the twitching of his fingers, a further proof of which may also be given in the nerveless, trembling fingers of the drunkard, forming a much better index to that unfortunate character than even his empurpled nose. In the nerveless or nervous shake of the hand much of the same character or its absence may also be noted, but that may possibly rank under the palmistry of touch more than of sight. " He whose fingers turn backward is an unjust person, subtle, ingenious, and the more neat his fingers seem to be (as being more dry) the more mischievous is he, and an enemy to virtue." This would surely seem to point out a member of the swell mob. Such are a few specimens of the rules for reading the hand. The additional subjects and divisions contained in the ancient science extend to nearly thirty in all ; some of these refer to life, death, marriage, disease, good and bad fortune, and indeed all the ups and downs of this mortal existence.

CHAPTER III.

THE MODERN SCIENCE AND ITS HIGH PRIEST.

LET us now, then, return to the modern science and its high priest, D'Arpentigny. This gentleman was a French captain, and had seen many years of active service. It was during the Spanish wars, in which he was engaged, that his attention first began to be attracted to the science of chiromnomy. One day the young officer, sauntering along one of the roads of Andalusia, was accosted by a gipsy who asked his hand to draw a horoscope. The girl, who was of Moorish blood, was very beautiful, and begging him with much importunity, D'Arpentigny smilingly consented to submit his hand to her investigation. He listened to her grave recital of some wonderful prediction about the generosity of the lieutenant; and continuing his way he reflected on that form of divination by the lines of the hand and on certain fantastic terms which the Bohemian had used. He said to himself that although chiromaney practised by Bohemians and ignorant mountebanks was only an innocent superstition to procure a few pence, it was not the less true that in displaying their pretended science those same people repeat words handed down from their ancestors. Amidst much empty jargon detailed by those people, the observer may pick up some expressions apparently derived from some dead language, whose metaphorical character alone preserves its existence. In his eager and

prolonged research after some written knowledge of the science, he ransacked the works of Avicenna and Tretichius, corroborated their opinions with the writings of Antiochus, Tibertus, and Taisiner; he dived into Plato and Aristotle, Ptolemy and Averroes; in short, he read everything he could get bearing on the subject, until, after completely muddling his brains with the opinions and counter-opinions of others, he judged rightly that all such theorizing would only be doubt and conjecture until the truth was established by observation. He then set himself to compare the hands of every one with whom he was acquainted, remarking the most minute details of their conformation, and analyzing various aspects, until at last he built up a system based upon reason and logic. Then it was he resolved to give to the world his views in a volume—and a remarkable book it is—to which high testimony is given by writers of eminent name, as Lamar-tine, Jules Janin, J. M. Dargaud, Barthelemy, and others.

This new reformed faith of chiromancy then embraces seven distinct articles, each defining a particular form of hand, which is denominated as follows:—

1. The hand elementary, or hand with a large palm.
2. The hand necessary, or spatuled.
3. The hand artistic, or conical.
4. The useful, or square hand.
5. The philosophical, or knotted hand.
6. The psychological, or pointed hand.
7. The mixed hand.

It is plain the Darwinian theory has no place in modern palmistry. These types of hand cannot be

altered, and are only modified up to a certain point. A secret power which maintains the harmony of the world forms the man of our day by the same law as that which was in operation in the time of Moses, ever recalling him to his first purity. Still, different types diverge far asunder, and it is from a blending of their opposite qualities that the various civilizations of the world result. A nation that could only reckon two or three types would be like a lyre having only so many chords—life and its enjoyments would be limited and monotonous. The same power that limits the divergence of a general bodily type of man, also restrains within a moderate range the excess of his peculiarities. Laws are born of the knowledge we have of the abusive power of our inclinations; yet they constitute our liberty in assuming the reflective power that our reason opposes to the spontaneous impulses of our instincts.

CHAPTER IV.

SIGNS ATTACHED TO THE PALM OF THE HAND.

IN the palm of the hand is placed the sign of the bodily desires, and, to a certain degree, that of the intensity of the intellectual aptitudes which these desires determine. Too slim, narrow, and feeble, it indicates a weak and unsuggestive temperament; an imagination without warmth and power; instincts without

capacity. If it is pliant, of a suitable thickness and surface, that is to say, in harmony with the proportions of the fingers and thumb, there will be an aptitude for all the pleasures of life, and the feelings, easily excited, will give scope to the imagination. Should it present developments too marked, without ceasing to be pliant, egotism and sensuality will be the dominant inclinations. Lastly, if its largeness is altogether out of proportion with the other parts of the hand, if it joins to an excessive hardness an excessive thickness, then it will indicate instincts approaching to an unthinking animalism.

“Cast your eyes over those animals with round and solid feet, formed by a single hoof, cloven or uncloven, the ox, the horse, the ass, the dromedary, for example, and consider the working power, so profitable to us, which is in them, but of which God has denied them the consciousness, after having refused them the means of using it for their own advantage, and is not the excess of their stupidity rendered evident? It is not the same with animals whose feet are articulated, as the lion, the tiger, and others, the superiority of whose organization is in harmony with the superiority of their intelligence, and demonstrated by the liberty which they enjoy. According to the amount of liberty possessed by a people, may their moral value be measured. For morality rises out of liberty. The indications furnished by the palm are, however, necessarily strengthened or modified by those presented by the other parts of the hand.”

This is a very fair opening up of the subject, and a good specimen of inductive reasoning. Much of our intellectual aptitude is, no doubt, determined by our desires; the wish is, often enough, not only father of the thought but of the deed; and if the sign of the appetite be present in the palm, some penumbral manifestation of its accompanying spirit may not unreasonably be expected near.

Again, "instincts without capacity" is a well-known phase of character. A musician may have the best endowments, mentally, of his art, but these can never be expected fully to develop themselves in the higher regions of its practice, without a corresponding manual aptitude. The hand, in fact, is often the teacher of the mind, as well as the mind that of the hand; and when, on either side, the teaching power is deficient, the taught is undeveloped. It was a want of this corresponding manual aptitude in the great composer who sketched out so difficult an exercise that some of its notes could only be struck by bobbing down his nose upon them. Some people say the elephant acquired his trunk only from his feeling the great want of something to bring his unwieldy head in nearer contact with the earth, and that the endeavour to do so, continued through long ages, at length created that appendage. If such were the case, his instinct produced the capacity.

In the analogy drawn between hoofed and articulate-footed animals, one is hardly certain that the stupidity of the former is clearly made out. The horse and

other hoofed labourers do not submit naturally to the imposition of their yoke, and it ought to be in their wild state from which the comparison should be made with lions and tigers. A bullock in harness and the wild bull of the forest have acquired two very different natures, but their hoofs are still the same. No argument could therefore be drawn unfavourable to their intelligence in that condition from their hoofs alone, while in other aspects they certainly would not appear anything more stupid than a lion or a tiger. The proof of their greater stupidity, if proof there be, must then lie in their capability of domestication. Man is too cunning for them, and gets the advantage. It is the old fable of the horse letting the man get on his back to drive away the lion. But since these tameable and serviceable animals *have* hoofs, and the untameable and unuseful have claws, the generalization may well be allowed. Yet even so their greater stupidity seems questionable. May it not rather be their better nature and softer disposition, which is not necessarily allied to stupidity. This, again, may not improbably just come from their great strength. Large animals are generally better conditioned than the lean and small. So is it too among men and women. The brawny giant of a coalheaver who quietly allowed his tiny vixen of a wife to box his ears, need not be accused of greater stupidity than his partner, however much more philosophy he may be credited with, in giving utterance to the placid remark that—"It pleases she, and does no harm to I." But according to our

text a man with a thick horny palm is the human analogue of the horse or the bullock, and that is the worst of it, for if his stupidity be in the same ratio to his domesticity as the others, he will get far beyond the donkey in the "animality" of his ideas. However, leaving him with his kindred pachyderms, let us now see what are

THE SIGNS ATTACHED TO THE HAND.

There are smooth fingers, and there are knotted fingers. Among the latter, those of a certain hand have only one knot, those of another, two knots. The significant knots are not those only that may be discovered by tact, but such as the eye will readily and easily perceive.

Our fingers terminate either in a spatule, that is to say, enlarging more or less at the points; or squarely, by a phalange of which the side lines are prolonged in a parallel direction; or in a cone more or less apexed. To these different forms are attached so many different signs; but as to the knots. If that which connects your third phalange, the nail part, to the second is projecting, you have well-arranged ideas; if that which binds your second phalange to the first projects, you have a remarkable share of material order. If with these two knots you have at the same time arrangement, method, punctuality, you will be guided by reflection; between the thought and the action, the mind will make a pause for consideration. The germ of science will be within you.

On the contrary, the knotless fingers bear within them the germ of art. However certain may be the end towards which their interest impels them, they will always proceed by inspiration rather than by reason; by fancy and sentiment rather than by knowledge; by synthesis rather than by analysis.

Intellectual taste, as it results from proportion, belongs especially to the knotted fingers; and grace, because it reasons not, belongs chiefly to the smooth fingers.

Some persons sacrifice a superior order to an inferior; they ruin themselves to have a well-appointed house. Louis XIV. sacrificed well-being to symmetry, merit to rank, the State to the Church. The knot of his ideas probably induced the imperfection.

Let us now pass to the interpretation of the exterior, that is, the third phalanges.

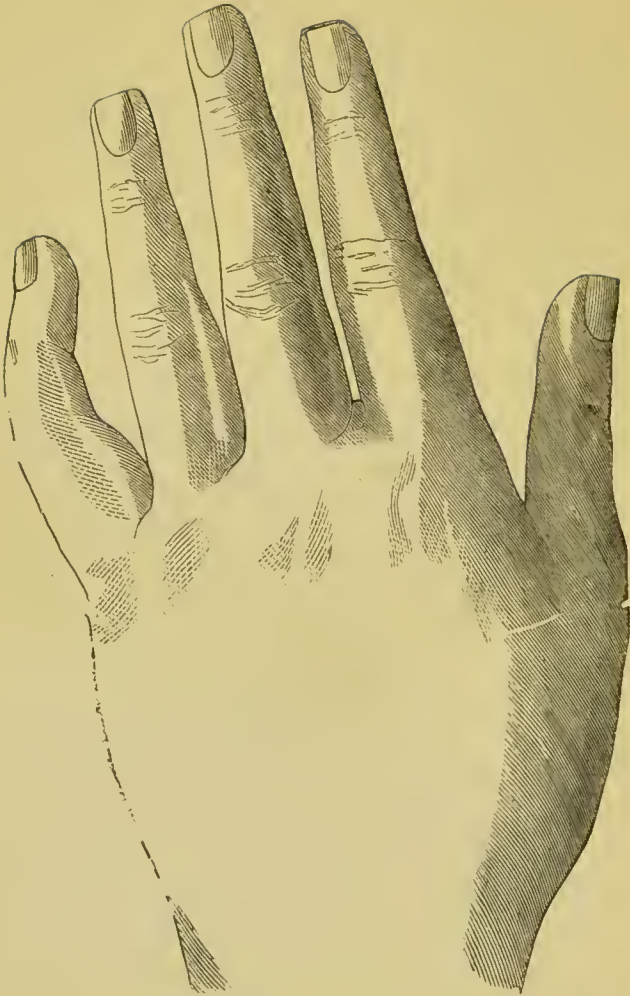
Here are seven hands, says D'Arpentigny, belonging to as many individuals; they are stretched towards us without resting upon anything, and the fingers half opened. The first is defended by smooth fingers terminating in a spatule, the second by knotted fingers terminating also in a spatule. To both of these, by reason of the spatuled phalange, the urgent want of bodily action, of locomotion, and very generally manual occupation—more bowels than brains—belong the knowledge of things useful and physically perceptible, as the love of horses, dogs, hunting, sailing, war, agriculture, commerce.

To both belong an innate sense of tangible things,

an instinctive knowledge of real life, cultivation of physical strength, a genius for calculation, the industrial and mechanical arts, the applied sciences, natural and experimental science, administration, etc. Vaucanson, Constantin, and Perier had fingers greatly spatuled.

As the smooth fingers proceed by inspiration, passion, instinct, intuition, and the double-knotted fingers by calculation, reason, deduction, and probabilities, the hand with smooth fingers will especially excel in the locomotive arts and the applied sciences, in which spontaneous dexterity and genius prevail over combination.

Prince Jules de Polignac was fond of hunting, travelling, riding, and bodily exercises. His temperament was sanguine; he had an aquiline nose and ruddy complexion; his shoulders were large, his chest prominent, his stature tall, but the lower part of his body corresponded not with the other—large feet, crooked legs, a certain rusticity, the awkward gait of a swan out of water. Such had been his strength in youth and his agility, that in Russia, having been attacked by a bear, he overcame and slew it. Another time, a troop of great mountain-dogs, that some boors of the Oural had hounded against him, came to the same end. At last, one day, without knowing how to swim, and only to give scope to his superabundant energy, he betted that he would cross the Volga at its greatest width, without any other help than a hand supporting his chest, which he accomplished. Such athletes are



SQUARE-FINGERED HAND.

little suited to appreciate the subtleties of mental government; prompt in sudden thoughts and action, they easily lose themselves in the tangled mazes of reflection. *Their fingers are spatuled and smooth.* The empire wants a minister, they impose upon it a vizier; the sail awaits a breeze, they unchain a tempest.

The hands spatuled with knots indicate the practical mechanical sciences, as statics, dynamics, navigation, architecture. Thus Vauban, Monge, Carnot, Cohorn, Arago, etc.

Here is, however, a hand whose smooth fingers terminate squarely, that is, by a nailed phalange, the sides of which are prolonged in a parallel direction; this other, whose exterior phalange is equally square, with knots in the fingers. To both of these, by reason of the square phalange, belong a taste for moral, political, and social science; and philosophy, poetry, grammar, logic, and geometry.

To the squared phalanges are due the theories and methods of administration; they do not attain to high poetry, but letters, the sciences, and some arts. These carry the name of Aristotle inscribed on their banner. This type dazzles not by brilliant fancy, but loves literature for its own sake, history, social science, etc. Descartes and Pascal had knotted fingers; Chapelle and Chaulieu smooth ones.

In France there are more square hands than spatuled; that is to say, more people of tongue than of hand, more brains organized for the theory of science than men well suited to apply them.

It may be in obedience to the stern dictates of the hand-reading art, that such a sentence is here passed upon the French by a Frenchman, but there is, doubtless, much show of truth about it. In many of the finest and most elaborate specimens of handicraft, minute, delicate, and microscopic in detail, but absolutely useless, the French excel; it seems even an idiosyncrasy of theirs to run everything up into the highest possible finish. But in the grander and broader features of mechanism they may possibly be only second to ourselves in England. In many of their grandest artistic conceptions, too, especially those intended to strike wonder by their magnitude, much of the national "glory" is ever the animating principle; greater and more impossible balloons, canals, railways, and exhibitions than other people is a favourite idea; and that many such projects fail is but a necessary consequence. Nothing so practically great and useful appears among their undertakings as the Menai Bridge, or Metropolitan "Underground," or Atlantic Cable. It is, perhaps, also premature to say anything disparaging about the Great Exhibition, now opened, and which, of course, was to be the greatest and most wonderful the world ever saw; but while it, no doubt, may be the greatest, it is the general opinion of Parisians themselves, that it is also the ugliest structure that ever appeared. As a whole, too, the interior would seem a mistake. The very elaboration and ingenuity bestowed in perfecting the details have been the means of sacrificing one of the greatest beauties of

the whole. No such thing as a general view of the interior can be had—nothing equal even to the combined view along the aisle of our own great temple of art at Sydenham. It is a maze not without a plan, but arising out of too much plan. That plan is altogether an ideal mechanism, produced not so much from the material fitness of things without, as from that conceived within the brain. Would it not, therefore, have been desirable that while these “square-fingered” ideas were conceived and promulgated by their ingenious originators, a modification and application of them had been added by some such spatule-fingered men as our own late Sir Joseph Paxton, Sir Morton Peto, or even the Messrs. Kelk and Lucas. It is, no doubt, a great faculty that in the French, of “organizing the theories of science.” In war, the square finger is ever conspicuous. In the Crimea, the appointments of their commissariat were the envy of our poor soldiers. Every man seemed to carry his kit in a cocoa-nut shell, and everything seemed to be there. All their military arrangements rest upon model ideas, and when these are well applied, no doubt great advantage is derived. But greater benefit often ensues from the application of some more practical considerations in war as well as in peace. The English ought to have been beaten at Waterloo, according to all Napoleon’s ideas of battle; but the Duke had other views, spatule-fingered ones, and the squares were obliged to give way. They carry on war, even, sometimes for an idea, which, of all the organized theories of science, is about

the worst. The last expedition of this kind was to Mexico, whither some regiments of our own British spatules also went. Our idea, however, was not so much to get glory, as money, and having applied that idea to the Mexicans as well as we could, the applicants returned. Had the theorists accompanied them, it is far from doubtful they would then have brought home even more glory than now.

A good illustration of that inventive fancy is also to be had in the art of pattern designing. Hardly any one comes up to the French in that art, yet in the purposes for which those designs are intended, the spatuled Englishman far outstrips them.

D'Arpentigny is a French soldier and patriot as well as a palmer, and does not seem to have much sympathy with the English tendencies of M. Guizot. "The hand of M. Guizot is long, with thick knots and large square phalanges. He is of those retrospective minds whose lamp throws its rays only behind—who ask from the dead the secrets of the living, and from whom the past conceals the present. Brought up in the professorship, he has all its pride and pedantry. Two things always appear antipathetic to him—war, because it leaves in the shade mere speakers barren in action; and the people, because it is not sufficient for him to show a great mind in order to appear a great man. Lean, of a bilious complexion, his head rather large than well made, as Montaigne says, the features marked, skilful in harmonizing his basenesses with specious maxims, he is produced by talk and supported by corruption.

As one knows only what one loves, he knows by heart his legal, mechanical England ; but our France, fluctuating as its climate, various as its zones, eager in pursuit of elevated emotions, which calm fatigues, and storms fertilize, and to which only sophists without a material country, and without national fibre, have an aversion, he has never known and never will know. With more talents and less chivalry than the prince of the Papal fabric, who was so fatal to the eldest branch of the Bourbons, M. Guizot has been the Polignac of the youngest branch. Only M. de Polignac, a man of action, fell, sword in hand ; Guizot, man of theory, word in mouth : the former had fingers smooth and spatuled, the latter, knotted with square phalanges. There is more simplicity but less politeness, more frankness but less elegance, among people in whom the spatuled phalanges abound, than among those in whom the square type predominates."

The fifth hand has smooth fingers, of which the nailed phalange presents the form of a cone, or a filbert. To this hand belongs the plastic arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry of the imagination and of the sense, Ariosto, worship of the beautiful in solid and visible form ; romantic incidents ; antipathy to rigid induction, enthusiasm, fanaticism.

This other hand has fingers knotted, with the nail phalanges partly square, partly conical. It indicates a genius turned towards speculative ideas, meditation, deep philosophical science, and close, inductive reason-

ing, a love of absolute truth, poetry of reason and thought.

This next is the philosophic hand. It looks less without than within itself, and is occupied more with ideas than with things. It distrusts the soldier, and the priest; the soldier because he is a hindrance to liberty, and the priest because he is an obstacle to progress. This last hand has smooth fingers terminating in a tapering cone. To it belongs contemplation, religiousness, ideality, carelessness of material interests, poetry of the soul and of the heart, a desire after all kinds of beauty in form and in essence. The name given to this hand, by reason of its attributes, is the psychical hand. Thus, to the square and spatuled fingers God has given matter and reality—that is to say, industry, the necessary and useful arts, the theory of things, the knowledge of facts, the high sciences; to the conical and pointed fingers, He has opened the illimitable field of imagination: to the conical in giving them an insight into the externally beautiful—art; to the pointed fingers, intuition of the true and the beautiful internally—poetry, and idealistic philosophy.

The hard wrinkled hand, which is stretched out with difficulty to the full horizontal, indicates intractability, a mind without pliancy, without elasticity.

Nature sometimes delights to indulge in paradox. One should think, from a sort of natural analogy, that a large bodily development would be indicative of some corresponding magnanimity or great-heartedness; but chiromnomy does not always confirm this view. It

reveals to us that to large hands a spirit of minutiae and trifling detail often belongs. From the love that he had all his life for trifles, one might conclude that Frederiek I. of Prussia, who was surnamed the "king sergeant," with knout in hand, who cudgelled his son, and whose good favour might be secured with a pair of well-greased boots, had very long hands. In like manner, from the surname of "*long hand*," given to some king of Persia, one might infer that that prince, whose policy was more mischief-making than great, had this spirit of detail. Louis XVI., born a locksmith; Paul of Russia, a corporal; and the bare Francis II. of Austria, a maker of sealing-wax, had all very large hands. They had the genius of their aptitude—that is, of their nature, but not that of their rank. They reigned, because they were of Royal families; they would have reigned well if they had been of Royal nature. Our Charles II., who was fond of hunting flies on the window, must have had a considerable length of hand on this principle.

Hands of middling size have the spirit of synopsis, the conception, and grouping of details.

If there is any one art more than another, a genius for which might be inferred from the make of the hand, it is evidently that of the musician. A brilliant player must have a hand adapted to his art. A man with short pudgy fingers, however much he may have the soul of music within him, must for ever remain the "mute inglorious." A rigid attention to measure being the necessary condition of musical rhythm, it is

among the square fingers that are found the most correct and skilled musicians. Instrumentation belongs especially to the spatuled fingers, and song to the pointed. The hand of the eminent pianist, Liszt, being very large, it is by finish; his fingers very knotty, it is by precision; his phalanges very spatuled, it is by power, that he raises the admiration of his audience. He seats himself, and the concert begins—a concert without any other instrument than his own, or another accompanist than himself. His fingers fly, and one seems to hear the tramping of a whole army; it is Attila—it is the scourge of God who passes; or it is the tempest howling in the plain, while the rattling hail beats upon the resounding ivory. He had not presumed too much upon his resources; his fingers serve, in fact, for an entire orchestra: for his hand is not only that of an instrumentalist; it is also that of a mathematician, of a mechanician, and by extension that of a metaphysician—that is to say, of a man more reflective than impulsive, more skilful than impassioned, more head than heart.

The square and the spatuled fingers often run into each other, so to say. If the former predominate in any one person who has also the other, his powers of “combination”—that is, of plan carried into action—will derive also benefit from the less developed “inspiration,” which may be called the genius of theory, or mental plan. Alexander proceeded, according to Bos-suet, by great and impetuous sallies. He cherished poets, and had only esteem for philosophers. Cæsar

cherished philosophers, and had only esteem for poets. Both arrived at the summit of glory—the first by inspiration, supported by combination; the second by combination, supported by inspiration. Alexander was great by soul, Cæsar by mind. The first Napoleon favoured savans and mathematicians more than poets, and might thus seem to be classed by the side of Cæsar rather than Alexander, and certainly, whatever might be his native genius or inspiration, his power of combination, in its general sense, was very great. It was not, however, his own favourite idea of himself, which was, that he was the child of destiny impelled by genius.

One has often seen no small amount of ingenuity exercised by a child in tracing from line to line the mazes of one of those diagrams on paper, resembling a labyrinth. He comes to an opening, but it only leads him farther away from his intended destination, and he must start afresh. He comes to another, after a world of turning and winding, but this one only leads back to his starting-point. He sets out on a fresh tack, and if he has perseverance enough, he will get out of the maze, or into its centre, as he intended. In like manner the chiromant pursues the most apparently invisible ghost of a thought, if once it has flitted before his mind, through all the windings and turnings, nooks and crannies, of his labyrinthine science, until his perseverance is rewarded by a discovery.

As the sense of external touch has especially its seat at the end of the fingers, and as we are naturally in-

clined to exercise by preference that of our senses, which by the vividness of the sensation it imparts to us, we recognize to be the most exquisite and the most perfect, it is clear that the want of that kind of action in which the physical sense prevails over the moral will be as great, as the spatule in hands of that kind has disappeared ; and, on the other hand, the more the conical phalange in artistic and psychological hands shall be filbert-shaped, the more the intellect that it indicates will show itself removed from the external and real world. Byron had very pointed fingers, and Hegesippe Moreau a hand very delicate. Now there is certainly some similarity, but much dissimilarity also, between these two poets. Byron, in his abstractive and poetic genius, was naturally, no doubt, often an inhabitant of the spiritual world, living mentally apart from men. In his self-imposed banishment, too, he fled away from their busiest haunts in England, and often shut himself up in his own gloomy solitude, but his inclinations and native tendencies—and we presume it ought to be these that the manual configuration should indicate—were very much of the world, worldly. When with companions whom he liked, as Hobhouse, Moore, Rogers, Scott, he was the most genial and social spirit, and ever showed the greatest dislike to what he called a “fellow who was all poet,” meaning thereby, of course, Southey, a noted bookworm. Scott, too, with all his fame and honours, had a much stronger inherent desire to be considered a landed proprietor and man of family than a poet or novelist.

However, we know that Byron had a fine hand, and was also very proud of it; the common notion was agreeable to him, that it was a mark of birth and aristocracy. Moreau, the author of "*Myosotis*," came from the country into Paris at an early age, and continued there till his end, when he died of consumption in one of the French hospitals. In the work mentioned there is some freshness and grace, and poetical power. His aim in life, however, was to attain by his poetry and writings a brilliant position *in* the world; but a desire for mere fame is not peculiarly a poetical attribute. Poetry then becomes but a means to an end, and the ruling *desire* forms the great prominence of the man. The lurid flame of poetry, lit up by such a desire, may often give a great light, but it must want much of that earth-born fire distinctive of its origin. The native genius of such men as Chatterton entirely segregates them from life, both in its minor aspirations after pure and lofty creations, and in its outward associations with nature. This acquired and accidental character, however, is not overlooked or put aside as a difficulty in palmerism, but bravely grappled with. To us it would seem one of the greatest of all difficulties in reading the hand to get at the purely natural hand.

If we take the Mosaic account of man's creation, the hand of Adam must have been adapted to the profession of a gardener, with all the lines, cones, squares, and spatules innate, but undeveloped in any great degree; and as in pure nature every correlative adap-

tation is perfect, his character and tendencies would correspond to such outward instrumentalism. As, therefore, he was his own head-gardener, and working man at the same time—both the organizer of his own theories and the applier of them—he would have the corresponding square and spatuled fingers in all their purity of type, and the palmer could read him off at a glance; but if when he went out of Eden other manual labour occupied him, as in iron working, or carpentering or building, such labour would deposit its own attributes and overlay those of the gardener. His palm would now become broader, thicker, and hornier, and his fingers more knotty; and if he was judged by this latter manifestation it would be a mistake. Then again comes up the old doctrine of the hereditary transmission of acquired propensities, and his descendants' hands might be hybrids between the ornamental gardener and the handicraftsman: the square and spatule shape combined. Not at all, say the chiromants. The outer phalanges are *the eyes* of the hand. Each type has certain forms, which a labour imposed and altogether foreign to the genius of which it is the native instrument may sensibly alter, but cannot transform so as to render unrecognizable. One may be convinced of this in villages enclosed in the woods, and, for example, peopled only by colliers; in hamlets situated among the rocks of small barren isles, where fishing is the only employment. Except the people of these localities have come out of one common stock, the hands will show themselves with their respective

varieties, without the continuation of a labour imposed rather than chosen, ever coming to change the conical phalange into the spatuled. The soft hand may thicken, lose its pliancy and elasticity, but the native form will remain, as well as the instinct to which it is attached. In truth, the poet and logician, in hands thus altered, in instincts thus thwarted and bent aside, are almost as deeply concealed as the oak in the acorn, the butterfly in the crawling chrysalis, and the slim goddess in the amorphous block of marble; but some narrative familiarly detailed, some opinion delivered in the obscure deliberations of the tribe, would necessarily reveal them to the observing and penetrating eye. The tyro in chiromancy is also further cautioned that, in case any hand of such coalheaver or fisher should be presented to him for inspection, he should abstain from forming a rash judgment; or, at least, to base his conclusions upon carefully described forms that the hand formerly showed.

It is doubtless true that many a mute inglorious Milton, guiltless Cromwell, and village Hampden lie buried among the lower strata of society; and it is equally clear that many poor people of kindred dispositions and aspirations to them, often reveal such characters in an embryo form even in their natural actions. But the difficulty of discovery here unfortunately goes deeper, for it is not by their speeches and actions that such buried greatness springs to light, but by their hands and fingers. These also have undergone submergence, and the original lineaments of the

true type become fossilized far below the surface. Nevertheless, as round the base of a great mountain here and there juts out some fragmentary rock of a different kind from the superincumbent mass, which reveals the primitive formation, so the gifted palmer from a line or angle, finger-tip or knuckle, at variance with the external whole, can deduce the hidden original; and man's extremity only becomes the palmer's opportunity.

Entering the studios and libraries of poets and philosophers, artists and mathematicians, the most natural and unadulterated type of hand is seen. The reason given, although it does not clearly appear, is that such men more frequently adopt their profession by choice, and the hand is not perverted by labour foreign to the genius of its owner. The hands of lyric poets and sentimental novelists, as G. Sand, Leconte de l'Isle, Chateaubriand, Hugo, De Vigny, Lamartine, have the phalanges more or less conical. Grammarians, critics, physicians, lawyers, geometicians, have phalanges square and also spatuled—that is, we presume, something coming as near to practice as any kind of mere head work can come.

As to the polytechnic schools, of dynamics, mechanics, and the applied sciences, if you find there a fine and pointed hand, pity the fate of a poor poet, a worshipper of the sun and Astarte, compelled to sacrifice to the Cyclops and the Gnomes.

CHAPTER V.

THE THUMB.

"IN want of other proofs," said Newton, "the thumb would convince me of the existence of a God; as without the thumb the hand would be a defective and incomplete instrument, so without the moral will, logic, decision, faculties of which the thumb in different degrees offers the different signs, the most fertile and the most brilliant mind would only be a gift without worth. In common with animals we have an instinctive will, an instinctive logic, and an instinctive decision; but the thumb alone represents the reasoning will, reasoning logic, and reasoning decision. The superior animal is in the hand, the man is in the thumb. The thumb of apes, very little flexible and therefore opposable, is looked upon by some naturalists as a movable talon; whilst, on the contrary, the human thumb is placed and organized so as to be able to act always in a sense against the other fingers, it therefore symbolizes, as I have said, the inner or moral sense that we oppose to our inclinations, and to the allurements of our instinct and senses. Proofs of this abound. Born idiots come into the world without thumbs, or with them powerless and inert, which is natural, because where the substance is absent the symbol must fail. Until they arrive at a time when a ray of intellect comes to their aid, they constantly keep their hands shut with the

fingers above the thumb, but in proportion as the mind develops with the body, the *thumb in its turn shuts over the fingers*.

The epileptic in their fits shut the thumb before the fingers, which signifies that that malady which is experienced before being felt, reaches the principle by which we think before that by which we feel.

At the approach of the great darkness, the thumb of the dying, as taken with some vague fear, takes refuge under the fingers, which announces the near end. Man alone, because he has a thumb—that is to say, reason—knows death. At the root of the thumb sits the sign of the reasoning will, the intensity of which you will measure by the length and thickness of that root—the mount of Venus of chiromancy. In the first phalange is the sign of logic—that is to say, of perception, of judgment, of reason; and in the second is that of invention, decision, and the initiative.

In their bloody circuses, if the Romans raised their thumbs, the prostrate gladiator received his life; if they reversed them, he received death. Strange instinct of the initiative concealed in the second phalange of that second finger! Have you that phalange narrow, thin, slender, short? Complete absence of decision, subject to received opinions, to the ideas of another, doubt, endless uncertainty, and at length moral carelessness—a wavering condition of mind, an incapacity to take or adopt a course. You will give a logical account of it, if your first phalange is developed.

On the contrary, you will have fixed ideas, a mind prompt, decisive, initiative, while probably, at the same time, you may be a bad reasoner—so jealous is Nature of her best endowments—a man endowed with more passion than judgment, if your second phalange being long and strong, the other, on the contrary, will be slender and short. In general, a small thumb, mean, contemptible, announces an irresolute disposition, vacillating in such matters as result from reason, and not from sentiment or from instinct. It is the thumb of the race of foolish virgins—a race impressionable, sensuous, and swayed by their inclinations, but impartial and tolerant of any character. People with small thumbs are governed by the heart, source of tolerance, and breathe more freely in an atmosphere of sentiment than in that of thought, and see better with the eye of the moment than with that of reflection. People with large thumbs are governed by the head, source of exclusiveness; they breathe more freely in an atmosphere of thought than in that of sentiment; they see better with the eye of reflection than with that of the moment.

Such is the philosophy of the thumb. One has often heard of a thing being done “by rule of thumb,” though generally considering it more guesswork than otherwise; but in hand-reading the rule and square of life are all made clear on that digit. Napoleon used to say, “Give me a man with a good nose;” he was sure to find plenty of work in him. And sure enough it does comport with one’s experience, on thinking

over a list of well-nosed people, that many of them are notable. But it is sometimes best for us not to get our wishes. The last man that Napoleon got, "with a nose," had rather too much work in him for the occasion. A man with a good thumb must, however, be a desirable companion. Even then, should we but take some of the foregoing propositions as analogies, they are striking. The hand is, no doubt, the minister of the mind, ever brought to obey its will; but, deprived of the thumb, it neither could gain the requisite intelligence from head-quarters, nor fitly act upon it. The thumb stands like a lieutenant between the will and the fingers, to forward the message and guide the corresponding action. It is also a conservative power, not only guiding the hand, but controlling, when need may be, the radical fingers, which would fall into a hopeless muddle of anarchy, if allowed to act their own way. The thumb is the Jupiter of the fingers, in one sense, supreme over all their actions, but subject himself to the decrees of fate. Thus, deep in the counsels of the guiding will, the thumb must be largely endowed with kindred and sympathetic attributes, and manifest their corresponding aptitude to the outward eye.

One thing at least is clear, that much of the preceding analysis of character is very sound. As an exponent of the faculties of the mind, their operation and connection, it must come home to every one, so that much of its ethical bearing is of great value; but one cannot help inquiring now and then whether the

philosophy of the system of palmistry might not altogether stand on its own legs, or rather, perhaps, whether the best part of it has not hitherto always stood on its own legs, unsupported by the palmer's staff and "sandal shoon." If the mental philosophy of it had been to us a new thing, and presented for the first time as appearing naturally to rise out of the physiognomy of the hand, one could not but have believed in the connection, however obscure that might be knowing and seeing the truth of the ethieal, we might have taken the material uninquiringly along with it. But since we know the first separately, before receiving the material, we have to see if it squares with this new unknown before receiving the latter. This reformation of the science, in short, consists in taking as its exponent the received mental philosophy of to-day in place of the astrology of the ancients; but while the latter is unsound and the former not, it may not follow that a sound development of palmistry will arise out of the combination.

If the stock of the crab-tree be healthy, its engraftment will bear good fruit; but no degree of excellence in the new branches will preserve from decay the unsound stem. But D'Arpentigny has a charming facility in proving his case. He knows the qualities of Alexander the Great, and his theory has fixed it that square fingers indicate these qualities; therefore, says he, Alexander must have had square fingers.

Albert Durer, who was so powerful in art, by his sublime simplicity, and so feeble under the detestable

tyranny of his wife; Homer, Shakspeare, those impartial mirrors of the human heart; Montaigne, whose motto was, "What do I know?" and who understood better to maintain an opinion than to choose it; Fontaine, who hesitated between the cry of "Live the King!" and "Live the League!" Louis XVI., who owed all his misfortunes to his mental indecision—had certainly very small thumbs. It used to be the custom of phrenologists, when making researches in proof of their doctrines, to get casts of the skulls of noted characters and see if they indicated the required bumps. These were obtained both from the dead and the living; and if the bumps did not always answer their purpose, it was sometimes the worse for the bumps, but it was the approved Baconian plan, at all events. Chiromny occasionally reverses this method, as the allusion to Homer and Shakspeare may here show.

Homer had certainly a very small thumb. Well, but if anything had ever been recorded about his thumb it would have been more convincing. Many people had strong doubts whether there ever was a Homer, but *ex pede Herculem*, the symptoms of a great mind are on the pages of the Iliad, these symptoms are those of a small-thumbbed man, so Homer had a small thumb.

One might also object to the statement as to Shakspeare and his small thumb, on the ground of deficient information. Shakspeare, indeed, is not easily understood by our French neighbours. There is, or was, a statue of him by a French sculptor in the

Crystal Palace, possibly by an eminent artist, but embodying the French idea of that poet in the most ludicrous form, his attitude French all over, and not unlike the statue of a satyr in close vicinity. But D'Arpentigny does not mean all his prototypes to prove his doctrine by their bodily similitude. He lays down the law possibly from some other source of induction as a maxim incontrovertible, and being so, the bodily facts must necessarily agree.

Have you a thumb large and overbearing; on the contrary, you belong to yourself, and you have then, as Henry IV. said, "only a foolish master." Your principles are your laws, but you are inclined to despotism. You are true, but you want native grace. Your strength is not in pleasing. There is only grace in that which yields.

Souvaroff, celebrated by the strength of his will; Danton, that magnanimous soul, who took upon him the disgrace of a crime to save his country; Galileo, Socrates, Newton, Leibnitz, Saint Simon, Fourier, Owen—those profound reasoners, those bold innovators—had infallibly very small thumbs. Voltaire, the man of the world, whose heart was subject to his brain, had enormous thumbs, as proved by his statue in the Theatre Français. The statuary, Houdon, an artist of great taste, could not have given such thumbs to that marble, had not the well-known hands of his model imposed the obligation upon him. The Corsicans, an obstinate race, from party spirit, and not, like the Bretons, from an obstinate instinct, have all large

thumbs. In Vendée, a large thumb is regarded as the certain index of a marked aptitude for the occult sciences. With a small thumb and smooth fingers, whatever may be the form of the external phalange, one will have within himself, I do not say necessarily, the talent or the art of poetry, but unquestionably the germ of them. Attracted towards the ideal, the conical phalange will tend to the spiritual rather than the sprightly. Thus, Raphael, Correggio, Perugin, also Tasso, G. Sand, and others, with spatuled and square phalanges, when drawn towards the true and the actual in common things, and towards the practical in the sphere of thought, tend to an expression more sprightly than spiritual. Thus Teniers or Callot, Scarron, Regnard, Le Sage, Beranger, etc. The latter have more the expression of life than that of the beautiful; they interest the mind, sometimes the heart, never the soul. We enjoy them, love them, but never admire them.

If, then, you recollect what I have said as to the signs attached to the knots and the exterior phalanges, you will know that he is three times predestined to poetry who joins to the conical phalanges smooth fingers and a little thumb; and that he who has square or spatuled phalanges joined to knotty fingers and a large thumb, is three times predestined to science. It is easier for the great thumbs to outstep the limits of their nature than the small, as many philosophers and men of science have formalized their system in verse, more or less poetical; there is not, on

the contrary, any eminent poet who has excelled in the abstract sciences.

CHAPTER VI.

HARD AND SOFT HANDS.

Two hands have the same thickness, the same size, the same development, terminate equally in spatule, only the one is pliant to softness, the other is firm to hardness. Observe, it is the temperament and disposition that are here concerned, and that although the mental bent of these hands may be the same, by reason of the phalange in spatule, their aptitudes and modes will be different. The base of resemblance forbids not infinite diversities. In their common desire of movement, the soft hand will seek excitement in moderate action, and the hard hand in energetic action. The last will rise with the dawn, the other enjoy the delights of the evening dew ; and as in their pleasure, so will the influence of their organization make itself felt in the choice of their profession. Artists with a firm hand aim after a depth of thought, and their works have more of the masculine than those of the soft-handed artist. The latter, more influenced by external objects, act under the power of surface ideas ; but their works have more shade, more variety, more delicacy, than those of the firm-handed artist. Paris attracts from Picardy many fine, tall footmen, with red cheeks,

white eyebrows, and massive bodies. Vulgarity, the natural character of the Picardy physiognomy, shines on their face in all its lustre. Their hands are large, red, and very firm.

Cailland speaks of a nation of negroes, of Sennaar, where the richest have only a small portion of hide round their loins, and the nobles, to distinguish themselves from the people, suspend a small bell to that girdle. From their extreme indolence, these good people have all very soft hands.

In the forests of the Dnieper are found here and there small villages in the woods, of a wretched aspect. Jews and rude cowherds inhabit them. They keep packs of gigantic hounds, which they let slip by night, to drive away the wolves. The hands of those people are extremely hard.

Under the Emperor He-Sou, in China, the men lived in peace, without caring much about what they did or where they went. They walked about gaily, beating their stomachs like a tambourine, and having always their mouths full. They enjoyed pure happiness. They knew not what it was to do good or evil. Soft hands.

Without being ignorant of love, the very hard hands know not much tenderness. The soft hands, on the contrary, are more capable of tenderness than of love.

The callosity of the hand almost always casts its shadow over the mind. Hands firm, without hardness, and elastic without softness, betray a more extensive and more active intelligence than the others.

According to their disposition the individuals belonging to the same type share among themselves, in proportion to their intelligence, the knowledge and the labour which are the result of that type. One has, however, seen individuals, as Cæsar, Napoleon, Michael Angelo, Humboldt, Voltaire, Cuvier, Leibnitz, embrace almost the entire circle of the peculiarities of their type, but such examples are rare.

The large and thick, very soft, spatuled hand in France in the middle classes of society, the uneducated, are pleased with the noise of cafés and the spouting of their city clubs. It loves the din and bustle of fairs and processions. You will see it following in measured tread, with lofty mien, and eane in air, the music of the military bands of the garrison. It does little, but it is pleased to seem doing. It loves in inaction the sight of action. It does not travel, but it likes reading travels, running thus over the world on horseback on the shoulders of the traveller. Like d'Anville, who travelled everywhere without going out of his cabinet, it has its legs in its head.

There is no doubt, however we may despise the modern degradation of the science of palmistry, as we see it practised by the wandering black-eyed gipsies, sometimes on the credulous, to gain a few coppers, it was anciently cultivated by philosophers of high name. Among these we may name Plato and Aristotle, Galen, Ptolemy, Albert the Great, Antiochus, Tiberius, and others, who have transmitted works on the subject.

It is said that Aristotle, having found upon an altar

dedicated to Hermes a treatise on that science, written in letters of gold, eagerly sent it to Alexander as a work worthy of the attention of an educated and inquiring mind. This same treatise, written in Arabic, was translated into Latin by Hispanus. A few of the principles derived from this and other sources among the ancients are here set down.

The persons whose fingers tend to bend backward through suppleness and elasticity, are endowed with sagacity, curiosity, and address.

Those whose fingers, badly placed, all differ in form toward the exterior phalange, are wanting in mental stamina. The chiromants devote them to misery and frivolity.

Your hand, raised before a light, shows neither light nor transparency, your fleshy fingers keep in their exact parallelism ; it is a sign of avarice.

The fingers very short and thick, indicate cruelty.

Fingers long and straggling are those of the intriguing and impostors, cheats and sharpers.

An inclination to steal is indicated by the exterior phalanges blunt and flat.

Curiosity and indiscretion are the properties of persons with smooth, transparent fingers.

It is a sign of talkativeness and levity of mind when the fingers are smooth and conical.

It is a mark of prudence and capacity to have strong and knotted fingers.

While walking, to move the arms and hold the hands firmly is a mark of promptitude and impetuosity.

The habit of holding the thumb concealed in the other fingers indicates a covetous and sordid disposition.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAND IN CHILDREN.

MANY events of our future life are wisely and graciously hidden from us, and all our research would never divine them ; but indications of many others, experience of the past sometimes strikingly foreshadows. It is not all forbidden to us, therefore, to look into the future, and carefully to trace the proofs which lie about us. Sometimes the best lie the deepest. Traces of the precious metals and minerals do not lie on the surface of the earth, but even themselves must be dug for. The special training of the young, in selecting that course most in harmony with their leanings and aptitudes, is a question of this kind of vast importance. An intelligent parent will often gain a good insight into the future of his child's life from his early developments, and if his education correspond, the result may be fortunate ; but it is mostly all blind chance, and one boy is set to one business, and another to another, altogether irrespective of their corresponding aptitudes. Chiromancy takes him by the hand, however, and guides him into his allotted and predestined sphere—the right man in the right place.

At eight years of age, or even six, the hand of a child is already sufficiently developed to read there the career for which nature has destined him: whether it is for thought or for action; whether for the ideal or the real. From the paw of the dog you may know for what kind of hunting it is peculiarly fitted. We know from the hoofs of a horse to what elimate it belongs, and for what qualities it is distinguished. In the same manner, on examining our hands with care we cannot fail to discover that they show our complete epitome, and that the material traces which they give of our intelligence cannot be other than an expression deeper and more true. It is in this sense that we must interpret that celebrated passage of Job (xxxvii. 7).

Nature, in giving to apes peculiar instincts, has at the same time given them corresponding hands; and, apropos of those imitative animals, I may add that jugglers, prestidigitateurs, mimics, and dramatic artists have nearly all, like them, spatuled fingers.

They say of a man that he has "put away his thumb," to convey the idea that he has resigned all power of voluntary action.

The bride giving away her hand, resigns her liberty; the husband who marries her does not vow obedience, but protection. The ancient Persians, in token of absolute subjection, kept their hands constantly hidden in the folds of their robe in presence of the king. We cross our hands in prayer to God as a mark of our weakness and nothingness: for what is man without

hands? The right hand is raised in a court of justice, because that, and not the left, affords a better symbol of our physical, moral, and intellectual worth.

Of all the ancient statues that the museums of Europe possess, two only have come down to us with hands; or, rather, each of the two has only one hand. Without these precious relics we should have been completely ignorant in what light the Greeks understood the beauty of the hand; but they preferred it large, with smooth and strong fingers, the thumb prominent, the palm moderate, the phalange square. Such is at least the unique hand of the admirable statue of the son of Niobe, that one sees at Florence. Large hands, especially when they are hard, are a sign of physical strength, and as the Greeks conceived no beauty without strength, only a large hand was with them considered graceful; as with us, from the spiritualism it infers, a small hand is reckoned becoming. Large hands, with an ordinary palm, incline to finish and delicacy of detail rather than to the great and massive. The Greeks have only founded small states—only erected monuments of small surface. At Paris, notwithstanding the large proportion of their hands, the Flemish working tailors, by reason of the fineness of their work, are eagerly sought after by the masters. Redoutè, our celebrated flower-painter, engaged on a naturally minute branch of the art, had large hands; he laughed heartily at the provincial poets who, inferring the delicacy of his hands from that of his works, compared them to those of Aurora

planting roses. Small hands, on the contrary, aspire not only after the great but the colossal. The pyramids, the temples of Upper Egypt and Judea, were built by eaters of rice, cucumbers, onions—the most feeble and delicate-handed people in the world. These hands were small and narrow, spatuled, and without knots, as is shown by the contemporaneous sculptures with which those edifices are adorned. Balzac, with large hands, employs himself in physiological details; he would have invented the microscope. G. Sand, whose hands are very small, excels in psychological developments; her details even have a grandeur. She would have invented the telescope.

ELEMENTARY OR RUDIMENTAL HANDS.

Under this designation, chiromy includes thick and unpliant fingers, a thumb truncated, and a palm which is the most characteristic sign, large, thick, and excessively hard. In Europe the work adapted to this hand is the care of stables and horses, and the long train of coarse employments for which the mere light of instinct is sufficient. To some hands of this class war belongs, that is, as regards mere bodily prowess; colonization, as to the mere culture of a foreign soil. They are shut up in a material world of their own, and have little contact with the spirit of political or social life, except as regards their bodily wants and desires. These hands abound in Bretagne and Vendée, and such places as are mostly cut off from participation in a city life. They are the antitheses of the silken dwellers of

the boudoir; strangers to all refinement, with dull and sluggish feelings—unimaginative, soulless, and careless.

But great are the uses in nature of these elementary hands. We presume the modern navy is about the best type that could be found, who, although innocent of much refinement personally, is one of the greatest pioneers of civilization. A navy pure and simple is, indeed, a noble creature, and we back him against all the elementaries of D'Arpentigny; although he tells us that in France, those gardens full of thyme dear to the bees, and exhaling the perfume of roses and violets, where the bubbling fountain plays, the thrush sings in the tree, and everything smiles, are all due to that unrefined but refining hand. Yet these elementary hands are for the most part more accessible to the charms of poetry than of science.

It was by the lyric strains of Orpheus and Amphion that the first societies of men were formed, and that the first towns were built. There is no mention made in history, so far as we know, as to the size and character of Orpheus's hand, or that of Amphion; but a great inspired descendant of theirs, not long deceased, the famous Paganini, had most certainly a very large hand.

These elementaries are also said to be very superstitious, under certain physical modifications, rudimentary of the poetic spirit. When the tempest howls over the sea, and phantoms, spectres, and apparitions are abroad on duty, the more awe-struck will they be

in proportion as the exterior phalange of the elementary hand forms a sharpened cone. It must also have been this coned phalange that induced Paganini's superstition, which was great. It is said that on the night of his mother's death, so anxious was he to retain her parting spirit, that he inserted a tube, one end into her mouth, and the other into his violin, that her last breath might pass into it, and her spirit, thus imprisoned, might ever after inspire his strains.

This is the hand of the rude, conquering races, too—the Huns, the Goths, the Turks, and most early uncivilized warriors.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPATULED HAND.

THE name given to this hand is taken from the instrument that a chemist uses in mixing his preparations—flat and bulging round at the end. It is when the third phalange of each finger is so shaped, and it is certainly a striking peculiarity of some hands. The reader must remember that there are only three great varieties of form as to the fingers—the pointed, the square, and the spatuled. This kind of hand, then, with a large thumb, is originally a native of regions where the rigour of the climate and the relative sterility of the soil render more necessary than in the



SPATULOUS HAND.

south motion and active exercise, and the practice of such arts as are indispensable to protect the bodily weakness of man. More resolute than resigned, the spatuled hand has resources which the conical hand wants, in order to combat its physical obstacles. The latter, more dreamy than active, particularly in the south, prefers the evils of nature to those of labour. This hand has confidence in itself. Abundance is its end, but not, as in the elementary hand, the only necessary. It possesses instinct, and, in a higher degree, the feeling of positive life, and subjugates by its natural intelligence all the material world. Devoted to manual labour and to action, and consequently endowed with more active than delicate senses, constancy in love is more natural to it than to hearts turned to poetry, and it is swayed more by habit and duty than by the charms of youth and beauty. The great explorers, navigators, and hunters, from Nimrod to Hippolytus, have all been famous for their continence and self-denial.

Large spatuled hands are much more numerous in Scotland than in England, in England than in France, and in France than in Spain, and generally in mountainous countries than in plains. The painter Ribera, as well as Murillo and Zurbaran, gave fingers more or less pointed to all his pictures, which he would not certainly have done had they been the general rule in his country. His genius was in the deformed and ugly. On the other hand, large square fingers, spatuled, abound on the canvases of the Flemish and Dutch

masters. Galieia and Asturia are the provinces where one sees the most spatuled hands of the peninsula. The most laborious and industrious race in all Algeria are the Kabyles, who are equally the most spatule-fingered.

This form of finger also prevails largely among the Swiss, a hardy race, patient and laborious. Among the Russians, the elementary hand is the most common, and among the Cossacks the spatuled. The former are haberdashers, mercers, tavern-keepers, shopkeepers, bankers. The Cossacks are artisans, and make all the utensils of their own use. The Russians owe their glory to military discipline, the Cossacks to personal prowess.

Thus the spatule-handed found more durable colonies than those of the other. Manual labour, far from being disagreeable, is pleasing to them, as in it they find the necessary exercise of their bodily aptitudes. Accustomed as they are, by the many wants that assail man in the north—the natural region of this class—to rely solely upon themselves, they fear no solitude. In short, they are apt for all the sciences that tend to aid their physical wants, and prefer only in life what is constant and immovable. It is the hand of liberty; and as people with such hands are all men of action, or at least of movement, wherever they are in a majority, as in England or the United States, liberty is a political institution.

This type is also very nearly insensible to poetry, and bears within it few germs of emotional excitement.

It elings only to the soil of a eountry for the material benefits it produces.

Franee, after having peopled with hands of this kind Canada and some parts of Louisiana, felt—her feelings have often saved her from her ideas—that she could go no further without injury to herself. Spain, too, exhausted herself of this element in South America, and thereby deprived herself of soldiers and agriculturists; but, as a eounterpoise, the spiritual element then beame the more developed, and poetry, art, and, it must be added, superstition, held sway.

Perhaps the greatest contrast to the spatule class of hand is that of the Flemish and Duteh, known to every observer as inheriting solid and sensible qualities. The Spaniards are prompt, violent, but indolent; the Flemish, cold, slow, but laborious. The Spaniards are only obstinate through passion; the Flemish are firm under the sway of self-interest. The Flemish, under an air of apparent stupidity, eoneeal a very fine natural intelligence; the Spaniards, under an appearance of phlegmatic gravity, eover the most romantic imagination. The Flemish well understand a life of reality, and are proud to fail in nothing they undertake. The Spaniards look upon life as merely a romantic eontemplation, and make it a point to do as little as they can, pleasing themselves with thoughts of beauty, valour, genius, distinguished birth, while the Flemish reap their reward in the possession of riches and material eomfort.

In the north, where spatuled and square hands pre-

dominate, the artist is eclipsed by the artisan. In Italy, Spain, France even, the artisan is merged in the artist. In the north there is more wealth than luxury · in the south, more luxury than wealth.

You are a man of some refinement, but care not much for architectural beauty. A town is built to your taste, if it offers long streets, cutting each other at right angles ; squares surrounded by uniform houses, promenades planted with symmetrically-cut trees, in stiff lines. As for statues, you are not too particular, and can easily dispense with marble fountains, columns, and caryatides ; but you hold by a few green shrubs here and there ; pavements, white walls, doors and gates painted, and adorned with shining brass knockers. You desire a city at once regular and cheerful, showing a spirit of neatness, well-being, and order. Such a town will have been built by hands indicating more judgment than imagination. Nothing that is wanting to comfort will be absent, but in vain the spirit of poetry will find a residence there. This characteristic proclaims the spatuled or square hand. It is in England, Belgium, or the north of France where such type is predominant, and where, consequently, the genius that is adapted to it is listened to. There you must establish your residence. In short, this is London, Amsterdam, and Brussels *versus* Paris, Madrid, and Venice.

One cannot help, however, demurring to one or two ideas, extra-chiromantic, but peculiarly French, that pervade the preceding ; and were this a critical, instead

of an explanatory treatise on the new art, some few points might be disputed. As it is, a shade or two of the picture may be looked at. And as to the Swiss or Scotch only regarding the soil of their native country with respect, owing to what it produces them, it is rather contrary to the commonly-received opinion. It is, perhaps, true, that when a Scot gets south of the Tweed, he seldom finds his way back again; but it is not to be inferred from this that his love of Scotland is all left behind him. He loves Scotland much, but his own substantial well-being more; and if opportunities present themselves in England or elsewhere to better his lot, he bundles his love up, and takes it along with his other household gods; and it is often the last and the dearest thing that is left in his kit. Think of a Scotchman in the rich lands of some distant part of the earth, humming over the tune of "Auld lang syne," and the only patriotism evoked in his mind to be a recollection of the soil that produced his oatmeal porridge. No, indeed; the rockiest, the wildest, and barrenest spots will most likely rise up in his recollection first of all, and his fancy cling around these with the fondest tenacity. Often, indeed, that love increases in proportion to the scantiness of the soil and wildness of the climate, and the

"Rude torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

Neither, perhaps, is the Swiss spatule so broad in this respect as chiromancy would make it; but their love of fatherland is, like the Scotch, tempered by

reason and judgment. Nor can we feel easy under another imputation brought against the spatuled races, in that of the absence of poetry and art. In music, too, they are deficient; but this must be questioned. The Scotch, it seems, are the most spatuled of many people, and ought to be wanting in musical talent. Some years ago, when Mainzer was lecturing in London, he mentioned that he had had an opportunity of testing the national musical capacities of most capitals in Europe. His mode was to pitch a note in a large mixed audience, and get the whole at once to join in that note. His practised ear could well judge of the number of discordant voices, so near that he could approach to something like a numeration of them; and of all the places he had been in, a concourse of some thousand auditors in Glasgow came by far the nearest to a complete unison. In London the ratio was next best, in Paris it was bad, and in Dublin the discord was horrible.

It is a conviction very generally entertained that certain forms of the head and of the countenance indicate certain specific qualifications; in fact, much knowledge of character *is* derived from an outside view of the human figure. In the same way a national characteristic is not difficult to discover. An Irishman, an Englishman, and a Scotchman together, well defined in each of their types, would in a moment be individually identified. If, therefore, we know some mental or moral characteristic which predominates in each of them, we cannot afterwards well

detach in our mind the outward feature from the inward character. We take, as it were, a mental cast of the features of each, and applying it to other individuals less developed in their type, trace the resemblance outwardly and infer the qualities inwardly. We then say that such a man is an Irishman, before we know any more about him; and, being so, we can then read a little further into him, and say what, being an Irishman, he will also be, and can do; and is not, and cannot do. If from faces, then, which are passive features, we turn to the hands, and examine them attentively, and in the same mode of induction, much national character may also be seen, because the hand is unquestionably moulded by the continued employment in which it is engaged. Two small colonies of the same handed people engaged, the one in manual labour, and the other only occupied in mental work during the course of a century, would exhibit a very different type at the end of that time. The spatuled finger, compared with the pointed, is certainly very like a result produced by labour; but one generation will not change—that is, from a pointed to a broad finger end; but if acquired peculiarities are transmitted it would come in time. If, then, we may safely infer that the broad finger comes of labour, we can easily infer labour from seeing the broad finger; and if we infer labour, we infer also other concomitant qualities. A very striking analogy arises out of this truth, and, we are bound to say, much confirmatory of the new science of chiromny. The hand of the indolent

and supine natives of a country living in ease and luxury, must naturally be thin and undeveloped from want of exercise, and as naturally will a mind so reeked and cushioned fall into the dreamy abstraction of romance and poetry. But when such an individual goes forth into the battle of life, and labours in the field or in the workshop, his hand and mind simultaneously undergo a change. The hand becomes broader and harder, and his notions of things get also more expanded, so that if one mode of life may safely be taken as a consequence of one shape, the other may be the same. It is these settled, dreamy, immovable aborigines of a country, therefore, that have always the pointed hand, and the offshoots that start away from them and colonize fresh lands, get more developed palms and fingers. It is to be feared that much of the sins of our modern Fenians must be traced to the broad spatule and hard palm, born originally of Donnybrook, and nurtured in the woods and wars of America. But listen to what the art reveals of—

CHAPTER IX.

ENGLISH HANDS.

DEEP silence reigned over the kingdoms of Scandinavia and the Cimbric Chersonese, as soon as that more robust and roving portion of the people which inhabited those countries had set foot in England and

other states of the middle south, never to return. The actual people of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are descended from men comparatively weak, and of peaceful habits, whom the pirates, their kinsmen, bent on conquest and adventure, left behind them. These pirates, doubtless, who all belong to the hard spatuled type, mixing their blood with that of the Breton, have communicated to them their love of motion and action. The English, of all people in the world, prefer walking, riding, sailing and travelling, and it is amongst them that the spatuled type is most numerous.

It is not without reason that the Irish, fond of feasting and drinking, noise and bustle, easily elated or cast down, a race endowed with a sprightly and humorous imagination, a mind unbalanced but prompt, delicate, subtle, pride themselves upon their southern origin. The conical type must be common among them.

The astonishment that our admiration of the ornamental gives to the English, as to matters of taste and fancy, is not greater than that which their incessant employment about the comfortable and the useful causes to us. They mingle art with nothing—art, that is to say, as a means of embellishing the true. Fashion suffices them, the necessarily fleeting form of a reigning mode, utterly destitute of all acquiescence in reason. Their houses, furniture, ornaments, table and toilet utensils, musical, mathematical and astronomical instruments, betray, in their arid perfection, such preoccupation with the positive hostilities of their physical nature, such poverty of artistic invention, an imagina-

tion so prosaic and dull, that we cannot fail to regard them as a people specially doomed to enterprises and struggles, demanded by the silent exigencies of material life.

The English are praised for their country taste, as if it were an acquired and educated taste among them. It is nothing of the kind. They only love the country because they can there, more easily than in town, gratify their desire for fatiguing exercises, so necessary to their nature.

Speech is not alone sufficient to an artistic people to express all their thoughts. They accompany each word, so to say, with a gesture intended to paint vividly and rapidly shades of meaning inaccessible to language. The more artistic is a people, the more lavish are they in gesture. Thus the English, who adorn nothing, and with whom every sentiment, vividly expressed, is looked upon as affectation, move their whole bodies of a piece, and never gesticulate in speaking. They have so little the sentiment of the necessary relations between appearance and reality, as not to perceive how ridiculous and unbecoming it is for a priest to dance—a thing very common in England. It is the same in dress as in manners, they never fail to confound singularity with distinction, ostentation with greatness, coldness and insolence with dignity.

The reader will here perceive how powerful a light the lens of chiromancy throws upon the poor Englishman with the spatuled finger. But he has seen little of the whole picture, and he could be told of his love

for steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, betting, drinking, routs, and riot without end, and a state of mind utterly inconceivable to the conical digitèd dweller in Parisian salons, being the normal phase of the spatuled John Bull.

Nor is this the worst of it. "Had an enemy done this, then I could have borne it," but our own Bulwer is quoted against us, in that passage in "Pelham" where he says, "The English make their business pleasure, and their pleasure business. They never laugh. When they ask how you are, they look as if they would measure you for your coffin. Yet they incessantly labour to render themselves agreeable; but, like Sisyphus, the rock which has given them so much toil to roll to the top of the mountain, rolls down again to crush their limbs. They have found the secret of being uncivil, even when they are polite," and so on; so no wonder when an Englishman holds up a palm ticketed in so plain figures as this, that a Frenchman will make a free and a full translation of it.

The conical artistic type is so rare in England, that its best manifestations are lost upon the masses. Byron, who belonged to that type, had to seek among the poetic races of the east the justice, esteem, and repose even, that his countrymen, influenced by the hard prosaic genius of their latitude, obstinately refused him.

The French nation owes to the artistic type, greatly developed, the animation and lustre that characterize

it; but from a disdain of that type for the merely useful, it also incurs the charge of frivolity. The English, from their worship of the useful, are continually changing and perfecting their machinery and their industry; but to us, favoured with a better climate, material innovations are as repugnant as moral innovations are to them. We are progressive in ideas, they in things. Our dominion extends over the logic of theory, their's over utility and the means of application. We subordinate interest to principles, they sacrifice principles to interest. Oh! perfidious Albion! English progress advances like water, extending more than rising; ours advances like fire, rising rather than extending. The English aspire after well-being by increasing the power of man over the laws of nature. They have produced Bacon, they continue Romans; they people and cultivate the world, we civilize it. We have produced Descartes, we continue Greeks. We pursue happiness by the increase and progress of intellectual things. Our neighbours send merchants, we send missionaries. Where they carry objects of utility, we carry books and objects of art. The English peculiarity will be understood by thinking of two types only, having often the same tendencies. The square and spatuled types form in them alone the immense majority of the British races; and, on the other hand, the ideas that govern us as a nation will be seen by considering the conical and pointed forms which are diametrically opposed to those of the north.

Should the artistic type increase in England, the

peculiarity of the nation would diminish, but along with it much of its strength. The union of all in the governing principle would then confer, as among the French, more nationality than patriotism, that is, more power of inertia than power of action. A blush rises on the cheeks of chiromny from seeing so much poverty in a country where action and skill characterize the genius of the masses, and shine at the head of their attributes. In England, where the avowal of misery is painful, and equal to the confession of vice, every one thinks to rise in the esteem of another by calling himself rich.

Chiromny reads in the German palm and fingers—that fair and cold country, wrapt up in the triple intoxication of reflection, music, and the pipe—and sees that they live heavily there, dream enormously, drink out of large glasses, read out of great books. It is the country of misty poets, rigid corporals, enthusiastic metaphysicians, and phlegmatic postilions. The ideas that are in honour with them are too positive for us, where they are not enough so, for we experience as much repugnance for people absorbed in spirit, and whose comprehension attaches only to the incomprehensible, as for people fixed in matter. Germany would not offer the afflicting spectacle of a noble and wise nation governed by absolutism, if the intellectual portion of the population were more capable of action, and the active more capable of reason. Among them comedy rises from sentiment, showing man guided by the heart and instinct. With us it rises from the judg-

ment, showing man formed by education and society. Whence it may be concluded that comedy belongs to the conical hands in Germany, and to the square and spatuled hands in France.

CHAPTER X.

THE NORTH AMERICAN HAND.

It requires but little insight into the science to infer the American type of hand. Still more than the English, the American trains up his offspring for all the material arts and sciences. The Yankee is reserved, selfish, suspicious. His disposition is thoughtful, gloomy, but equable. His bearing is without grace, but modest and independent. His address is cold, often little prepossessing. His ideas are narrow, but practical. He is more in favour of the comfortable than the great. He has not the least grain of chivalry, yet he is enterprising, and is fond of a roving life. He has original conceptions, but they are not poetical; they are comic. The Yankee is the laborious ant-industrious, sober, economical, cunning, subtle, cautious; always calculating, and taking pride in overreaching any one who may attempt to do business with him. He rarely dispenses hospitality. He has a fluency of speech, but he is not an orator. Although something of a logician, he is not a statesman with large and comprehensive views, but a skilful adminis-

trator, and a great man of business. Although a merchant, it is especially as a colonizer that the American is apt. Fatigue has no power over him. He subjugates nature in detail. The best sailor in the world, the ocean is his tributary. The most tender passions are mortified in him by religious austerity, and the engrossing nature of his profession. In a word, he is the three single gentlemen rolled into one—merchant, agriculturist, and mechanic.

There can, therefore, only be among such a people the square and spatule-fingered class of hands rendering it as impossible for the Yankee to conceive of any amount of happiness apart from labour, as the Laplander to think of paradise without snow. Yet with all the great benefits arising from this type, its directly moralizing power over a people is very small. Nor is this position, unfortunately, easy to be assailed.

All the great engineering works that smooth the surface of the earth, and make everything go on wheels, the electricity that conveys our despatches, the colonies that create new worlds, and all else tending to man's greater physical enjoyments, are, no doubt, altogether apart from the real and essential spirit of moral civilization. Good always comes out of them in the end—often even in the beginning and the middle—but they are themselves neither the beginning, middle, nor end of purely moral progress. When Peter the Great founded his new city in the marshes of the Neva, he laid the foundation of great national prosperity and

happiness; but if he had still continued satisfied with the old capital, and released from slavery the 100,000 serfs who perished and lay beneath the foundation of the new city they reared, much greater good to the cause of humanity would have been initiated. There is an outward civilization and progress, and an inward; and while, no doubt, from the former springs often the latter, naturally arising, it may be, out of it, it really is seldom if ever, the intention of those great pioneers of art and science to effect a moral improvement; but the latter can be effected without much art or science, or labour at all. Then, too, as all material improvements tend to create greater luxury among the higher class, it deepens the gulf between them and the poorer. Hence the anomaly of modern civilization creating greater poverty among the wealthiest communities than in any other. It needs but little consideration of the matter, therefore, easily to coincide with the doctrine of this science which informs us, that the amount of goodness conferred upon the lower people in Russia, England, and America, by the useful spatuled hand is very small. In Russia, a Slavonic land, where uncontrolled despotism has reigned from the time of the invasion of the Scandinavian Rurik, and where the elementary hand—that is, of the masses—is a slave, a soldier, sternly subjected to the punctilious exactions of an iron discipline, in turn harassed by the evil genius of barbarism and that of civilization, it dares not cast a look beyond the limits traced by the always visible shadow of the knout. In Eng-

land, where the great majority has no other pole-star than a desire for food, the absorbing luxury of the great leaves to those of lower degree only an insufficient supply. In Puritan America the workman lives liberally, but repose and pleasure are forbidden to him. Life in a Catholic convent is not more melancholy or rigid than that of the manufactory at Lowell. At Pittsburg they only leave their labour to eat, and the longest of the three meals taken each day lasts only ten minutes. Man is reckoned there only to have a stomach and arms, the rest is as of no account. As logical as ourselves, who entrust political power to thinkers,—that is, to men at leisure from bodily labour, who are the smallest number, because, in our opinion, pre-eminence belongs to thought,—they have committed that same power to labourers, who form everywhere the greatest number; because, in their view, it is to labour that pre-eminence belongs. The French, a people little addicted to labour, refuse themselves many material enjoyments to leave their children the means of living in idleness. The English, on the other hand, spend with the less scruple; not fearing labour for themselves, they cannot regard it as an evil to bequeath the same inheritance to their offspring. Our qualities, therefore, says D'Arpentigny, and even our vices, if vices they be, are equally opposed to the extension of production—so much praised in England. We spend, and, consequently, produce less, manually, than the English, but more than the Spanish, who work less than we, though more than the Arabs.

Hence he concludes that they ought to seek rather, in the instincts peculiar to their own nation, for an equivalent to the increase of power and prosperity flowing from the genius of the English. But if the French mode be better than the English, surely then, on his own showing, the Spanish must be better than the French, and the Arab than the Spanish, and so on, up to the good old times of pastoral simplicity. It might be curious to inquire, too, whether, in an equal degree, the fingers of the Frenchwomen are as conical as those of the men, as, it is to be feared, a good deal more of men's work is done by them than their more spatuled sisters of England. The men are aspersed if it is untrue that their women do much of the banking, clerking, and shopkeeping business—not to mention field work, as ploughing and harrowing—while their lords and masters are lounging about the doors of cafés, or idly sauntering on the public promenades; but this may be their fate perhaps rather than their fault; idleness being a quality not unknown to coexist with contemplation as a member of the conic section of ideas. It may be quite accidental to find the possessor of the pointed or conical finger, of which, from all that chirognomy discloses, the Frenchman, is the best type, in so close contact not only with all that is best and spiritual on earth, but akin to higher powers. People, however different they may be in their physical and moral relations, whatever may be the form of their government, the genius of their worship, their ideas of the good, the beautiful, and the true, all agree in giving

pointed or conical fingers to the images and good geniuses which are the objects of their veneration. Mankind, see, therefore, more than mere beauty in the tapering hand; but such were not, and could not be, those of the all-conquering Romans. Devoted to war and to action by their peculiar organization, the Romans received as a heritage the genius of the arts necessary to men of action. They excelled in bodily exercises and in arms, in the construction of aqueducts, bridges, highways, camps, machines, fortresses; they despised all speculative ideas, and had regard for nothing but war, political eloquence, history, the science of justice, and sensual pleasure. When their strong hands, so long pressed down upon a subject world, were withdrawn from their special office by the spiritual influence of the Christian religion, and lifted to heaven in prayer, the earth escaped from their grasp.

It has been often said that Platonism was not more fatal to the Greeks as a nation devoted to the worship of the beautiful, and governed by ideas adapted to artistic hands, than Christianity was to the Romans, as a people ruling the world by ideas agreeing with hands useful and spatuled. *Politically*, therefore, it is said these doctrines, or rather the authors of them, ought to have been condemned, as they tended to nothing else but to substitute the knowledge of some for that of all; that is, of an aristocracy for that of a democracy.

Yet it is not denied that morally the same ideas

were right. Now possibly this may be very good chirognomy, it but is surely somewhat doubtful philosophy, not to say Christianity. Nothing that is right morally can be wrong politically, or right politically and wrong morally. If Platonism was right, and bore against the national worship, the right thing politically to have done was to have adopted it, and so of Christianity.

There can be no such thing as a doctrine of "State necessity" admitted in either case; and a happy thing it would have been for many a government and ruler, both ancient and modern, if reasons of truth had been more in favour than reasons of State. But Christianity and Platonism were certainly both of the conic finger, and the stronger spatules of the Greek and Roman aimed at crushing them, as doctrines opposed to their instincts.

A better notion as to each nation discovering its own peculiar talent and acting upon that, is the following:—The North Americans are adapted for the industrial arts that rise from the middle sciences, the English for the industrial arts that spring from the higher sciences, France for those arising from the liberal arts. Each nation ought to attach itself to that for which it is peculiarly qualified, without venturing into paths foreign to its genius. A people may modify, but cannot transform their genius.

Let England, then, fertile in spatuled hands, cover the continents with her colonies, and the seas with her vessels. Let France, fertile in artistic and philosophic

hands, plant ideas as her rival does men. Let them do so by all means, but we are not so sure whether each is equally unproductive of substantial results as the other. The practice of the fine arts by the descendants of the Carthaginian genius, and that of industry by the modern Greek—the former being England, and the latter, of course, France—will long be for each nothing but a barren source of negative glory, equivocal success, and doubtful profit.

Judging from results, one might be apt to think that the Carthaginian Briton had a little the better of the French Greek, in such returns as came to him from New Zealand, Australia, and other places, even shortly after their settlement, compared with the barren glory of Algeria and Mexico.

Prometheus and Dædalus were spatule-fingcred heroes, the one stole fire from heaven and taught men its use, the other invented sails and masts for vessels, giving wings to the human mind; Cesar, with his conquests and his commentaries; Charlemagne, who used a doctrine as an axe; and Peter the Great, who used the axe as a doctrine; and Machiavel, and Diderot, and Arago, and Monge, and Wast—those great men with the hand of the race among the spatuled hands. One might have thought our Stephenson and Watt, Scott Russell, Sir Morton Peto, and one or two others, might have found a place in this calendar. But glory to the spatuled hands, wherever they are found at the right work of their genius! It is Hercules who is king and lord of all the spatules. Nerves in harmony with

a sanguine temperament, and with bones and muscle respondent to the iron will!

CHAPTER XI.

THE ARTIST HAND.

WITH certain modifications in form, this hand has three different tendencies. With pliancy, a small thumb, and moderately developed palm, it has the beautiful in form for its end; broad, thick, and short, with a large thumb, it aims at riches, greatness, fortune—the Napoleon hand; large and firm, it tends to sensual pleasures. All three forms obey inspiration, and are comparatively inapt for the mechanical arts. The first proceeds by enthusiasm, the second by stratagem, the last by the promptings of pleasure. The broad, short, and thick hand is very common in Normandy, the country of legal snares, where the judgment is cold, and the imagination lively, for imagination is, on the whole, the distinctive inheritance of every artistic hand, whatever it may be. The fingers bulky at the third phalange, taper gradually from thence to the extremity, which presents the form of a cone more or less obtuse. Its thumb is small, as has been said, and its palm well developed.

Whoever has a hand thus formed will instinctively attach himself, and without reflection, to the picturesque side of ideas and of things. He will be swayed

by the shape, entirely exclusive of the substance. He prefers what pleases to what feeds; as Montaigne says, he will conceive truth under beauty; fond of leisure, novelty, and liberty, at once ardent and timid, humble and vain, he will have more impetuosity and dash than force and power. He will pass at once from excitement to abasement. Unskilled in command, and still less capable of obedience, impulse will seem to him a surer guide than duty. Inclined to enthusiasm, he will want an outflow of emotion, and the restlessness of his mind will render burdensome to him the regular monotony of daily life. In a word, he will possess more sentiment than thought, more colour than feature. Fickle in character, he will have simplicity and recklessness—a fancy of fire, and too often a heart of ice.

A palm moderately large, with smooth fingers, a feeble thumb, rather conical phalanges—that is strong passions without sufficient moral restraint—a mind wanting in power to subjugate the senses, and based on a groundwork of moderately intellectual ideas. Such is in general the character of the artist. It is only the beautiful that he can prefer to pleasure. Thus Nympha opens the muddy curtains of her marsh to look at the sun. This hand has neither for the just, the unjust, the good, nor the useful, the same ideas that other types entertain. It has only to esteem a thing to love it. It suits itself with a faith, because it dispenses with reason, without preventing its feelings; but agrees not with political despotism, which is uniform and cold.

so much as with aristocratic government, which has its resting-place in luxury and pleasure, magnificence, show, art, high birth.

Art is a primitive instinct. Travellers have found sculpture in honour in countries where the first elements of agriculture are unknown. Among the negroes of Australia, and some tribes of savages on the eastern side of North America, the artistic spirit flows in full tide among all the nations of the South Sea Isles. The defects of the type are sensuality, idleness, egotism, singularity, cynicism, dissipation, mental inaptitude, astuteness, an inclination to falsehood and prevarication.

Truly the sins of omission and commission with which the poor artist here stands charged are very formidable, and genius must stand on slippery ground. As to the second form—the broad, thick, and short hand—one might say it was not so uncommon among the inartistic, and had chirognomy been known in the days of Brutus and Cassius, it possibly might have prevented their well-known quarrel. It is clearly the itching palm, and Brutus might have satisfied his friend's suspicions in a trice by showing it, instead of offering his heart. Many specimens of this type might also possibly be found along the Minories and Houndsditch well developed; but everywhere it is abundant, and perhaps no more prevalent among the quirky cold-minded lawyers of Normandy than some of the Oily Gammons of Lincoln's Inn. It is also called the Napoleon hand, or hand of fortune; but that must apply to

his early career, beginning with the time when he was a slim lieutenant. It is said he got stout in his latter days, no doubt obliterating the type that gained Marengo.

This hand, as might readily be inferred, is very prevalent in France, but nowhere more so, at least among the inartistic, than in the army. One would even think that in that country, war itself was a high art, if not the highest of all arts; but like all enthusiastic artists, they see only one side, and that is the picturesque, to admire. The father of this new science was himself a French captain, and besides the revelations it communicates, much collateral light is thrown upon the nature and art of war in general. It may here also be added that, like most other discoveries in science, it tends to bring down our pride a peg or two; and that is, no doubt, a good thing. Had the Darwinian theory never come to light, we might still have continued to hug ourselves on the grandeur of our origin; but to have to confess that a chimpanzee, not to speak of a gorilla, was some probable antecedent to man, is a humbling thought. So chiromony, collaterally at least, reduces us to very small dimensions as a military people, and, no doubt, has some good moral effect. The German, and most other nations, are equally brought low. But the picture has its bright side too, and that is the French army.

Our army is full of artistic hands of all kinds. It owes to them that roving enterprise, carelessness, and picturesqueness, and that brilliant dash by which it is

distinguished. It accommodates itself to every circumstance, and is adapted for any emergency.

Sluggish and gluttonous, the German army is full of elementary hands; its apathy cannot be effectually combated, except by brandy and the stick. Look on this picture and on that, but especially on this specimen of the type.

One day the sun shone, and gay Holland had opened her windows, when I had the good fortune to take in the act a major, of pure local race, digesting his food. They admired, even at Rotterdam, the formidable development of his abdomen. He was smoking, half asleep, filling the room with smoke, where, always seated, he passed his life in the crushing immovability of an Egyptian monolith. This prodigious military vegetable absorbed no less than six thousand pints of beer annually. He had no consciousness of his soul until after drinking. When sober, it sunk inert and dead into the abysses of that enormous expanse, like a boat in the mud of a dock, whence the sea had retired.

This must certainly be the artistic view of the ease, and the specimen has perhaps made so strong an impression on the artist's mind as to colour the picture of the whole army. But if Chang was no fair specimen of an average-sized Chinese, or Tom Thumb of an American, this exerescent major may probably have been an exception to the general rule of German or Dutch soldiers. But look at ourselves in a chirognomic point of view. Governed by material welfare and heraldic fetishism, the English army abounds in hands

which represent seldom anything but the defects of the spatuled type, which are coarseness, intemperance, moral sloth, passion. For them war is but a trade, the country its theatre, the stomach its moving power. It is by dint of hecatombs that they pretend to victory, certain to be conquered if the bellowings of Apis do not mingle with the din of its clarions. Subject by reason of their brutality to the degrading rule of harsh corporals, they would be in danger in the atmosphere of mildness and liberty in which ours prospers.

Under our banners the soul carries the body ; under the German and English standards the body carries the soul. We obey the spirit, and proceed by intelligence : the Germans obey the letter, and move by automatism. We are the first marchers in the world, for it is an axiom that battles are not gained by the hands, but by the feet.

No doubt of it—a pair of heels are worth two pairs of hands at any time :

“He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day”

is good generalship as well as good poetry. This explains away the foolish prejudice in most Englishmen's minds about Waterloo. They can never well understand what the French mean by their gaining that battle. It was gained by the feet. This, of course, is not quite the meaning of the axiom, but it may serve to illustrate another. Nor may it perhaps be clear to every reader what is meant by the “bellowings of

Apis"—indeed it is not so to ourselves. Apis, however, was an Egyptian bull sacred to Osiris; its bellowsings may therefore prefigure the soldiers' hurrah in the headlong onset—that is, the shout raised by *John Bull*, when "level for the charge his arms are laid."

Generals with the conic artistic hand proceed by inspiration, and care for glory more than success. Murat, at the battle of Smolensko, commanded a body of heavy cavalry; he was mounted on a superb black stallion, full of power and grace, calm, rustling in gold, waving its long shining mane. The king wore a crested helm of gold, adorned with a white plume. He looked in the distance, leaning on the scabbard of his jewel-adorned sabre, with an air of lofty indifference. All at once he starts, his eyes sparkle with fire, he rises in his stirrups, and with a thrilling voice he exclaims, "To the left! Charge!" Then the earth trembled, a noise like thunder was heard, and those black squadrons from which the lightning flashed as led on by that frail white plume, swept on like a torrent. We owed, in a great measure, the victory to that movement. Murat, the most epic of the warriors of the imperial epoch, like Junot, that other brave hero, had the hard artistic hand. If this, then, is not the poetry of war, it is hard to say what is. It was the artistic hand that reared the monuments of Memphis, Thebes, Meroe, Babylon, and India, proving the assent of all to a single idea.

A rather startling revelation is given regarding those

immense "organizations" of Sardanapalus, Nero, Helio-gabalus, Borgia, father and son, Catharine II., who, as they remained all their lives faithful to the logic of their type, it is possible, may never have felt remorse.

CHAPTER XII.

THE USEFUL HAND.

IT is of mean size, rather large than small, fingers knotted, the exterior phalange square—that is, the two sides prolonged in a parallel direction. It is not necessary to take account of the bend at the end of the fingers. The thumb is large, with a developed root, the palm middling, hollow, and tolerably firm.

A type is characterised no less by its negative qualities than by its positive, by its defects than by its endowments. The spirit of order, perseverance, foresight, things foreign to artistic hands—hands adapted to the beautiful and the pleasing—abound in dispositions represented by the square phalanges. To organize, to classify, to methodize, to symmetrize, such is the mission, such the mandate to hands useful. They conceive neither the beautiful nor the true, apart from the limits of theory and harmony. They have the same tendencies towards similitude and fitness as the artistic have for the contrary. They know in what things differ and in what they resemble. One law among others is dear to them—that is the law of continuity; and it is

especially by that—namely, tradition—that their expansion exists. These dispositions, otherwise strong, have wings which they may extend, but by which they cannot rise. Earth is their only domain—man in social life—their views extend not beyond. They know nothing of the intellectual world but what the naked eye may know of the stars of the firmament. Besides, always ready to deny what they cannot feel or comprehend, and to give as limits to nature only those of their own imagination. Architecture, under the sway of the useful hand, would no more rise to poetry and to the pleasures of the fancy, but only to symmetry and material usefulness. Versailles, her gardens and her palace, will be always, for the useful hands and large thumb, the best expression of the monumental that it is given to them to comprehend.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHINESE HANDS.

It may easily be inferred that a people so peculiar in many respects would have a hand corresponding to some dominant national tendency, consequently we find fingers with square phalanges being a majority in China. The masses there yield willingly to the exactions of a hierarchy and the sovereign power of an individual. The reason for things is not found in logic, but in custom. They take more account of good sense

than of genius, of the common than of the extraordinary, of the real than the ideal, and the medium than of the extreme. Social and practical philosophy is preferred to speculative history, and other moral and political sciences to metaphysics and the abstract sciences. The man who governs well his family, if he has been a good and obedient son—if he has had for his elders due respect—is there judged worthy and capable of governing a province, a kingdom, an empire. It were well for the Buckinghamshire peasants not to get acquainted with this fact, otherwise the model family-man there rewarded with his blue coat and brass buttons, at the age of seventy, for bringing up nine of a family on eight shillings a week, might think the comparison against him.

Politeness, a sentiment of fitness, and strict attention to certain forms, stand at the head of the social virtues. These forms in China regulate the different manners in which each, according to his age, rank, profession, ought to walk, sit, enter and leave a place, listen, look, salute, clothe himself, and move about. It is the hand of passive obedience and of an age when that attribute constitutes the first merit of the son and of the subject; when the knowledge of heraldry, etiquette, and ceremonial, and of the forms and manners of good society, is sufficient to merit the title of gentleman.

At the court of Louis XIV. they knew not how to spell, but they knew how to salute with more grace than in any other part of the world. In the portrait given by his disciples of the great Confucius, there is for the

period a model of the most surpassing politeness and attention to the ruling mode. When in the temple of his ancestors, or at the court of his sovereign, he spoke clearly and distinctly, and all that he said bore the mark of reflection and maturity. When residing in his native village he had such modesty that he appeared deprived of the faculty of speech. When at court, receiving the guests, his attitude suddenly changed ; his step was solemn and measured, as if he had fetters on his feet. If he was going to salute persons near him on his right hand, or his left, his robe in front and behind fell always straight and well arranged ; his pace was quickened in introducing guests, and he extended his arms like the wings of a bird. When he entered the gate of the palace, he bent his head as if the gate was not high enough to admit him ; passing before the throne, his countenance changed at once ; his step was slow and measured, and his words seemed as embarrassed as his feet. Taking his robe with his two hands, he thus ascended into the palace reception-room ; his body bent, and retaining his breath as if he could not breathe. He seemed, too, rather particular in some other points for so great a philosopher. When his meat was not cut in a straight line, he did not eat it ; if it had not the sauce that he liked, he would also leave it ; if its colour or smell displeased him in the least, or if it was out of season, he would not take it. If the mat on which he was going to sit was not smoothly spread, he would not sit upon it. When the thunder was heard, or the storm howled,

he never failed to change countenance and assume an air of respectful fear toward heaven. When he ascended his carriage, he kept himself upright, holding the reins, and looking not behind him, nor ever speaking without a grave motive.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HAND OF THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE two classes into which D'Arpentigny divides philosophy are those of the sensualists and idealists. It is the old distinction as to ideas being received by the senses from without or within. Locke and Condillac have the phalanged fingers of the sensualists, and Descartes, Malebranche, and Leibnitz have the phalanges of the idealists. It is, however, only the hand of the rationalist and sensualist in its natural form that is dealt with, which has a palm moderately large and elastic, with knotty fingers, the end phalange partly square, partly conical, and forming, by reason of the two knots, a kind of ovoid spatule; the thumb large, and indicating as much logic as decision—that is, formed of two phalanges of equal length, or nearly so.

It has been said that the tendency of the spatuled phalanges is towards that which is materially useful; that of the conical phalanges of race, towards the beautiful in form, or art; that of the square phalanges

tends towards social utility, common, practicable, and realizable combinations.

As to the genius attached to the phalanges partly square, partly conical, it is characterized by a love and desire after the absolutely true. By their knots the philosophic hands have calculation, more or less rigid induction, method; by the partly conic phalange they have comparatively the poetic instinct; and by the whole, including the thumb, the instinct of metaphysics. They dive into the external and internal world, but they seek there less beauty than truth, less form than essence; more than all the others, they show an unquenchable desire after the deep moral, experimental, and philosophical sciences.

A philosopher with this hand will experience the desire of accounting for his own sensations; the secret of his well-being engrosses his thoughts, as well as that of the origin of things. He will not adopt his creed, his thoughts, his opinions, from another, but only after having examined them deeply, and on every side. Reason seems to him a surer guide than instinct, faith even than love. It is by this test, and not by custom, education, or law, that everything is tried. He thinks, with Socrates, that whatever injures this, injures humanity in all that is holiest and best. He places the philosopher above the priest wrapt up in dreams of the imagination; the former binding men together in a common affection, the latter splitting them into rival sects. He proceeds by analysis, but tends to synthesis, from detail to the whole, from man to men,

from an atom to the universe; in a word, from the exception to the rule. The order which others see in the material world in symmetry, he sees in its relations. He aspires after liberty because he feels that God has endowed him with a knowledge of the just and unjust. He knows not vain scruples, superstitions, terrors, and uses pleasure with moderation. The philosophic type alone, because up to a certain point both worlds are of its domain, may comprehend all the others.

The philosophy of useful and spatuled hands embraces facts, practical ideas, things, politics; that of the conical and pointed hands, creeds, speculative ideas, art; knotted hands, partly square, partly conical, are eclectic, and it is for this reason that they have received the name of philosophic hands. Very large, all these hands to analysis; very small, to synthesis. With a little thumb, they think with the heart; with a large thumb, with the head. It is with churchmen as with philosophers and artists. The knowledge and direction of men belong to the northern types; of souls, to the southern; to the former belong science and learning, to the latter, faith. The one has more love, the other more authority. The spatules think of the world and the church; the conics of heaven and God.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HAND PSYCHICAL.

THIS is of all others the most beautiful and the most rare, for rarity is a condition of beauty. It is small and fine, relatively to the person, medium palm, the fingers without knots, or very moderately undulated, the outer phalange long and filberted, the thumb small and elegant; large and with knots, it has strength and combination, but it wants simplicity. Let good sense be the guide of the useful hands, hands of which order, arrangement, and unity are the end; let reason be the only torch of the philosophic; let their tendency carry them towards liberty and truth, as we have just attempted to show. As to the psychical hands, they are to those last as the artistic are to the hands in spatule; they attach and add to the works of the thinker, as the artist to the work of the artisan, beauty and fancy; they gild them with a sun ray; they raise them upon a pedestal, and open to them the door of the heart. The soul, forgotten and left behind by the philosophic hands, is their guide; truth, in love and sublimity, their end, and expansion their means. You have seen the world given up to spatuled hands, progress, industry, war, tumult, cultivation of power and material interests. You have seen it committed to the artistic hands, producing romantic enterprise, imprudence, brilliant folly, splendid misery, fanaticism of form. You have seen it given up to the square

phalanges, fanaticism of method, narrow and universal despotism. You have seen it given unto the philosophic hands, the fanaticism of science, doubt, emotion, liberty, without standing point. Alone hitherto in Europe the psychical hands have not been able to arrive at dominion; perhaps they have ever disdained, in the high sphere where their genius dwells, the material interests. Yet their intervention has never failed when human affairs require their divine aid. What a blow would have been given to man in his intelligence and dignity had they not given victory to the Greeks at Salamis and Marathon. Religious and poetical Spain would have perished without them in 1812, and Germany, already conquered in her princeps and crowned fetishes, was only saved by some young enthusiast idealists, with long flowing hair, calm aspect, but resolute heart, who, singing God, liberty, country, threw themselves into the field of battle to the strains of the starry lyre.

Taken as a whole, these hands prefer great struggles and disdain small contests. From the grossest sensualism of the Greeks they rise to Plato, and from the Roman sensualism they culminate in Jesus. The psychical type is not, as some pleasing romancists have imagined, the exclusive heritage of the heraldic races. Rare everywhere, it nevertheless exists everywhere, even in the most abject classes, where it vegetates unknown to itself, uncomprehended and despised by reason of its relative inaptitude for manual labour. Apollo, alas! herded sheep. Artistie hands wished to

see imagination in art everywhere; square hands, rule and arrangement everywhere; the philosophic type, human reason everywhere. It is the divine reason that, by virtue of the same law, the psychical hands would see everywhere.

The psychical hands are immensely numerous in Southern Asia, whence the genius essentially religious, contemplative, and poetical of the nations that dwell there; whence their respect for maxims and their disdain for methods; whence the preference they give to virtue, the source of repose; to science, the source of progress; whence the languishing condition of the arts, professions, and agriculture; whence theocratic and despotic governments, forms necessary for a people to whom to reason and act is painful. It is in dreamy Asia, the land of immense empires, whence have arisen all the great religions; and it is in restless, laborious Europe, country of small republics, whence have arisen all the philosophers that have looked those religions in the face, and have told them of their deeds. In Europe the temple rises out of society, in Asia society rises out of the temple.

It has been said there was an affinity between the German and Sanscrit languages. There exists also some relation between the dreamy genius of the Germanic nations and the contemplative genius of the children of Brahma. In a word, Germany is the country in Europe, as India is the country of Asia, where one sees the most psychical hands.

Ye who have spatuled and square hands will enjoy

neither the thoughts nor the language of the psychical writers. You will find neither the precision nor the method that is dear to you. Their constant flight towards the glorious spirits, splendid rivals of the stars, would weary you. You cling to earth and its interests; they place their happiness in dreams of the soul, and in the contemplation of intangible verities. Such were Milton, Klopstock, Schiller, Göethe, Swedenborg, Chateaubriand, Lamartine. As the Greeks who assigned manual labour to the rank of the infernal deities; the Spaniards think that it degrades people and individuals in proportion as they incline to it; the Italians have put physical repose under the safeguard of a third of the saints in the calendar, not to render it more respectable to the people, but to protect it from the avarice and trickery of politicians.

CHAPTER XVI.

MIXED HANDS.

THIS name is given to the hand whose undecided lines seem to belong to two different types. Thus, it is a mixed hand if, being spatuled, that form is so little marked as to be easily mistaken for the square.

A conical elementary hand may be taken for an artistic hand; an artistic hand may be taken for a psychical hand, and reciprocally; a philosophic hand may be taken for a useful hand, and reciprocally.

The intelligence represented by a mixed hand attaches to each of the two types which its form recalls. Without the mixed genius peculiar to these hands, society would proceed by leaps and summer-saults. If war was cruel to atrocity among the earliest people of whom history makes mention, it was because one tribe, pure and unmixed with any other type, when meeting a type of an antagonistic kind, vented its antipathies without remorse. But a people like the Arabs, descended from a similar stock, are not pitiless in their wars; and so with the Caffres. M. Lichtenstein says, the mode in which these people conduct war between tribe and tribe is marked with a generosity very different from the ordinary usages of other nations. When war is declared, which is always done by an ambassador carrying a lion or a panther's tail, the chiefs receive orders to join the king with their vassals; when, after the army has approached the enemy's territory, a new ambassador is sent to give notice of it, and if the enemy declares that he is not prepared, or that his forces are not yet assembled, the attacking army halts and waits until the other may be ready to fight. In order to render ambuscade impossible, a thing that would elsewhere be regarded as dishonourable, they choose for the battle-field an open space without bushes or rocks. They then fight with as much valour as obstinacy. When one of the two armies is defeated, the same generosity is still marked in the conduct of the conqueror, who fails not to send a part of the booty to the vanquished, because,

as the people say, one ought not to leave one's enemy to die of hunger. "But such moderation," adds M. Lichtenstein, "is only exercised between one tribe of Caffres and another, for when they are at war with the Dutch or the Hottentots, they endeavour to injure them by all the means in use among other nations, savage or civilized." Thus, too, war even in Europe has become less cruel in proportion as the different people are more mixed up by navigation, commerce, and the mixed hand prevails.

There is another form of this mixed hand that may be called the elementary-artistic, more thick and less pliant than the artistic hand of the race, whose lines indicate an intellect turned towards common things. It presents, however, neither the extreme hardness nor rustic largeness of the elementary hands. The fingers are thick without knots, or only having one; the thumb is large, it is conical. This hand abounds in Normandy, drawing into the sphere of its moral action the genius of the other types scattered over that province. Riches is the grand aim and object of that people, who love it for itself alone, and sacrifice everything else at its shrine.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FEMALE HAND.

THE propensities of each type among women are the same as among men, only those peculiar to the spatuled

and square types are much less strong than among us. Of a hundred women in France it is estimated that forty belong to the conical type, thirty to the square, and thirty to the spatuled types. These last two, of which the dominant power is mind, depend upon the first, which is imagination. Man creates, woman develops. To us the principle, to them the form. We make laws, they form the manners. Man is more true than woman, says St. Martin; but she is better than he. Man is the mind of the woman, woman is the soul of man. We prevail by the brain, they by the heart. We are more under the senses, they under the feelings. Their sentiments deceive them less frequently than our reason. We have reflection, and we know what it teaches us; they have intuition, and they know what it divines. Europe, where they are free, and which they fill with light and progress, owes to them these three things—morals, liberty, and wealth; whilst in Asia, where they are slaves, they crouch in idleness, and are sunk in misery, despotism, and infamous love. Light, truth, and liberty are one and the same thing.

Few women have knotted fingers; few women, also, are endowed with a faculty of mental combination. Instead of intellectual works she generally chooses those which demand more tact than knowledge, more lively conception than power, more imagination than judgment. It would be otherwise if they had knotted fingers; but then they would be less impressionable, less obedient to the inspirations of fancy, and as the

essential qualities of wine are neutralised by water—theirs would be so by reason. Women may be ranged under two principal banners—under the one, those with a large thumb, and those with a small thumb under the other. The first more intelligent than feeling, wise from history; the other more feeling than intelligent, from romance. To call forth pleasure well tempered with reflection, speak to me of a woman with a large thumb. Love, under her enlightened guardianship, attains its end without reproach. Her passion, always under restraint, has more root in her senses than in her heart. Leave her to act, and confide in her management; at a suitable time she will come to the help of your timidity; not that she may sympathize in your torment, but in obedience to her own will. Yet, constancy, and every mental charm, will add to the possession. Women with small thumbs are not endowed with so high a principle of sagacity. To love, with them, is all their thought: but such is the charm attached to that powerful passion, that there is no seduction equal to it. The cares of maternity being difficult and complex, their practice exacts an instinct more intelligent than that which the elementary hands represent. These hands are, therefore, rare among women; and in populations where that hand is in a majority among men, it betrays absolute rule, a quality unfitting in woman.

Englishwomen have generally the delicately-squared phalange; they are satisfied with domestic love. In France the women spatuled, with small thumb, are

distinguished by a large amount of affectionate frankness, an urgent desire for action and movement, and by a knowledge of real life. Madame Roland had beautiful large hands, indicating a head full of practical ideas, and a soul inclined to the ideal. She understood the beauty of passion, and the self-sacrifice it imposed. At once stoical and impassioned, positive and enthusiastic, tender and austere, she loved three things with an intense love—country, liberty and duty. By nature bold and courageous, like the majority of women of her type, she did not belie herself in poverty, in greatness, or on the scaffold. Order, arrangement, symmetry, and punctuality reign without tyranny in those dwellings governed by the gentle economists with the square phalange and small thumb. But who holds in that constraint and oppression those silent and gloomy children, trembling and flurried servants? It is the angry voice, the sharp look of petticoated despotism, riding upon a very large thumb.

Are you paying court to a beautiful young lady with square phalanges? Equip yourself with good sense and steadiness, reject all captivating airs, and confound not singularity with distinction. Think that she has less imagination than judgment, and that her mind is more just than original. In the number of her axioms are these—silence is a power, mystery is an ornament. Forget not that she has necessarily the social instinct well developed, and that she joins to a respect for the suitable, the love of influence and

rule, a mind as far removed from singularity as vulgarity.

The square type with us is altogether taken up, in the place of women, by the prude, the intrigante, the ambitious, and the witty Madame de Maintenon. Except Clementine, all the heroines of Richardson, creatures more intellectual than feeling, and who, like our own Sévigné, have a disposition more sprightly than tender, belong to this type.

Religious institutions, governed by strictly scientific rules, and where nothing is left to the free will, recruit almost all their adepts from the square phalange. Those small, soft, pliant hands, almost fleshless, but rosy and with knots, love sparkling wit, which, like lightning, shed a brilliant and sudden light—they live by wit. The love of which they wear the chains is born in a boudoir; it has invented the madrigal, the gay song, and is seldom seen but with a dazzling eye and ruffles.

With women of a strong palm, conical fingers, and little thumb, paint your language in glowing colours. They love that which dazzles, and rhetoric has more power over them than logic. Three things govern them—indolence, fancy, and feeling. They have in their hearts the prayer that the Corinthians addressed every morning to Venus—"O Goddess, grant that to-day I may do nothing displeasing, and that I may say nothing which may not be agreeable;" for to please is their chief care, and they love as much being beloved and admired as esteemed. Such were, doubtless, the hands of the beautiful and triumphant amazons of

which the flying squadron of Catherine de Medicis was composed.

The delicate, smooth, and pointed fingers in woman, when a palm narrow and elastic, without softness, serves as a stem, signalize a taste for pleasures in which the heart and soul have more share than the senses and the mind, a charming combination of excitement and indolence, a secret attraction for the realities and duties of life, more piety than devotion. The hand of Madame Sand realizes this type, with knots, however, which modify it sensibly. The delicate sentiments which education alone gives to the most of us, woman possesses naturally. They spring up in her soul as the tender grass on the dewy lawn. She has an innate knowledge of the affairs of the heart, but a perfect knowledge of the real and positive world fails her.

Whether is it less to their physical weakness, or to the nature of the ideas attached to their organization, that they owe it to see us reigning over them? In vain have we the power of subduing horses, plying heavy trades, labouring, extracting metals, braving the tempests of the sea and the sky, if our souls, like theirs, fond of emotion and ready to fly away, should tremble at the least breeze on the light foliage. Thus constituted, our reign would not endure.

Such is as concise a view of the science of chiromnomy as can be collected from the original sources. Its great high priest, we have said, was D'Arpentigny; and the system is almost altogether founded by him.

It is, however, a special school of the science, and greatly different both from the ancient palmistry and the modern, now about to be described. The name is, therefore, different. Its proper designation is chiromnomy—rather an unhandy word—meaning the law, or the science of hand-seeing, and it differs from the ancient science, and alike the modern, in entirely disarding the astral influences. It also rejects all the former cabalistic rules and prognostications for reading the hand. Yet it claims attention, owing to the long and laborious investigations pursued by its author, over a space of more than twenty years, in observing and noting so many thousands of hands. With a deep insight into human character, a firm faith in his own principles of induction, and an enthusiasm in the work, it would have been impossible that many striking coincidences, analogies, and even truths should not have been the result of his labours, and a consideration of them is well worthy the attention of the psychologist. There is no disputing the fact, that much character manifests itself in and about the hand, the almost intelligent instrument of the mind. Written or spoken languages, which are strictly material instruments, when looked upon or listened to by another, may be seen to reflect as in a mirror our inmost thoughts and character. But it is a long and elaborate study for any one to attain that intuition; and an illiterate person looking upon the letters of a book might just as readily deny the possibility of seeing any meaning in them, as the uninitiated hand-seer to divine cha-

racter from the palm or fingers. There is a language of the hand, too, read and practised by many illiterate and simple people, that conveys much character and meaning to their friends. A dumb person looks to the hand for what you mean more naturally than to any other member. And what can be said of that character that attaches to a person's handwriting? First you receive a letter, and having read its address, know at once from whom it comes; and when that likeness is fixed in your mind, you would know the same hand fifty years afterwards. A hand from one friend shows his boldness and dash; another, from a second, his timidity and gentleness, and that much variety of character can be thus gleaned is undoubted. There are then natural readable manifestations of the inner life passing through the hand, and, at least, we cannot tell what influence that subtle and mysterious action may or may not leave imprinted on the outward organ. One cannot well see that if sorrow, long-continued, will certainly "wear its furrows in the grief-worn cheek," and other emotions come to have a permanent expression on the countenance, why the hand, as intimately connected with the brain as the face, should not also receive some of the same modifying influence in time. Now pure chiromy does not go beyond this. It has generalized a type of hand from multitudes of instances, and when that type is seen the character is read. It does not attempt to trace any resemblance naturally between a specific form and a specific mental quality, but such being the generalized

type of that quality, it is fixed. Yet in some cases there certainly is a resemblance, as in the spatuled finger exteriorly—that is the most natural result of labour and manual action.

CHAPTER XVIII.

M. DESBARROLLES AND THE ADVANCED SCHOOL.

BUT another school, going much further into the mysteries of the hand than the preceding, has arisen, to which attention must now be given. It was formerly stated that these new systems were in a sense reformations of the old science of palmistry. M. Desbarrolles, who is the great apostle of chiromaney about to be explained, is, however, not so violent an iconoclast of the old system as D'Arpentigny. The latter is the John Knox of his time. Desbarrolles would retain many of the symbols of the ancient worship in the *cabala* and the stars. D'Arpentigny would sweep them all away. He would destroy the rookeries to get rid of the rooks. Desbarrolles would dispense with the rooks, but retain the rookeries; that is, he would reject many of the nostrums of the astrologers, but he would retain their instruments in the stars. It is evident, therefore that a little more faith is demanded of the inquirer into this system than the preceding. But there are always more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in any philosophy.

The first step of divergencce between these two schools may be seen in their respective mottoes. The first enjoins, "Know thyself;" the second, "Learn to know others;" and that the author of the latter system has learned to know others inside and out, their past, present, and future, the following narrative, given by Alexander Dumas *fils*, and corroborated by his own personal knowledge, must be taken as proof. Dumas also predicts that it will one day be the grammar of the human organism.

Desbarrolles, says he, initiated into his science a lady of perfectly correct judgment, great eloquence, and whose fine and delicate perception was not slow in penetrating into the mysteries of the hand further than he had ever went himself. That unity of method and thought which exists between Desbarrolles and the initiated affords the means of giving an incontestible proof of the truth of the science. One or other of the two, it matters not which, examines the hand, studies it, explains it, relates the past, and predicts the future. The other, absent from the room, enters, takes the hand, explains in his or her turn, and deviates not a shade from what his predecessor has divulged as to the past or the future.

"The evening of the day when he received my telegram," says Dumas, "Desbarrolles arrived at my house, followed, or rather preceded, by the initiated. He found with me the two promised hands. They belonged to a young and robust person of twenty-

seven years of age, with black eyes, sparkling under a forest of hair—a rare thing in our day—teeth of enamel, a complexion tinged with the sun, but full of life, and bearing as a particular mark on the cheek a large sabre cut, leaving a scar from the ear to the mouth. She passed into my room with me, and gave to the initiated her two hands, somewhat plump, but beautifully shaped, with the mounts of Mars, Mercury, Apollo, Saturn, and Jupiter, rather prominent, Venus well developed, and a line of life stretching fiercely across, with three or four breaks in it.”

“Good and well; here is a beautiful and fortunate hand,” said the initiated, whilst Desbarrolles remained in the drawing-room, studying the hand of Alberic the Second. Then, without hesitation, “A double illustration,” continued she; “a family and a personal illustration.”

The owner of the hand shrunk a little.

“It is true,” said I; “go on.”

The initiated continued: “At five years of age you incurred the danger of death.”

“I do not recollect,” replied the patient,

“Think well; it is impossible I can be deceived. You see that little break at the top of the line of life. Find some recollections of infancy.”

It may be; but it is impossible you could see that in my hand.”

“I see a danger of death; I cannot say what kind.”

“Well, at five years of age I was at Brazil. My

father had a tame leopard. One day, as I was sleeping in the garden, lying on the grass, the leopard sprang suddenly upon me, as if he wished to devour me, and tore my dress in pieces. My father, who thought it was at me the animal aimed, rushed up to my assistance, but at the same time, being awoke, I arose and took to flight. A coral serpent fell from beneath my clothes. It was dead. The leopard, who aimed at it and not at me, had crushed its head with his teeth."

"There," said the initiated; "I knew I could not be mistaken." And she continued: "At fifteen, another danger of death, but this time by poison."

"The typhoid fever," I said, "arising from a marshy poison."

"No," said the initiated; "it may have been the typhoid fever, but at this time that was only a result. When you say typhoid fever, you mean fever."

"This time again you are right," said the person asked. "One day, while walking in a wood, I found a tree that was unknown to me, which bore a fruit much resembling a gourd. It was of a beautiful red colour, and, when opened, there came out three or four kernels of a delightful velvety smoothness. I carried them to my father and mother, but neither one nor the other knew the fruit. The nuts were so pretty, that we used them in the evening to play with instead of counters. I took one of them and passed it several times over my lips, pleased with its agreeable smoothness. A young man who was paying his court to me, did the same with his. The same night, I was taken

with a burning fever. My lips became chapped, and in the morning I was a prey to the most violent vomitings. At the end of three days the yellow fever declared itself. The young man, attacked with the same symptoms as I, had also the yellow fever, but had not the good fortune to recover as I did. He died."

"Now," continued the chiromante, "as to the greatest danger you have incurred—the danger of violent death between nineteen and twenty—it is that to which belongs that sabre-cut. There is a fire in the midst of all that, is there not?"

"Yes; they had set the house on fire in one place, when murder was being committed in another."

"But," continued the initiate, "there is produced a singular phenomenon. The line of chance, broken by that frightful catastrophe, belongs to that catastrophe even more strongly and more continued. One would say that, in losing all on the side of affection, you had gained on the side of fortune."

"All that is amazingly exact."

"Lastly, two years ago you escaped a serious enough danger. It ought to be when confined with your third child?"

An affirmative nod replied to this last question.

"And now," continued the sybil, "you have nothing more to fear up to forty-five years of age. You will then incur danger on the water. Then, that danger past, the line of life resumes its power, and the magic bracelet, which continues it, promises you long and

happy days. If we pass to the general signs, I will tell you that, although a woman, you have a soldier's hand, combative and imperious. You like bodily exercises, movement, horses. You have very fine tact. None of your sentiments proceed from reason ; but, on the contrary, you act instinctively, by sympathy or antipathy. Had you been a man, you would have been a soldier ; free to follow your own calling, you would have been an actress."

The study of the hand was finished by the initiate.

"We returned to the dining-room, where Desbarrolles resumed the hands of Madame Emerat, and told her literally the same thing. For that lady, with those personal and family incidents—who had narrowly escaped death by the bite of a coral serpent at five years of age ; at fifteen, poisoning by the fruit of the manchineal-tree ; at nineteen, in a riot ; and at twenty-five, in child-bed—that woman with combative instincts, with the line of chance broken and renewed, with dramatic aspirations and impulsive habits, was no other than the heroine of Djedda, whose narrative I have related in the 'Illustrated Journal.'"

The author of this system refuses to acknowledge any connection between it and the palmistry of the sixteenth century, which he considers an age fatal to the science, when most of the true traditions of the art were either altered or lost. He takes it up from the ancients, and founds upon the *cabala*, which indicated to him the true way and the right foundation of chiromancy. This *cabala* is the system of the astral

signs—man in relation to the stars. This and the principal lines of the palm, to the number of seven, which have only significance in connection with the heavenly bodies, form the basis of the ancient science, and belong to astrology and the Pagan religion. With this aid, a new system has been constructed based on logic, passing from the known to the unknown. It also goes beyond chiromnomy, even in the inspection of the hand itself. That science only takes cognizance of the exterior forms, but chiromaney penetrates into the interior, where reside touch and the nervous sensibility. Chiromnomy only indicates the instincts; but chiromaney indicates at the same time, and more specially, the passions in all their shades, and whither these passions and instincts lead. This leading or tendency of the passions and instincts the ancient cabalists asserted came from the stars, and was imposed upon corporeal forms favourably or unfavourably, according to the position of certain heavenly bodies at birth. *How* this was effected they were wisely silent. True physiology, however, was unknown in their time, and it is that which now forms the key to the whole mystery.

The most reliable authorities on this science lay it down that a nervous fluid, originating from without, is put in circulation through the brain. This unknown agent, like the triple *Heeate* of the ancients, bears, in its different modifications, the names of light, electricity, and magnetism. According to Herder, it is this agent which presides over the operation of the

soul, while according to other more materialistic philosophers, it is the soul itself. Chiromancy maintains that this imponderable agent places the hands, where resides touch, in direct relation with the brain, and is the cause of the lines which furrow the palm.

In this way only can the divinations of the art be accounted for on reasonable grounds. The moral acts upon the physical, and the physical upon the moral. Physiologists and cabalists are perfectly in accord, that, in the animal, bodily forms correspond with particular instincts. The study of each of these forms, in relation to such and such an instinct, ought, therefore, to reveal to the eyes of the observer the character of man. These revealing forms, which the ancients called signs, are found and read over the whole body, and not only on the cranium and the face, according to Gall and Lavater. The whole body is a single and complete individuality, and all the features of the face, the curves of the head, the largeness, length, or smallness of the limbs, the figure, the gait, the look, the voice, the gesture—even to the hand-writing—are in unison, and that which forms the gestures and the writing—the hand.

Aristotle has said that the hand is the organ of organs. In his "Physiology of Marriage," Balzac says, "To learn to know the disposition, in the atmospheric variations of the hand, is a more certain study than that of physiognomy. Thus, in arming yourself with this science, you arm yourself with a great power, and you will have a thread that will guide you into the

labyrinth of the most impenetrable hearts." Balzac further says of chiromancy, "To predict to a man the events of his life by the sight of his hand is not more extraordinary to him who has received the power of knowing it, than to say to a soldier that he will fight; an advocate, that he will speak; or a shoemaker, that he will make a pair of boots." He also affirms, that to predict the great events of the future is not to the initiated a power more extraordinary than that of divining the past. The past and the future are equally impossible to know, in the system of the incredulous. If past deeds have left their traces that we can read, the future may also be seen by its roots and seeds, and "coming events cast their shadows before."

CHAPTER XIX.

PALMISTRY IN RELATION TO THE FUTURE.

THE nerves, then, which cover the body entirely as a network, cause to circulate along with the blood the vital electricity with which they are impregnated. Hollow like a tube, they contain a very transparent fluid, very subtle, which doubtless constitutes the sensitive transmission. Dr. Bailey said that a nerve was like an electric telegraph, and that the arteries might be compared to a railway, because various corporal substances are there really transmitted from one point to another. The centre of direction of this system is the brain; but the chiromant would add that the

action or motion comes from without. The brain is the reservoir of the imponderable agent whence it issues through the nerves, and it is the seat of life, of intelligence, and probably of the soul, because there are found four of its principal agents or senses—seeing, hearing, tasting, and smelling.

Touch, however, although in as close contact with the brain, has on the ends of the fingers, and on the palm, electrical reservoirs, condensed nervous power, formed by masses of corpuscles, where reside the physical agencies of the mind and soul. Thus the hand and brain are like the opposite ends of an electric telegraph, between which messages are continually flying; “and,” ask the chiromants, “why is it wonderful that traces of such action may be left on the hand? Have we not seen the most solid marble change its form under the continual friction of the feet of the passers-by? Have we not seen, in the church of Ara Cœli, at Rome, the steps of the stone staircase worn by the knees of the faithful, and the bronze feet of the statue of the apostle in St. Peter’s abraded by the pilgrims’ kisses? Should, therefore, an organ so sensitive, incessantly traversed by the greatest terrestrial force, remain more intact and more impassable than marble or bronze? Simple common sense cannot admit it.”

Again, as to the lines of the hand being influenced by outward agencies, Aristotle has said “that the lines are not written without cause in the hand of man, but come from celestial influence and the peculiar human individuality.” This celestial influence, then,

chiromancy modernizes into electricity, connecting heaven with earth, and one planet with another. A convenient stepping-stone is also found in the doctrine of ether, so obstructing in its fluidity as to retard the march of the comets, and filling all space, so as to be a medium for conveying electricity from the planets to us and from us to the planets.

If, then, electricity, which passes incessantly from the external world to the brain, and from the brain to the external world, follows by an effort of will a constant direction, it is evident that such passage will leave traces on the palm. Water, falling incessantly drop by drop in the same place, changes the form of a rock; and if, which is indisputable, electricity is at once light, heat, and magnetism, we live in the midst of an ambient electricity which may well connect us with the stars by means of its being breathed in and out of our nervous system.

Fortified by this logic and these analogies, Desbarrolles turns round to the negative side of the question, and says in triumph, that at least if such views cannot be admitted, there are no proofs that can be given to the contrary; and he is no doubt right, yet so far as analogy goes, something might possibly be got up on the other side too. However, he finds a *fidus Achates* in M. Daubeney, who said at Cheltenham, some time ago, that the ancients were not so far wrong after all in admitting the powerful influence of the stars upon the earth. Then, leaving analogy, he rivets his argument with a fact—at least, a case.

“ ‘ One day a gentleman came to consult me, it was in winter. He was wrapt up in a cloak, which he asked permission to retain. I begged him to use no restraint. He held out his left hand, and immediately I said to him,

“ ‘ You are a soldier.’

“ ‘ It may be,’ replied he, ‘ but proceed, pray.’

“ ‘ It is not without reason,’ added I, “ that I first mentioned you are a soldier. I saw that you had received a wound in your hand, but not in battle.’

“ ‘ Why not in battle?’ replied he, in surprise.

“ ‘ Because,’ answered I, ‘ a wound received in battle would have been favourable to your advancement, and this has broken your career.’

“ The gentleman did not reply. He put off his cloak ; his right arm was supported by a scarf.

“ ‘ I wish to see, then,’ said he, ‘ if you can divine something ; but, in truth, that question is well met. I did not in fact receive this wound in battle, where I was at Solferino in the midst of the hottest fire, but lately in hunting. I was already in a carriage, and took my gun by the muzzle to pull it to me ; the piece went off, and I received the whole charge in my shoulder. The nerves have been shattered. Since then my hand has been insensible, almost dead, and I can no longer move it.’

“ ‘ Would you have the goodness,’ I asked, ‘ to show me that hand?’

“ ‘ Willingly,’ said he, ‘ but you will see nothing par-

tieular there. It is entirely like the other, only it is dead.'

"Saying so, he begged me to help him in getting it out of the bandage. That done, I examined it attentively; but what was my surprise on looking into the interior to find that all the lines of the palm had disappeared. The hand internally was altogether smooth. Thus these lines had disappeared at the moment when the nerves corresponding with the brain had ceased to act. They had, therefore, been formed and maintained by that communication alone; otherwise the hand would have remained inert, dead in reality, but it would have preserved these lines."

It seemed sufficient proof, at least to the operator, who had the best opportunity of judging with his own eyes. He was then led on to generalize, and found that if electricity retiring gave death to one part of the body, it would cause total death if entirely absent; and that it might thus be the universal agent of the supreme power in causing life. Paralysis, it is said, produces the same effects.

Physiology and phrenology concur with ehiromaney in believing that certain external forms have a relation to the internal instincts and character. But at this point the last-named science goes far in advance, and plunges not only into the past, but into the future. Still this is not done without reason assigned or attempted; so far, too, as analogy goes, not without some convincing power. The great shocks sometimes given to the system by heavy diseases or calamities, leave

traces by which a proximate conclusion may be drawn, as to the time of the event. And if white hair on the head or wrinkles on the face be thus implanted, why may not the hand, in its fine nervous organism, be also marked? One knows, too, it might here be added, the age of a horse from the look of his teeth, and that of a cow from the nicks in her horn, even the age of a tree by its concentric circles. Nor can we help running out into the same inferential vein a little way; and it might possibly be the case, that on looking over the circles in the cut stem of that tree, some one particular line might be seen so different from the rest, as to enable us to say that ten or twenty years ago the tree suffered in its constitution from want of due nourishment, and nearly died; that five years before that, it had the great good fortune to be richly supplied, and so on. Still, it is best perhaps to remember that figures, even of speech, may be more fallacious than facts. But a plunge, even into a deeper sea than the past, is made, and that is into the future; nor is logic or analogy wanting here either, but we cannot stay to examine it just now. Astronomers calculate and predict storms eight days in advance. Some one in France predicted the late floods there fourteen months before they came; and in our own country we know the end of the world has been foretold scores of times.

It would be a very erroneous opinion of palmistry that any one would form if he only judged it from its fortune-telling professors, gipsies, Bohemians, and others going about the country. Nor going back to ages when it was in the hands of astrologers, who

mystified over it with superstitious minds, would any clear idea as to cause and effect be seen.

Should we, however, go back even beyond the Egyptians and Indians, when practised among them, and see the Chaldean shepherds lying by night in the fields under the azure vault, studded with its myriads of stars, the true origin of the science may be found. In their dreamy but inquiring minds as to the nature of those orbs, many sound conclusions were arrived at, and to them we probably owe the origin of astronomy itself. One grand and original classification come to by them was that of a trinity in unity. This sacred number *three* attached to most of their speculations. The first was *the three worlds*—heaven, earth, and hell. They saw a world above them, and from many indications, as the rumblings of earthquakes, they inferred a world below. Then, again, to each of these they attached moral attributes—heaven, the divine world; earth, the moral world; and hell, the material world. The mystery of creation also struck them, and they saw a trinity there, in the father, mother, and children. In the sun there were three qualities—light, heat, and something they *felt*, but what we now call electricity; in God, the trinity of supreme power, wisdom, and knowledge. And all these trinities were in harmony with each other and in themselves. Man was also a trinity, having a material body, a sidereal body, and soul; and each one of these parts was in communication with the material, intellectual, or divine world. Nor was this connection only imaginary or figurative.

His body was in contact with the heavens by means of that which they called astral light, but later, electricity. It was the sidereal part of his body that had this connection, being deeply imbued with that fluid in its own nature.

Many other trinities the cabalists methodized from nature; but it is only necessary to mention the three worlds of the hand, signified by the three joints of the fingers, which form now a part of the subject under consideration. The actual connection with the firmamental bodies takes place by respiration and inspiration. These two movements in man are life; when they cease, death. But everything breathes. Animals breathe; flowers, plants, respire and inspire; the sea breathes in its flood and ebb; and the whole earth breathes. Thus all beings and things on earth are bound together in the chain of that fluid that pervades their bodies; and this universal exhalation ascends to the stars. But their influence comes also to us in the same way, and affects us, as the magnetic fluid of our planet goes to them.

When Virgil said, "*Dum polus pascit sidera*," "while the earth feeds the stars," it was the same idea. The stars were supposed to lose their light in time by shining on the earth, and the earth fed them. Indeed, this doctrine of universal connection was held by most sages of antiquity, and was the same as the universal soul of nature. Pythagoras, Plato, Leucippus, Epicurus, Pliny, and others considered that universal fluid diffused through all space and matter, as the soul of

the universe, animating all beings, and binding them together by an invisible chain.

There are three persons in us—that is to say, the soul, and the sidereal and the material bodies. The material body is the only one palpable to us, but the others, by necessary analogy, harmonize in function. The material body breathes, the others must do so likewise. Each has its peculiar mode. The soul breathes by the eyelashes, the hair, the hands, and the feet; that is simply, in unchiromantic language, the emission of electricity from the body. Now the nerves communicate with the brain, and connect it with the hand; but the hand, in outer air, is also in connection with that fluid that reaches to the stars. It receives from them its astral impressions, conveying that fluid to the brain, and it gives out from the brain, when necessary, the same fluid.

If, then, the fluid experiences no obstacle, it flies directly to the brain, and the impression is spontaneous. That is what happens when the fingers, pointed at the end, attract the fluid like a lightning conductor. If the fingers are smooth, and thus offer an easy passage, the impression is immediate. Hence come lofty inspirations, discoveries, and inventions from heaven, without alloy of any earthly mixture, owing to their spontaneous entrance. Prophets, metaphysical discoverers, thinkers, and poets, have pointed fingers. But as nothing is perfect on earth, owing to the imperfection of our organs, this divine light requires to be counterbalanced by human reason. Inspiration

must be controlled by logic. The smooth, pointed fingers would have ecstatic thoughts which are not in unison with their earthly bodies, if logic should fail them. If poets, they would have all the faults and exaggerations of poets, and their actions even would be eccentric.

But the smooth, pointed fingers, in their character sustained by reason, give lofty and noble men to the world, intermediates between heaven and earth. The square finger, by its large form, arrests for an instant the fluid, and leaves time for reason—the sublime part of humanity—to ponder and comprehend the inspiration. The spatuled fingers, by their broadness, offer an obstacle still greater. Here, not only reason applies its lights, but in the debate, humanity has the advantage, and matter carries it over mind. However, if the fingers, whether pointed, square, or spatuled, are without knots, the fluid takes its course without obstacle, as a river traversing a plain, and then the impressionability is always vivid, only in different degrees. Besides the difference of instinct that results from the pointed, square, or spatuled form, the greater or less length of the fingers will cause a modification. Short hands, through which the fluid has less space to traverse, will see only things in whole. Long fingers, through which it has a longer course, will be occupied chiefly in details. Thus, more or less, will the imponderable spirit be infiltrated by human reason as it is forwarded or retarded by fingers pointed or spatuled.



CONICAL-FINGERED HAND.

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Men with pointed and smooth fingers will be poets, artists, inspired, lovers of the fine arts, with a taste for form and elegance. But they will live no real life. People with smooth and square fingers will have a taste for the sciences, moral, political, social, philosophical. They will love art by reason of their smooth fingers, but rather the arts based upon nature and truth than imagination. People with spatuled and smooth fingers will love things useful and sensible. They will have an instinctive knowledge of real life, and a restless desire for action, bodily exercise, and all kinds of manual occupations. They will love horses, dogs, hunting, sailing, war, and all stirring employments. Spatuled, with smooth fingers, will have passion, inspiration, instinct. They will love art, whether painting, poetry, or literature; but their works will shine more through skill than soul. All the smooth fingers, pointed, square, or in spatule, judge men and things at first sight; their first idea is always the best.

But by reason of these spontaneous qualities, order will be wanting to those three classes with the smooth fingers, and by reason of the smooth fingers. The pointed fingers will have no order. The square fingers will love the sight of order, but will not have it. The spatuled will make compromise between order and the sight of it. In painting, pointed fingers will produce Raphael, Perugin, Correggio, and painters of imagination. The square will give Holbein, Albert Durer,

Poussin. The spatuled fingers will give Rubens, Rembrandt, Jordaens, material painters of fleshy figures.

CHAPTER XX.

THE THREE WORLDS OF CHIROMANCY.

A WORD or two must here be said as to the three worlds of chiromancy. This, it must be remembered, is considered a sort of key to the system. The three worlds of the cabalists, as applied to the hand, were the divine world, the abstract world, and the material world. These three worlds are symbolized by the three joints of the finger, and also of the thumb; taking the mount at the bottom for one, the thumb includes the three worlds very distinctly. The first phalange, that which has the nail, represents the will, the invention, the initiative, also, in some cases, power. That is the divine world. The second phalange is the sign of logic, that is, of perception, judgment, reason. That is the abstract world. The mount at the inner base of the thumb shows, say the chiromants, who have given to it the name of the Mount of Venus, the greater or less inclination to love. It represents the third phalange; it is the material world. Here, then, are the three worlds with their attributes. Free will and inspiration—knowledge—and matter.

The nail part of the thumb, the first phalange, that which, by inspiring, is found directly and at once in

communication with the astral light or fluid, that phalange, as all the first phalanges of the other fingers, is necessarily divine. And, as to give a lesson to man, that the will is all and leads to all, the most elevated part of the thumb, which takes up all the hand, indicates the will. The second phalange represents logic and reason. If it is long and strong, logic and reason will be powerful; if short, they will be weak. The third, or rather root of the thumb, occupies an important place in the palm, and represents the greater or less power of the senses, but particularly that of love. If it is thick, very thick and long, man will be swayed by brutal passion. If middling, and in harmony with all the hand, he will be given to love, but without excess. If it is weak, little prominent, he will have few sensual desires. To recapitulate—that whose first phalange is long, is a man of head; that whose first phalange is short, is a man of heart. That whose first phalange is long, will be able to curb all his instincts, especially if the second phalange is also long. That whose first phalange is middling, will be able to oppose resistance to his passions; but, subject to his first impulse, he will be overtaken, and impatient of restraint. A person with a first phalange very short, and the second little developed, will not be able to resist any of his passions, whatever they may be. The organ of logic restores at need the will, by reason, but reason must watch incessantly, and life becomes then an eternal combat.

Chiromancy takes somewhat more account of the

knots in the fingers than the other school of this science; the reason is, these knots comport better with its astral theory. It will be remembered, the shape of the finger-tips is alleged to offer more or less obstruction or facility to the passage of the astral fluid as they are square or pointed; that the fingers, in this respect, indeed, are like a lightning-conductor, to guide the fluid into the brain. And true it is, we are told by physiologists, that electricity has much to do with animal and vegetable life; even with the forms they assume, and with the shape of leaves and twigs, and the minutest organs of insect and microscopic animation. Most of the extremities of these, especially of plants, as the tips of their branches, are also seen to be conical and pointed, all which may signify that such form is the most normal that arises from the creative power. Then if this fluid spoken of is an agent in that formation, it must be such forms that are best adapted for its admission into and emission from the body. The conclusion is, therefore, drawn, that the race of pointed fingers is the most heaven-inspired of the sons of men. But the square and spatuled tips present more obstacle and resistance, and they are more of the earth, earthy. For the same reason, the knots, which, on this theory, would seem to us like locks on a canal, obstruct the free passage of that fluid, or keep it dammed up in a little reservoir until the gates are opened. But while in this basin business is nevertheless going on. The celestial spirit conveyed hither by that ethereal tide meets and holds converse

with the earthy spirit on the other side of the barrier. A parley ensues, and it may be even that the wares of the former will be entirely rejected, the gates kept shut, and the visitor refused admittance; or only some of his goods may be taken and others refused, or in many other ways an exchange of commodities may be effected. When this has all been done, and a suitable mental pabulum concocted, the gates are opened, and the cargo floats on steadily up into the great harbour of the brain. In some cases, however, it has still another lock to go through after this, and it may be subjected to some other tariff, and additional modification in substance, before getting to the end of its journey. These locks, therefore, or knots, come to be a great necessity and use in that class of minds, for otherwise, since the harbour of their brain lies so far below the heavenly source of the stream, it would be inundated with the inspired tide. But the minds of poets and original people have a brain and nerves pitched up quite as high as the fountain-head, and no locks are needed in the channel of their fingers, which floats on and carries up into that grand ornamental basin, the pure, unadulterated essence of the skies.

Chiromancy tells us then that the knots modify the aptitudes of each class of hand, whether the fingers be pointed, square, or spatuled. The joints or phalanges of the great fingers are divided into three worlds, and of these the end joint belongs to the divine world. These nailed or end phalanges, according to D'Arpentigny, are the eyes of the hand. The second joint

belongs to the abstract world, and the third joint to the material world. Each of these indicates a quality peculiar to itself, and different in each finger. But the third joint, or that next the palm, changes least, as it represents the material part. In a general way it may be said that swollen or puffy fingers at the base indicate a taste for sensual pleasure, luxury, and good eating ; but these tastes may again be modified by the mounts and lines. Now the knots form a boundary between the three worlds. If the fingers are smooth the impression is rapid, electric, spontaneous, only accelerated or retarded by the difference in form of the pointed or spatuled finger. But the knots intercept the fluid in its passage. It amasses there like a torrent impeded in its course, and collects its accumulating waters ; then human reason, or thoughts of earth come to mingle their qualities, changing the character of the inspiration before it finds a lodgment in the soul. The first knot which bars its passage from the divine to the abstract world—otherwise from the nailed joint to the middle joint—participates in both. It is neutral territory. It is the second knot which bars the passage from the abstract world to the material—from the middle joint to the third.

The first knot, called the philosophic knot, forms then the boundary between the divine world and the moral—that is the first struggle between fancy and reason. The first joint brings to us ideas which it absorbs in light, and they are arrested, and, as it were controlled by the first knot, which in a certain manner

challenges and discusses them. The man who has the philosophic knot in his fingers, loves to examine the thoughts that come to him of themselves and then those that come from others. He becomes a doubter, a reasoner; he will not believe without proof—and positive proof. He does not admit the infallibility or superiority of others; he becomes a judge of their opinions, and puts himself on a level with them. This knot, with pointed fingers, will lead to Utopianism; with spatuled fingers, to turbulence; with square fingers, to justice and good faith. The second knot, which forms the boundary of the second joint, that of reason, and the third joint, that of matter, must necessarily participate in both. There is a struggle, matter accepts the laws of reason, only on the condition that they shall be physically profitable. It cares much less for order in ideas than order in business, in calculation in things which bring advantage, which give well-being, riches, and, consequently, enjoyment. Merchants, calculators, speculators, and, if in excess, egotists, have this knot. If pointed fingers have the philosophic knot, there will be a continual struggle between inspiration and analysis—between religious tendencies and a controversial spirit. A man thus endowed will refuse to believe in priestcraft, but he will believe in God. On the other hand, square fingers, with the philosophic knot, will be at once in harmony and in progress. They will find in reason a much-loved resting-place; they will see justly, but coldly; they will reason out everything; they will look clearly into

life, and will love truth, and, before all else, utility. With this knot spatuled hands look to facts, practical ideas, politics. They have great aversion for show in religion, as images, saints, music, and will accord nothing to imagination and poetry in worship—anti-Ritualists. It is this knot among priests that makes them a power on the earth ; uniting them in society for self-defence. It is very common in France, above all in Paris, where the square finger is very general, while, however, the smooth fingers are in a majority, giving that air of light elegance to the people so much the national characteristic. When the two knots are joined on the same finger, they constitute reason and reality. The pointed finger will lose much by these two knots, as both act contrary to its tendencies. Artistic aspiration will be stifled by calculation and positivism ; its decisions will be applied by other hands. Square fingers, with the two knots, will prefer science, history, botany, and other practical studies. The spatuled hands, with two knots, will have a taste for progress, the exact sciences, and the faculty of reducing science to practice.

Short fingers, and especially when smooth, being traversed more rapidly by the fluid, judge instantaneously, and have time only to examine things in mass. The general aspect suffices them, and they do not occupy themselves in details which they cannot even perceive. People with short hands have no idea of the mode or fashion ; for them the labour of the toilet is lost work. In going to see them, do not put on

either black coat or white cravat; they will not perceive it; or if they do so by chance, they will know nothing of the shape or appearance of your attire.

The long hand, on the contrary, is irresistibly drawn towards details—towards minute rather than general things.

It will be unnecessary here to go any further into detail as to the signs of the fingers. The preceding being given more as a specimen to show the application of the three worlds in explaining M. D'Arpentigny's system. It may, therefore, be sufficient to give a *résumé* of the chief points.

The first finger joint always represents the divine world; the first knot, beginning with the nailed joint, gives *order in our ideas*, or, as it may be called, mental arrangement. The second joint represents the abstract world, and the knot placed between it and the third joint indicates material order, calculation, economy, arrangement. The third joint is the material world. Short fingers give synthesis, love of things on the whole. Long fingers give analysis, love of detail, and consequently susceptibility.

Hard hands, activity; soft hands, effeminacy. Pointed fingers, idealistic poetry, art, excess, error, falsehood; square fingers, order, reflection, thought; spatuled fingers, activity, progress, bodily labour, excess, petulance. These fingers with soft hands give mental activity; smooth fingers, impulse, inspiration, tact; with knots, reason, calculation.

But every instinct may be modified, or completely

changed, by the form of the thumb. It is by the thumb above all that the great absorption of the vital fluid is made. For example, a hand is soft, and inclined to indolence, but if the first phalange of the thumb is long—that of the will—the soft hand will labour without any heart in the work, and if necessary, more than another, through duty.

A spatuled hand, with a short thumb, will be uncertain: it will attempt everything but finish nothing but if logic is well developed, then its inconstancy ceases.

Material order which is the second knot of the finger with logic—second joint of the thumb—and a firm hand—activity, will infallibly lead to fortune. Logic and the philosophic knot combined will make a brave man. He may go to the brink of danger but will retreat in time.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MOUNTS AND LINES.

NATURE is an entire whole, the universe one whole, man is an epitome of the world—a little world in himself; the hand is an epitome of the man. Therefore, the chain being perfect, link by link, from the universe to man, from man to the hand, that organ contains according to the cabalists the characters of the universal science as well as the universe; and the

destiny of man being analogous to the universal harmony, the hand ought to bear the signs of that harmony to which it belongs; and as in nature a certain force is superior to another, so in the hand one sign in close correspondence with a certain planet may sway another sign in less active communication with another planet. It will doubtless be observed that the planets have long since outnumbered the seven of the science. It is replied that if they are so, the influence of the lately discovered planets, either from their smallness or distance, is inappreciable as regards the science. The seven that influence the destinies of man are Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Sun and Moon.

Notwithstanding her smallness, the moon by her nearness has the greatest influence over us. As to the sun, no one will dispute his power. Whilst, then, no one will attempt to show that the moon has not a powerful influence over the waters of the globe, and over certain persons called lunatics, it must be equally impossible to hold that the other great bodies have no influence. We find then in the hand—the ternary, or three, represented by the three phalanges of the thumb; the cross, represented by the quaternary, or four fingers; the duodenary in the quaternary, or twelve in four, represented by the four great fingers divided into twelve phalanges. Everything done in time, is marked by the number twelve—twelve months in the year, twelve hours in the day, four ages in life, four seasons in the year, four multiplied by three—the sacred number—gives the duodenary, or twelve. In

the hand is also found the septenary, the seven planets, represented by the mounts. The palm of the hand is divided into three worlds like the fingers, and is a reservoir of the fluid transmitted there by the fingers. Among the fingers the thumb alone crosses the hand entirely, of which it occupies a part. It is the king of the hand, uniting the will, logic, love, and source of life. At the root of each finger in the palm is found a mount; each mount corresponds with a planet, from which it receives its favourable or unfavourable influence, as its development is more or less perfect, or as the signs are more or less fortunate. The thumb represents creation: it is life, being; the man surrounded by influences which he ought to mould for good or evil, according as his understanding is governed by his will and reason.

These influences are, noble ambition or foolish pride, Jupiter; good or bad fortune, Saturn; love of art, or of riches, Apollo; cunning, or the study of science, Mercury; self-government, or cruelty, Mars; imagination, or folly, the Moon; love, or dissipation, Venus. When these mounts are well in their place, well united and full, they give the qualities which belong to the planets they represent. If the mounts are not prominent, they indicate the want of such qualities.

If the mounts are replaced by a cavity, they give the faults which correspond to the qualities; if out of place, they share the defects or qualities of those towards which they tend. The lines hereafter to be noticed modify still more the signification of the

mounts. The excessive largeness of the mount shows the excess of its quality, which is a defect. The classification of them will therefore be, the quality, excess, or absence of the mount.

JUPITER.

The mount of Jupiter is found under the index or first finger—that which orders, threatens, points. Jupiter gives fervid religion, noble ambition, honours, gaiety, love of nature, happy marriages, love unions. In excess, he gives superstition, excessive pride, love of power for itself, a desire to shine. In absence, it causes indolence, egotism, irreligion, want of dignity, want of nobleness, vulgar tendencies.

SATURN.

The mount of Saturn is found under the middle finger. Saturn is gloomy. He is the fallen king from heaven; he is Time, who devours, after twelve months, his own child, the Year—Time charged to execute the works of the Fates; Saturn is Fate. When he smiles he gives prudence, wisdom, success; but he also gives extreme misfortune, and these two opposites are indicated by particular lines. In excess he gives sadness, love of solitude, rigid religion, fear of a second life of punishment, asceticism, remorse, and often a desire for suicide. His absence is an insignificant life.

APOLLO, OR THE SUN.

The mount of Apollo is found under the third or ring finger. Apollo is beautiful, noble, the god of the

arts. He gives a taste for the arts, as of literature, poetry, music, painting, success, glory, intelligence, celebrity, genius, light—all that which shines and causes to shine. He gives hope, the conviction of an immortal name, serenity of soul, the beauty which causes love, the grace which charms the heart; he gives religion lovable and tolerant, riches. In excess, he gives the love of gold, pride, haughtiness, extravagance, a taste for rich garments, celebrity at any cost; and by the modification of certain lines he gives curiosity, misery, shame, recklessness or misfortune, infatuation, levity, talkativeness, boasting, low envy, sophistry, and falsehood. If absent, it is material existence, carelessness for art, monotonous life, like a day without the sun.

MERCURY.

The mount of Mercury is found under the little finger. Mercury is the beautiful messenger of the gods to men. The serpents of his rod symbolize the astral light which descends from heaven to earth, and ascends from earth to heaven. Mercury gives science, knowledge of a higher world, mental labour, enchanting eloquence, commerce, speculation honourable and intelligent, fortune, industry, invention, promptitude in action and in thought, activity, love of labour, an aptitude for the occult sciences. In excess, he is the god of thieves, cunning, lying, perjury, pretentious ignorance. His absence is inaptitude for science or commerce, a useless life.

The lines. The mounts are limited at their base by

a first line, which begins usually either at the top or at the foot of the mount of Jupiter, or the top or the foot of the mount of Saturn, crossing horizontally the hand, and completely surrounding the mount of Mercury. This first line is called the line of the heart, and incloses what is called the divine world in the palm of the hand. The line which follows it, and which rises between Jupiter and the thumb, extending more or less to the left, is called the line of the head. It is that which represents the natural world; that is, human life enlightened by reason. It crosses the plain and the mount of Mars, whose union signifies struggle in life, in the mountains and valleys, on the throne and in the cottages.

MARS.

He gives courage, calmness, coolness in danger, resignation, self-government, and noble pride, devotion, resolution, strength of resistance, impetuosity. The excess even of this mount is favourable. It is represented by the plain of Mars with the fatal lines. Mars also gives boorishness, wrath, injustice, insolence, violence, quarrelling, cruelty, blood-thirstiness, tyranny, insult. Its absence is cowardice, childishness, want of coolness.

THE MOON.

At the top, where the triangle of Mars ceases in the hand, and becomes inherent in the mount of Mars, is presented the mount of the Moon, which thus termi-

nates the palm of the hand at the side opposite to the root of the thumb.

The Moon gives imagination, sweet melancholy, chastity, sentimental poetry, elegy, love of mystery, solitude, and silence, dreams, vague desires, meditation, harmony in music, aspirations after another world. In excess, it gives caprice, unregulated fancies, constant irritation and causeless despair, discontent, restlessness, sadness, superstition, fanaticism, brain-sickness. Its absence—want of ideas of poetry, barrenness of thought. The mount of Venus occupies with the mount of the Moon the half of the palm of the hand, and, thus united, they form the material world.

Thus the palm of the hand is divided into three zones—the material world at the base, the natural world in the middle, the divine world all the upper part.

VENUS.

The mount of Venus is formed from the root of the thumb. It is like a circle, or enclosed by a great line, one would say as a stream running at the foot of a hill. That line is the line of life, for it is Venus, it is love, that produces life.

Venus gives beauty, grace, love of beautiful forms, melody in music, the elegant dance, gallantry, a desire to please, a desire of being loved, benevolence to all, charity, tenderness. If the mount is depressed, it is the want of these qualities, for to have its vices, other signs must join with them. Its excess is debauchery,

licentiousness, coquetry, vanity, light-mindedness, inconstancy, and idleness. Its absence is coldness, egotism, want of energy, of tenderness, want of action and of soul in the arts.

The mounts, in the favourable circumstances we have indicated, give always, if not all the qualities we have indicated, at least a part of them, and they render apt for others.

Such is an outline of the seven planets, and the calculations of their influences would be easy if the power of the mounts were not very often combated and sometimes annulled by the lines which furrow the palm of the hand. We have merely indicated as yet the line of the heart, the line of the head, the line of life. The other lines will now be specified as fully as space will permit. But first, a word or two must be said as to the north and the south, the east and the west of the hand. It is also male and female—the male part is towards the north, the female towards the south. The line of the head forms the separation between the male and the female, the north and the south. The people of the north are condemned by fate to labour, and it is also fated that progress should come thence—child of labour; if they remain inactive, the inclemency of the season, cold, and hunger, would soon annihilate them. Their appetite is double when they wish to cease labour; hunger spurs them on.

The people of the south have scarcely need of shelter, they do not suffer from cold, and their indolent hunger

is easily satisfied ; they must have a double motive to labour. The sky is so beautiful, the sea is so blue, the air so fragrant, contemplation so sweet, and contemplation cradles the imagination and awakes the love which charms and enervates. And see, the people of the north have industry ; Mercury, art based on science ; Apollo, ambition, which forbids their indolence ; Jupiter, all that is masculine.

The people of the south have love, imagination, all that which is feminine. The men of the south are subjected by the women of the north. The east is the commencement—it is the rising of the sun. The east gives life, the day, religion, science, art, but without retaining anything. The east gives the germ and falls asleep—it is voluptuousness in the seraglio.

The great peculiarity of this modern palmistry, as distinguished from the ancient, lies in its illustration by the light of modern science. And it may not be that success always attends the illuminating process ; much of it would, no doubt, be more readily believed by some if left in the dark, as faith might then supply the place of reason. But to others it will appear none the less incredible that a bold attempt to bring it forth into the light of day, and have it looked at through scientific spectacles, has not been shrunk from. It may not unreasonably be expected that a great part of the old doctrines will not bear that inspection, but many things are advanced in its favour that at least deserve some attentive examination ; particularly is there something strikingly analogous in the action of

electricity and magnetism as to the shaping of many forms of life, and the influence alleged to bear upon the human body—especially the hand—from what was called the astral light. We cannot tell whether our finger-tips are not moulded into their conical form by the same law that points the twigs of trees, and as it is certainly laid down by physiologists that the shape of leaves, their skeleton interior, and outward surface, with the veins and ramified channels over them, are an electric result; so not only may the form of our hands, but the creases or channels in the palm, indicate the same action.

This is indeed a stand-point of the logical school of chiromancy. These lines, more or less deeply imprinted, broken or unbroken, broad or narrow, or of particular colours, and other varieties, are not so without reason—reason in a natural law. In some degree this natural law is attempted to be traced, but it is still something in the position of the Rosetta stone at Alexandria, when first submitted to the view of Champollion, Young, and others. These lines are a great mystery, but they are heaven's own hieroglyphics, and there is no harm in trying to decipher them. No doubt a most ample list of qualities have been long ago assigned to them, but these must only be taken for what they are worth. It may be said for them, however, that they are not all arbitrary and conjectural; many of them are systematized generalizations. To a certain line, if a certain quality is attached, it has been settled, by the comparison of many hands, and although

we do not know why it should be so, yet if it is so, or apparently so, it claims some belief. We know nothing more now than we did fifty years ago, *why* the magnetic current speeds across the Atlantic in an instant, yet we believe it now and did not then. A fact comes to light by observation as well as by mental induction. However, if the astral light of the old, or magnetism of the new philosophy, which are considered identical, has some moral effect over us, and if it enters and passes out of the hand, may not these lines be its channels; and if they be so, they may reasonably be concluded to signify the qualities it conveys. It is impossible, however, in this sketch, to go fully into detail as to the many characteristics of this branch of the subject, and a few can only be indicated.

In general, then, chiromancy says that every line, pale and broad, indicates the defect or the opposite of the quality attributed to that line.

The line of the heart is the first line placed horizontally at the top of the palm, and it is that which runs along the foot of the mounts. It ought to be clear, well-coloured, and to go to the percussion of the hand, that is, right across the palm, beginning at the mount of Jupiter. It then signifies a good heart, a strong and fortunate love. From the greater or less length of the line of the heart, you may judge of the strength or weakness of the attachment. If, instead of rising from the mount of Jupiter, it only begins at the top of the mount of Saturn, then the love will be more sensual than that of the heart. The attachment may

be strong but not pure. The line will go to the side of Mercury, the messenger god who carries the astral light communicating with matter, whilst Jupiter is the supreme ideal ; so that the more this line will extend over the mount of Jupiter, the more will it signify heart affection, a lofty and pure passion, with no material alloy. The top of the line is ideal love, the bottom sensual. Sometimes a line of the heart seems to go completely round the hand to the back. This indicates an excess of affection, and consequently unregulated. Those who have such lines may be happy thereby, but they may also come to great suffering. They lead to jealousy and may cause both the loved and the lover to suffer.

A line of heart broken in many fragments is inconstancy in love and friendship ; contempt of women, too, is also assigned to it. A break in the line is always a sign of weakness ; if it is broken abruptly the cause will be indicated by the mount under which it is broken, and that cause will always relate to the evil influence of the mount, for weakness is error. If it is broken under Saturn, it is fatality ; between Saturn and the Sun, folly ; under the Sun, infatuation, pride ; between the Sun and Mercury, sordid avarice ; under Mercury, avarice and ignorance.

If the line of the heart is chained or jagged with small lines following its course, it is inconstancy, with petty intrigues.

A line of a bright red colour is ardent love even to violence.

A line, pale and broad, is heartless-debauchery and profligacy; pale, is want of power and life; broad, is too large a channel for the circulating fluid—a broad, shallow river passing over a bed of mud.

If the line of the heart is united between the thumb and the index finger with the line of life and the line of the head, it is a fatal sign, a presage of a violent death if found in both hands.

If the line, during its course, inclines downwards to the line of life below it, it is a sign of bad instincts if the other lines are fatal; or, at least, a sign of avarice—the heart swayed by the head. If it is joined to the line of the head below the finger of Saturn, it is a sign of a violent death—Saturn is fate.

If the line of the heart is crossed by other than the principal lines, as many misfortunes and disappointments in the affections may be looked for as there are intersections.

Certain red points sunk into the line, indicate as many bodily or mental pains.

A line bare and without branches, indicates a withered heart and poverty.

If it casts out branches towards the mount of Jupiter, especially to the number of three, it is riches and probable honours. The moderate influence of Jupiter is always good.

It may here be mentioned that a line broken, or other threat of that kind, is only fatal when repeated in the other hand; on the contrary, one hand corrects almost always the fatal influence of the other. One

single sign is, therefore, not sufficient to indicate a catastrophe ; there must be several other fatal signs concurrent. One is the warning of a danger, the prevention of which must be looked for among others, or, if not, by the intervention of the will guided by prudence.

If at its origin the line of the heart is bifurcated, and a branch rises towards Jupiter, that is good fortune ; and if the other branch stops between the index and middle finger, it is happiness and a tranquil life.

If the line commences under the mount of Saturn, roughly, and without branches, it is a threat of violent death and a short life.

If it is divided into two branches, one of which rises towards Saturn, and the other descends towards the line of the head, it indicates that the person will be often deceived and experience numerous losses.

White points on the line signify love intrigues.

A hand without the line of the heart indicates bad faith, wickedness, aptness to evil, an iron will, premature death.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LINE OF THE HEAD.

THE line of the head rises between the thumb and index finger. It is usually united at its departure with the line of life, which it leaves almost imme-

diately to advance more or less horizontally, whilst its companion descends and surrounds the mount of Venus.

The line of the head straight and long signifies sound judgment, a lucid mind, and also a strong will, for it crosses the plain of Mars, and terminates on the mount of Mars. It then advances in calmness and strength amidst the struggles of life, without avoiding or fearing them; knowing, on the contrary, how to use them to advantage. Nevertheless, the line, if very long and straight, denotes avarice, or at least, extreme economy, because it is excess of reason and calculation.

If this line after having crossed the plain of Mars, goes down by the side of the Moon, which is imagination, a less sound judgment of life will be formed; it will be looked at artistically; fancies will take the place of realities; and when in excess, will lead to superstition and romantic extravagances.

If the line goes very low down into the mount of the Moon, it tends to mysticism—to mystic folly, if on the mount of the Moon there is a large cross formed by the line of the head, and the line of the liver;—to be mentioned shortly—but only if that cross is found on both hands.

If it goes to the side of certain mounts, the idea turns towards the qualities inspired by such mounts. If that is Mereury, it is commerce; if the Sun, reputation, celebrity, or riches.

A line pale and broad indicates want of intelligence and circumspection.

A line, chained or linked, is a deficiency of fixedness of thought; pale, and little coloured, hesitation. A line cut at the end, is a wound in the head or in the throat.

When it is broken into two trunks under the mount of Saturn, it is death on the scaffold.

If round knots appear in the line of the head, it is homicide. As many knots, so many murders. If they are pale, the murders have been committed; if red they will be.

Red points indicate wounds in the head.

White points, discoveries in science.

A line bifurcated at the end, continuing directly in one branch, and descending to the mount of the Moon with the other, indicates that the person is subject to deceive himself and others, and is one of the signs which make a hypocrite and a deceiver.

If the line is long, slender, and little seen, it is infidelity, treason, and faithlessness.

If a cross is formed in the middle of the line, it is approaching death or a mortal wound.

A line cut at the beginning is diseased limbs, falls, or head wounds. If cut in several places, it is a short or a diseased life.

If the line is accompanied by a sister line through all its course, it is an inheritance—a very fortunate presage.

When the line of the head is not joined to the line of life, it is light-headedness, fantasy; also wrath, jealousy and falsehood. Disjoined, but uniting to it by branches which cross, it is wrath, caprice, and also often misfortune.

If it is too slender, it is a diseased liver, vapours from the stomach to the head, morbid fancies.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LINE OF LIFE—OF SATURN—OF THE LIVER—OF VENUS.

DESBARROLLES, the greatest prophet of this new science in treating of this line of life, says, "Here commences the painful side of the science; here, already, we begin to eat the apple of good and evil; here we learn to read in the hand of persons whom we love, the approaching death or painful existence, loss of sight, or other malady threatening them. This we ought not to conceal; but we must also say that the will, if it cannot avoid fatality, can much modify even the fatality indicated by the line of life. With the exception of the inevitable fatalities written in the hand, which even can be rendered fortunate by the aid of knowledge, all the lines may increase or diminish, or even disappear ultimately. In our view the natal lines might be traced by the astral light on the hand, but they may be controlled and consequently modified by the brain, to which they submit those influences which it adopts or rejects according to its good pleasure. The will which at every instant is in direct and immediate communication with the hand, its minister and slave, stamps there its own impression and desires, as water

dropping incessantly upon a rock hollows it, and alters or perfects the first form given to it by nature."

The line of life is that which surrounds the mount of the thumb; when it is long, well-formed, gently coloured, surrounding completely the mount of the thumb it announces a long life, happy and exempt from heavy ills—also the sign of a good character.

When the line is pale and broad, it announces bad health, evil instincts, and a disposition to envy. Broad and pale lines have always evil tendencies.

If the line is short, it is a short life.

If it is broken in one hand and feeble in the other—heavy illnesses.

When you see that line broken in one hand and in the other continued, you may in all certainty say to the person that he has had a disease that brought him near to death—that sign never fails. It is understood, however, that the disease has so left him as to afford no longer any symptoms of its return. That event will be written in the hand so as never to be effaced in time.

If the lower branch of the cut line bend towards the mount of the thumb, it is inevitable death; but if towards the palm of the hand, there is yet hope.

If the line is broken in the two hands, it is death. If it is double, it is the greatest enjoyment of life. Badly formed, or chained, painful disease life. Broad and red points, a violent and brutal man. Livid, mingled with some redness, a man passionate and furious.

When the line of life, instead of setting out from the back of the hand between the mounts of Jupiter and Venus, between the index finger and the thumb, throws one great line, or branches over the mount of Jupiter, so that it would seem to set out from that mount, it is ambition, gaining of honours, ribbons, decorations, high dignities.

If it is cut by many little lines, it is numerous diseases; or if the lines are capillary, head discases. If the line of life is joined with the line of the heart and that of the head, it is misfortune and nearly always violent death.

When it is not joined with the line of the head, and there is a great space between the two lines, it is folly, envy, lying, falsehood.

When separated from the line of the head by a great empty space, and when these two lines are broad and red, it is cruelty, vanity, love of money, and also a sign of violent death. A line unequal in form, more hollow in one part than in another, announces vehement passions. If the line is long, but very slender, it is ill health.

If the line is thick throughout, it is passion to brutality. The wrinkles on the line of life indicate maladies. The line of Mars, sister of the life line, forms a second line of life, and follows in its course inwardly from the mount of the thumb, and repairs its breaks and defects. It announces success in arms, and is bright and red.

When the lines are bad, they may be repaired by

what are called sister lines; but if these last are also bad the evil is double, and if the two are equally good the fortune is double.

Circles on the line of life are occasions of murder. An orb on the line is loss of an eye; two orbs, loss of two eyes.

Branches parting from the line and going to the top are violent desires, exuberant emotions. A cross upon the line where the branches cut it is mortal infirmity.

A cross at the end of the line is a good and capable man, but threatened with the loss of his goods. Small black holes or square figures at the commencement of the line, a man inclined to murder.

If the branches extend over the mount of Mars, it is riches and honours after long trials.

Lines which, setting out from the hollow of the hand, mount up towards the line of life, cross it, and ascend the mount of the thumb, signify wounds.

One line of life, which is bifurcated at the base, announces a possible weakening of existence through mental decay, brought on by severe sedentary labour, common among literary men, artists, and others. This life line was divided by the ancient cabalists into seven or ten compartments, each representing ten years of existence, and they thus indicated at what epoch would happen the diseases, wounds, and other incidents of life, by examining in what compartments the predicting signs were placed. The modern chiromantists arrive at similar results by comparison which need not be detailed; but the whole age of man, up even to a hundred and ten is there allotted.

LINE OF SATURN—DESTINY, FATALITY.

It rises on the mount of Saturn, and crosses it as far as to the root of the middle finger.

This line has four starting points ; on the line of life, in the plain of Mars, on the wrist, and at the mount of the Moon.

In the first case it participates in the qualities of the line of life, according as it is shorter or longer, more or less coloured, more or less tranquil in its course.

In the second case, when it leaves the plain of Mars, it announces a painful life, and this the more that it penetrates into the middle finger.

When it sets out from the wrist, and rises in a right line to the mount of Saturn, traces a deep furrow in that mount, and stops at the first joint, it is luxuriant good fortune.

If the line penetrates further, cuts the root of the middle finger, and advances to the third phalange, it is an excessive fatality, a great destiny either good or evil.

If this line sets out from the mount of the Moon, and goes direct to Saturn, it is good fortune come from caprice of woman or man.

If the Saturnian line is straight and full of branches, which rise high up, it is passing from poverty to riches.

If it rises from the line of life, it is good fortune acquired by merit, and in that case it also announces a generous heart.

At the end of this line, if certain other lines meet or cut it, it is good fortune followed by bad.

It is understood that as soon as the line enters the root of the finger, it announces the malign influence of Saturn, and that the more and more fatal in proportion as it rises.

If the line sets out from the base of the hand, stops at the line of the heart, and is there suddenly and violently broken, it is happiness destroyed by a love affair or grief of heart. If it stops suddenly at the line of the head, it is a good opportunity destroyed by a false calculation, a disease of the brain. If it rises from the line of the head, turning round to the mount of Saturn, it is labour, pain, and disease, and it may be a broken heart.

A double Saturnian line in the palm of the hand, winding and subtle, announces disease and infirmity, arising from the abuse of material pleasures.

A straight line, and coloured at the end, announces happiness in old age, invention of new sciences, and a taste for gardening, architecture, agriculture.

If the line is broken, cut, detached at every small interval, it is a life whose happiness comes by fits and starts, and has no long duration.

There are people who have no Saturnian line—it is then a life of insignificance.

The Esquimaux generally want this line, from their vegetative existence.

If a line sets out from the head line, and rises straight to the mount of Jupiter, crosses it, and cuts the roots of the forefinger, it is excessive pride.

When the Saturnian line tends towards Mercury, it

indicates success in commerce, science, or eloquence; towards Apollo, happiness obtained by the arts, or by riches. If it goes towards Jupiter, it is good fortune obtained by ambition; but this good fortune will depend upon the greater or less degree of rectitude and purity of the line, from its departure until its arrival at the mount.

M. Desbarrolles asserts that there are people really happy and fortunate by *fatalit*y; but on examining the hands of such as appear so, he found all the signs of a determined will and other qualities necessary to secure that happiness. He also says he has seen lines of good fortune formed after some sudden access of wealth, as also in phrenology the organs on the cranium increase and diminish according to the action or disuse of the corresponding faculty.

M. D'Arpentigny also alleges that the knots on the fingers increase or lessen, and gives an instance in the hand of Mme. Sand, whose fingers on the first joint assumed knots as soon as she took to philosophy and serious literature. It may, therefore, be presumed that she at least found her "knotty points" in philosophy.

HEPATIC LINE, OR LINE OF THE LIVER.

This line rises from the wrist, near the line of life, and goes directly to the mount of Mercury. If it is long, straight, well-coloured, moderately broad, it denotes good health, rich blood, harmony in the fluids, a large memory, consciousness of probity, and success

in business. If it is winding and undulating, it announces biliousness of habit, and of doubtful uprightness.

Sometimes it begins at the plain of Mars; sometimes it sets out from the line of life, and extends across the middle of the palm towards the percussion of the hand; sometimes it ceases at the line of the head; sometimes it rises at the mounts of the fingers; sometimes it is absent, which then signifies a delicate skin, bodily activity, vivacity in speech, love of good wine.

Separated from the line of life, it promises a long life; when joined to it, weakness of heart, by reason of the quantity of blood carried there.

If an arrow cuts the hepatic, forming a cross, it is the sign of an approaching illness.

If the hepatic rises up to the mounts of the fingers, but always well-formed, and in its best appearance, it gives health to old age.

If the Saturnian, the hepatic, and the line of the head form a triangle, they indicate aptitude for natural magic and the study of nature.

The hepatic line, thick and cut, announces illness and old age.

If it is unequally coloured, and in some places very red when arriving at the line of the head, it is a sign of head disease. If it is thin, and red only in the middle, it is a tendency to fever. When it is red, especially near the line of life, it is palpitation of the heart.

If it goes to the percussion of the hand, in crossing

the mount of the Moon, it denotes a character capricious as the sea.

If straight and hollow, it is ugliness.

If cut, discontinued, or broken, disease of the stomach, bad digestion.

If when coming to the line of the head, it becomes forked, so as to form a triangle with that last line, it is a sign of covetousness, which will be gratified in all possible ways.

When very much coloured, it is brutality, pride.

If only well-coloured, it signifies joy, goodness, gladness, and gay spirits.

Broken and red, anger and bilious diseases.

THE RING OF VENUS.

The ring of Venus is a line rising between Jupiter and Saturn, forming a semicircle, and ending between the ring and little fingers. The ring of Venus encloses, as in an island, Saturn and Apollo, fate and light, and leaves without guides and without counsel the unregulated instincts of ambition, falsehood, libertinism, and caprice, which are the evil instincts of Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, and the Moon, at the time when they are not enlightened and ennobled by the Sun.

The ring of Venus indicates its tendencies by its name; it is unbridled love and debauchery.

If it is double, triple, badly traced, but always broken, it signifies a desire for the lowest and coarsest pleasures.

Sometimes the ring ends upon the mount of Mercury, then knowledge and labour may combat and annul its bad and terrible instincts by being exhausted in active employments; for the passions, which are a superabundance of life, never lose their native power and energy; but are like a devastating torrent—when skilfully guided and restrained, their power sets in motion other beneficent operations.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LINE OF THE SUN.

THE line of the sun rises either from the line of life or from the mount of the Moon, and goes tracing a furrow in the mount of the Sun. It signifies glory, celebrity, love of art, also riches, favour, merit, success in labour, according to whichever of the three worlds it belongs.

If it is straight, very hollow, clear, long, and opens the mount of the Sun as a ploughshare open the earth, it signifies celebrity in art, merit, riches, or love of gold, according to the aptitudes more or less developed.

Even those who are not artists will receive from that line the desire of beautiful things, rich stuffs—they will have an artistic eye, though neither taste nor soul for art, if they belong to the material world.

If the lines are placed across upon the mount, it is an obstacle in art which annuls all their efforts.

If two or three lines of the same strength rise, but always unequal and sometimes tortuous, it is a taste or cultivation of several branches of art, which dissipates the power and prevents complete success.

If two branches appear going in different directions, and form the letter V, it is power neutralized by division. Each force draws in a different direction. It is the desire for celebrity without realization.

When three branches appear, these are separately the desire of glory, of riches, and of talent, but which combated, remain only in desire.

On the other hand, when the line forms three branches, which unite in one single canal at the instant of crossing the mount, setting out from the line of the heart, it then announces fortune by the branch which comes from the side of Mercury, glory by the direct branch, and merit by the branch from the Sun.

But if three lines equally large, equally deep, entirely of the same form, ascend to the ring finger opening upon the mount of the Sun, three equal furrows, it is a sign of glory and great fame.

The line of the Sun, very deep, very clear, also indicates the favour of the great.

When the line rises, but accompanied by lines that bar without cutting it entirely, it announces obstacles to fame through envy, or the disfavour of the great.

These, then, are the great indicators of life, fortune, and character, as impressed upon the palm, and many of the qualities they represent. It will be remembered

they are in sevens—the seven mounts and the seven lines.

In the lines, it will have been observed that, in many cases, the form or appearance is an analogy of the thing signified; for example, the line of life is short, life itself is short—it is long, life is long; if formed in chains, life is chequered and painful; if pale and badly formed, health is languishing, frail, and so on. There are, however, other signs of which it remains to say a little, accidental signs, so to speak, which come to change some of the original qualities into defects or even vices. These will be discussed as briefly as possible.

Let the reader look into his palm, that of the left hand especially, with the epidermis or outer skin a little relaxed, and more than probable he will see besides the main lines there traced, several figures, here and there, formed by the intersection of the lines, or even others apparently added to them. The few principal figures are the star, the square, the point, the circle, the island, the triangle, the cross, the branches the chains, the curved, straight, and broken lines, and the capillaries; also, sometimes, a figure like a gridiron. Each one of these has a signification, sometimes original in itself, but most frequently imposing some modification upon the others.

A star indicates an event beyond our free will. It is usually placed on the mounts of the palm and on the lines. It announces generally a danger, and in all cases a fatality. But it also happens that a fatality

turns to the advantage of the person it seems to attack powerfully at first. Thus a star on the mount of Jupiter is good fortune, satisfied ambition, honour, happy love, unexpected elevation or promotion.

A star on the first inner phalange of the fingers enters into the divine world, and placed above Saturn announces an event beyond the foresight of man, great fame, and honour.

But under the mount of Saturn a star is altogether fatal; it is assassination, or probability of death on the scaffold.

A star on the mount of the Sun or of Apollo denotes unfortunate riches, fame gained by chance, but often fatal. A line and a star, celebrity gained by talent. Many lines and a star, riches. A star on the mount of Mercury is fraud, dishonour; on the mount of Mars, murder; on the mount of the Moon it is hypocrisy, treason, perfidy, dissimulation; it is also misfortune caused by the imagination. A star at the bottom of the mount of Venus, misfortune caused by dissipation.

A square in the hand indicates power; it gives good sense, justice, coolness. On the mount of Venus it is imprisonment.

A point in the lines is a wound. A white point in the line of the heart is successful love; in the line of the head, scientific discoveries.

A circle placed upon the mount of the Sun is a glory and great success; but in the lines it is a bad sign. In the line of life it is the loss of an eye; two circles are the loss of two eyes.

An island on the hepatic line which goes to Mercury, is theft, bankruptcy, fraud, and perjury. On the line of life crossing the line of Mars, murder, or projects of murder, sanguinary thoughts. On the line of the head without the plain of Mars, shameful projects, infamous devices.

An island on the line of Saturn is good fortune by infamous means ; indeed, this line almost anywhere is a sign of great depravity and wickedness.

It may here be remarked that the chiromants disclaim anything like predestined wickedness by these signs. They say they are doubtless placed there at birth, and can be traced upon the infant. But they are only warnings. They predict that such or such a thing will be fatal or disgraceful, but they do not say that the thing will be accomplished. It is only a necessity, and the danger may be avoided by the will which modifies or annihilates all fate. The sign is a warning of the proneness of such a disposition to fall into temptation ; but such warning, if taken and counteracted by other means, may prevent the danger.

A triangle indicates aptitude for science ; on the mount of Mercury, skill in politics ; on the mount of Jupiter, diplomacy ; on Saturn, all knowledge of a gloomy cast, religious fanaticism, and persecution. A triangle on the mount of the Sun, skill in art ; on the mount of Mars, skill in military tactics ; on the mount of the Moon, reason, wisdom or mysticism ; on the mount of Venus, love schemes.

A cross is usually an unfavourable sign. If on the

mount of Jupiter, marriage of love, happy marriage ; on the mount of Saturn, it is baneful fanaticism ; on Mercury, a disposition to theft. In the plain of Mars it indicates a dangerous person ; on the mount of the Moon, a person given to falsehood ; on Venus, fatal love.

Branches over all the lines indicate riches, exuberance in whatever quality the lines upon which they are placed indicate. They are usually found at the beginning or end of lines.

Chains upon the lines are obstacles, struggles, oppositions of all kinds.

Bent and broken lines are opposing accidents.

A grill gives usually the defects of the mounts. Thus, grills upon the mount of Jupiter give a tendency to superstition, egotism, a desire to shine, pride, power ; on Saturn, misfortune ; on the Sun, folly, vanity, desire for false glory ; on Mercury, theft ; on Mars, a violent death ; on the Moon, gloominess, diseased fancies. The physiological reason of these unfavourable influences is, that such a mark is an obstacle to the absorption of the astral fluid, and retains and imprisons the material fluid.

In general, as regards these signs, it may be said, that the mounts well in place and prominent are signs of good fortune. A single line is good fortune, success ; two lines, misfortune if they cross ; three lines, at equal distances and of equal size, great good fortune, great success, great fame ; these same lines tortuous, unequal, and crossed, great misfortune. A multitude of lines

signify an intensification of the quality. Straight and well-made lines going above are always favourable.

When a straight line starts from the mount of Venus and goes directly to the mount of Mercury, pure, clear, and without obstacle, it is a happy sign; it is the union of Mercury and Venus, love and fortune.

The triangle encloses the palm of the hand, called in chiromancy the plain of Mars. It is formed in one part, from the union of the line of the head with the line of life under the index, and, at the other, from the union of the line of the hepatic part of the wrist with the line of the head. It is divided into the supreme angle, the right and the left angles. The triangle always keeps its name, even when the form is but imperfectly seen in the hand—that is, when the line of the head is not joined to the line of life, or even when it is not seen at all by the absence of the hepatic.

Well traced and coloured it is a sign of good fortune, health and long life. If it is broad and spacious it indicates boldness and lofty views, generosity, a noble character, especially if the lines are not too red. If it is small, pusillanimity, fear, avarice, obstinacy. If in the space of the triangle the skin is wrinkled, it is dryness of nerves.

A circular figure in the triangle indicates a capricious, quarrelsome, and brutal character. A cross in the triangle is also quarrelsomeness and wickedness. Many crosses in the triangle are fatal, indicating decapitation.

A semicircular figure attached to a line of the head,

but below that line, threatens a violent end caused by the person's own fault. The half circle is there a fatality come from the head, which returns to the head as a fatality, or a threat of death by the person's own fault. If this sign is found upon the hepatic, but on the interior side of the triangle, it is a good augury, because it derives its virtues from the hepatic, the cause of natural heat. It announces then a masculine energetic character, apt to perfect his own nature.

THE SUPREME ANGLE.

The supreme angle is formed below the index finger and above the thumb by the line of the head and the line of life. When the angle is clear, well made, sharp, well traced, it is a good disposition, delicate mindedness, a noble nature. If it is obtuse it is dull understanding. If the supreme angle commences under the vertex of the finger of Saturn, his influence threatens a miserable life, tormented by avarice, and often destined to captivity. When the line of the head goes to join the line of life lower down, at the top of the plain of Mars, it is a miserable life, captivity of soul, avarice, solicitude for money.

RIGHT ANGLE.

The right angle is formed by the junction of the hepatic with the line of life, or with the Saturnian near the mount of the Moon. If the angle is well formed, apparent, well coloured, it is good health and good heart. If it is too sharp it is avarice and weak

health. If it is blunt, composed of lines not very clear, it is bad nature, rudeness, indolence, and somnolence.

The left angle is formed by the hepatic line and the extremity of the line of the head, towards the top of the mount of the Moon and the bottom of the mount of Mars. Well made, well traced, well coloured, it promises a long life, knowledge, and a good heart. If the angle is very sharp, wickedness, a nervous temperament, troublesome. If obtuse, dullness of mind and inconstancy.

QUADRANGLE.

The quadrangle is the space in the palm between the line of the head and the line of the heart. It is also called the table of the hand. The quadrangle broad in the middle, broad at the side, and very broad at the side of the percussion of the hand, indicates a good constitution, a loyal, happy, and faithful man, because it signifies regularity and temperance. Narrow in the middle, it denotes a suppression of the natural heat, and consequently a disposition inclined to injustice, malignity, and deceit. When furrowed with numerous lines, it is a weak head.

A cross well made in the triangle, and especially under the finger of Saturn, is an inclination to mystery and superstition. A cross badly formed in the quadrangle is an unlucky presage, but it may indicate great exaltation. A cross well coloured in the quadrangle announces a good easy man, true, but who may become

the sport of the woman he loves, and by whom his good-nature may be perverted. Nevertheless this man, if he lose his fortune, will be apt to repair it again by his merit. A cross well marked in the quadrangle, placed near the mount of Mars, and tending towards the mount of the Moon, signifies travelling which may lead to fortune. If the quadrangle is absent in the hand, it is a sign of wickedness and misfortune.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RASCETTE.

THE rascette is a line drawn at the juncture of the wrist to the hand, and forms a sort of bracelet. It is often double or triple. Each of these lines indicates thirty years of existence. Three beautiful lines united form what is called the royal or magic triple bracelet.

The space occupied by the rascette ought to be without wrinkles. If the line is continued entirely, prominent and deep, it signifies good fortune, tranquillity.

The lines of the rascette formed in a chain, signify a laborious life, but if a favourable sign elsewhere comes to aid, attaining at last fortune by labour. If a cross is found in the middle of the wrist lines, it is the clasp of the bracelet denoting a life destined to labour, but endowed at last with an inheritance or unexpected gain.

When lines from the wrist terminate on the mount of the Moon, it indicates many travels.

If a line from the rascette or wrist crosses all the plain of Mars and arrives at the mount of the Sun, that line presages riches and honours come from the unexpected favour of a king, or the great.

A line starting from the wrist, near the percussion of the hand, and scaling the mount of the Moon, stretches towards the hepatic, announces tribulation and adversity; especially if that line is unequal.

A line direct from the wrist to the little finger shows long travels. Four lines at the wrist, well coloured, and placed in the form of a bracelet, announce eighty to one hundred years of existence.

If two little branches form a sharp angle in the wrist, they show a man destined to a rich inheritance, honoured in old age; and still more if a star or a cross be found in the angle, he will be little subject to diseases.

The preceding is an outline of the table of modern chiromancy. It is no doubt unlikely that any one reading this sketch will readily adopt as settled maxims the presages and prognostications contained in the exposition there offered. But it is not always best to indulge in a general unbelief of everything apparently impossible or miraculous. Where we cannot unriddle, we should sometimes learn to trust; and if we cannot very well trust either, then it may be best just to take the riddle as a riddle, and see what good can be got out of it in that way. Some riddles are instructive as well as amusing. Then again it is much easier to dis-

believe than disprove some things. It may be hard to believe that three grooved circles round one's wrist show that the owner will live to ninety years of age; or that the shape of a gridiron at the base of the little finger would indicate some budding Jack Sheppard. We do not know, nor can we see, the connection between the sign and the thing signified; but we are just as unable, or, perhaps, more unable, to give a logical reason for the denial, as the palmer is to prove his case. These may be the signs of the qualities represented, for anything that can be said to the contrary; and even should the proprietor of the grilled little finger turn out a model citizen, or he of the triple magic bracelet be cut off in the prime of life, the sceptic is no nearer his proof. Counteracting causes are at hand in abundance, and other signs may be present whose qualities will neutralize the good or evil inherent in the former. This, indeed, is but the outward indication of a well-known law in our nature. Many would live to ninety if they would but let themselves do so; but another law is in their members against that which would bear them up in life till that period. The good is overcome, and yields to a stronger influence. Many, too, would also go into the ways of vice and folly, if following merely their own native instincts, who are restrained by higher and better principles. So that after all there is no predestination of that kind in palmistry, and that is a good thing for all parties—the prophet as well as the people. Should an individual be so unhappy as to show the sign of

any criminal deed, and be made aware of his danger, it would certainly become his great aim to use every means to avoid it; whereas, unwarned, the native propensity might work out its evil unchecked. By this loophole the prophet has also a way of getting out of his difficulty when too hard pressed, and other sources of escape shut up.

In the myriad shapes and forms of the leaves of a tree, no one like another in minute detail, one might at first conclude that no fixed law was followed in such development; or, perhaps, that the vital principle of growth operated multifariously. That life-giving power is, however, one and the same, and were the conditions of the material acted upon also uniform, the vegetable world would be a dead and blank and cheerless monotony. But, when in one leaf may be seen curves and lines and angles of one kind, and in another leaf altogether different ones, the cause is to be sought in the difference of the material forming that leaf. The fluid—if it is a fluid—in expanding the fibre, has found some difficulty in stretching out one part, and it may be limited in that direction; but another part of the fibre was more plastic and yielding, and it extended—thus, an irregularity ensued. In the same way, the grooves in the surface of a leaf, shooting out in all directions, cannot be considered arbitrary impressions without some material cause. If a small twig develops its growth on one side of a branch instead of the other, there is a reason for its so doing. These different phenomena on the tree indicate more facility of

development in those parts developed, and less facility in the undeveloped, and it is the outward sign that tells us of such and such a quality in the resisting or facilitating material; and, no doubt, in the same way, the shape of one hand differs from another. The square, conical, and spatuled fingers are not so without some internal cause. Neither, therefore, are the mounts on the palm, nor the lines radiating in all directions so variously, without some reason, and that reason to be found in the constitution of the fibre in its relation to the impressing principle; while that impress must come from within, and be an emanation of the soul. It is at least not so difficult to believe in such visible manifestations of character when seen in phrenology, or even physiognomy.

Every one knows that in phrenology the cranium or skull is alleged to indicate, by protuberances, depressions, or other forms, the existence of inward moral and mental characteristics. This was generally supposed to arise from a greater or less bulk of brain against the protruding or receding part; that the outer cranium, in fact, before consolidation took place, fitted itself to the volume of brain as a lobster-shell fits itself to the body of that animal—or a plaster cast corresponds with a cranium over which it is placed. This, it cannot be denied, is a very materialistic view of our nature. One always shrinks a little at the idea of tracing our descent from apes and baboons. Still, they are animals, if not men and brothers, and we have much in common with animated nature; but this

notion of the brain moulding its outer integument, in the way it is always described, somewhat more nearly shows a resemblance to the development of a turnip or a cabbage. Unquestionably, however, the brain and face give indications of the inner spirit, and if they do so, neither may the hand be without its manifestations. In this research, therefore, we are indebted to chiromancy for presenting us with views of the brain, and its developing power, more agreeable to our notions of man's dignity than the lobster process; but whether equally agreeable to truth and fact, may possibly be an open question.

It will be remembered that Desbarrolles divides man chiromantically into three parts, or three beings—the soul, the sidereal body, and the material. Each of these is supposed to inspire and expire the astral fluid by its own special organs; but the soul or mind, especially by the eyes, the hair, the hands, and the feet. These, in short, are its electric points, and most people who have seen and heard a lecture on electricity, have seen the hairs of the head in agitation by that fluid passing out—it, no doubt, comes from the end of the nose as well, but that useful appendage belongs to the material body. The mind or soul breathes that astral light by these organs, which seem fitted by nature expressly for the purpose, in the hollow tubes of which they are composed, and which can have but that end in view, nature always abhorring a vacancy. Every one knows if you stroke the back of a cat against the hair, it gives out sparks. Balzac relates, in one of his

works, an instance of a child looking at its mother combing her hair, and who called out that he saw sparks of fire coming out of her head. The question was then suggested, whether the constituent element of electricity did not enter as a base into that particular essence whence issued our ideas and volitions; and whether the fluid phenomena of our will created within us, and so spontaneously active amidst conditions still obscure, were more extraordinary than those of the fluid, invisible, intangible, produced by the voltaic pile upon the nervous system of a dead man. The eyes visibly absorb and throw out light. When we look with attention, we absorb in some degree the image, the reflection of an object. We say, we devour a thing with our eyes, and it is, in a manner, literally correct. We also say, the eyes sparkle with fire; here, then, are the inspiration and respiration of the eyes sanctioned in common speech; and besides, is it not obvious in the act of magnetizing? Does not the magnetizer cast out from his own eyes fluid rays which are absorbed by the eyes of the magnetized, which gradually close? After fatiguing labour, the eyes will sometimes throw out sparks, that the physician will tell you are those of electricity, excited by unusual means. When one receives a violent blow on the eyes, a thousand sparks fly out. Is not this, then, a superabundance of the fluid dispersed by a violent shock, as one strikes water at a fountain with a stick?

Are not the nails, also, the fluid solidified in air, an intermediate between fluid and flesh?

“The line,” says Balzac, “where flesh ends and the nail begins, contains the inexplicable mystery of the constant transformation of fluids in to horn, showing that nothing is impossible in the wonderful modifications of the human substance.” Then, again as to the circulation of the electricity, or nervous circulation. The French *savans* think there undoubtedly is proof of such circulation; and the chiromant is thus brought back to his vantage ground. The nervous circulation is the course of the astral light. Magnetism has long since proved that that circulation acts and receives its impressions from without. The moving power is not centred in man; it is in entire nature; it is universal life, the bond of humanity. But do the cranium, the face, and the hand, yield to the constant action of the will? There is no doubt of it in chiromancy. By means of that continual inspiring and respiring, the electricity attracted by the hair and the eyelashes, and penetrating by the capillary tubes, and the porosity of the cranium, may, when it is specially directed to an organ, or lobe representing that organ, by the will, which is the principal moving power in the human body, make the cranium yield to that continual and powerful action. For if we may deny the impelling power of the brain, it is impossible to deny that of electricity, of which we have proof every day. And then is found an explanation of the development of certain parts of the cranium excited by exercise; a natural development, as one sees in the muscles of the arms exercised by labour. But it is conceived impossible that the brain should be de-

veloped like the muscles, which are destined to act. That electricity, attracted more frequently towards a point of the cranium leaves in its development traces of its continual passage, may, and ought to be—matter must act; but the brain, which is the seat of the soul, the immaterial part of man, is not subject to the same laws—the intellect does not act, it causes to act; it thinks, and leaves to its agents the care of executing its thoughts. It remains entire, calm, immovable, and it is thus that we ought to represent to ourselves the divine power of which it is the image. Only it radiates more or less, and by its rays projects certain unequal aptitudes, which require a more or less abundant supply of the celestial fluid, each aptitude being greater or less according to the energy with which the fluid is precipitated.

Since such is the case with phrenology, what, then, asks our high priest, is there astonishing in the fact, that electricity, passing from the hand to the brain, and from the brain to the hand, by the communication of the nerves, should write, in its continual passage on one side the fatality which comes from the stars, and, on the other, the volitions that come from the brain? Why should not that organ of the head have its representative in the hand, as chiromancy affirms, and as the perfect accord between the two systems proves? That admitted the science of the hands would be much more easily exercised, and much more useful than phrenology. Phrenologists confess that it takes several hours to study the organs of the head, and, conse-

quently, to gain a knowledge of the qualities or faults of the persons whose instincts they are examining.

But in chiromnomy, or chiromancy, it takes only a second, a glance, to know with whom one has to do. It is necessary, doubtless, to see the open hand ; but a few moments suffice. And that is not all, a mistake in chiromancy, as to places, is not possible. The mounts, the lines, are traced in a way not to be mistaken. The least deviation, the least break, is observed at a glance. One may compare, study, and read, as in a book, at one's leisure.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SEVEN CAPITAL SINS.

GOOD reader, then, hold up your hand, and examine carefully whether you can find any, or all, or none of the following, which are called the seven capital sins. These sins are—excessive pride—luxury—wrath—idleness—avarice—envy—gluttony. In a general way, if you have got long fingers, it denotes meanness, shabbiness. Dry and knotted fingers, egotism, an overbearing disposition. First phalange of the thumb very long is an excessive self-will and contempt of others. The philosophic knot, scepticism.

Pointed fingers, especially the index, take a false view of things. The mount of Jupiter greatly developed, is excessive pride. A branch leaving the line of

life, ascending in a right line, and surmounted by a star on the mount, is pride going to folly. With an unreasonable pride, the line of the head is necessarily short, and the mount of the Sun is covered with barred lines, which indicate celebrity, and impotence. The complexion of such a person will be fresh, well-coloured, blustering-voice, baldness at the top of his head, his head thrown back in walking.

LUXURY.

Love is the soul of life ; luxury is the tomb of love—it is the death of the soul. Hands short, fat, smooth, soft, with dimples, fingers broad at the base, indicate a taste for pleasure. First phalange of the thumb short, softness, carelessness. Second phalange well developed, want of logic. Pointed fingers, ready to seize everything that offers pleasure. Soft palm, indolence. Mount of Venus well developed, strong passions. Ring of Venus, unlimited luxury. Ring of Venus either broken, or double, or triple, great dissipation. Mount of the Moon well developed, imagination aiding and heightening every ruling desire. Line of the heart broad and pale, cold debauchery. Line of the heart tortuous, like a serpent, and of a red or livid colour, luxury. Cross on the third phalange of the index, luxury.

ANGER

Has the following signs:—First joint of the thumb very short, and having the form of a ball ; smooth and

spatuled fingers, hands very hard, nails short and hard. Line of life large, hollow, and red—this signifies wrath and brutality. Plain of Mars rayed, and a cross in the middle—quarrelling. Mount of Mars flat and rayed—furious passion. All the hand covered with rays—extreme irritability.

INDOLENCE.

Hands fat and very soft. First joint of the thumb very short; pointed fingers—this signifies a dreamy, romantic life. Smooth fingers. Line of life short. Mount of Jupiter absent. Mount of Venus, calm, without rays, well developed. Mount of Mars strong, means resignation. Mount of Mercury flat and without wrinkles—no taste for science. Mount of Sun flat—no ideas of art, but love of riches. Line of life pale, slender. A narrow hand.

AVARICE.

The thumb, across, and inclined towards the fingers; fingers square, or pointed to excess; hands very hard, fingers long, very lean, knotty, dry; skin over the back of the hand hard, dry, and wrinkled. Finger-joints go close together, and through which there is no transparency. A line of the head very straight, and going as far as the percussion of the hand. No mount of the Moon, which is an absence of imagination. Mount of Venus flat and weak. Mount of Mercury well developed—cunning and theft. Bars upon the mount of Mercury, a large line going directly from

the line of the heart to the little finger. Line of the heart short, and without branches.

ENVY.

Hands long, dry, and bony. First joint of thumb long. Second joint short. Nails very short—denote discontent and a quarrelsome humour. Line of the heart slender, very short—egotism. Mount of Jupiter well developed, but rayed across. Mount of Sun, with lines barred across. Mount of the Moon developed and rayed. Philosophic knot developed to excess. Hands soft and spatuled. Line of the head and the line of life separated, and the space between them full of crossed lines. Mount of Mercury excessive.

GLUTTONY.

Gluttony enters into the hand of pleasure. Fat, puffy hand, glistening, thick, short ; fingers very strong, very thick at the third phalange. The palm longer than the fingers—this is sensuality and materialism. The thumb very short is carelessness, abandonment to the appetites. Mount of Jupiter well developed. Mount of the Moon developed. Mount of Venus middling ; but smooth, calm, in love. Hand soft or elastic. Line of the head short—brutal gluttony. Line of the head fine and long—refined gluttony. Line of the heart short and without branches—egotism. Colour of the lines, red, especially in youth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POWER OF INTERPRETATION.

THERE is a black book to read, but at another place the hand of a model man will also be given, and the reader can see how near he comes to that standard. In this view of the case the hand is very like a looking-glass. You see your face reflected there, but you cannot see it, and would never know what it is like, had you no such medium. Now the hand, if chiromancy be right, is just the looking-glass of the inner man. One never knows one's self from our own self-complacent notions. We must look out of ourselves and see a reflection somewhere, and that is not always to be got, either in the praises of friends or the detraction of enemies. But your hand must be the best friend and the most unflattering. It will tell you your faults plump and plain; often, too, giving an indication how they may be remedied. Burns, the Scottish poet, sighed for such a monitor when he said,

“Ob, would some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us,
It would frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.”

Listen to what one chiromant says as to his power of interpretation, and let it not be forgotten that what one man can do another may.—

“Give me the hand of an artist of talent, and,

without ever having seen his picture, I will tell him whether he likes form or colour ; if he cares for details or is satisfied with the massive ; whether he works by reflection or inspiration ; whether he prefers the imitation of nature, or works of imagination. And, according to the taste of the moment, according to his bearing, his conviction and his logic, and, as a last resource to make proof of it, according to his Saturnian line, I will predict to him a greater or less degree of success, and also a greater or less degree of fame on consulting the line of the Sun. I will tell a physician, as I have already done many times, and always without error, how he treats his patients, what is his method of ascertaining a disease, which is the great point in medicine, whether by inspiration or reflection, or by tracing effects to their cause ; and I will say for a certainty, here is a skilful physician who will never do anything imprudent ; and if his will be as strong as his science and his logic, I will add, he will succeed, and I will predict for him success, always providing the Saturnian line and that of the Sun are favourable."

That every man may be his own fortune-teller, too, the mode of proceeding is not withheld from the world.

"I commence at first by the system of D'Arpentigny, and interrogate the great moving power of life—the will—represented by the first joint of the thumb ; then I pass to logic, represented by the second. That done, I examine the extremity of the fingers—square, pointed,

spatuled, or mixed. I study with care their form, whether smooth, or modified by the philosophical knots, or those of material order. I look at their base if the material tastes predominate; then I see if the fingers are longer than the palm, or if the palm has greater length than the fingers, or if the fingers and the palm are of equal length. I squeeze the hand to know if it is soft or hard, indolent or active. Then I consult chiromancy in the palm of the hand. I examine first the mounts, and see which one carries it over the others by its relative development. At the first glance I have ascertained that passion is predominant—it may be love, or imagination, ambition, art, science or commerce. To know if that principal taste is strongly protected, I interrogate the three principal lines—the heart, the head, and the health. Then to know the probability of its acting for the happiness, or, at least, the success of the person in life, I follow the line of chance in its course, and note the places where it is arrested and broken; whether in the plain of Mars, in the line of the head, or the line of the heart. If the line of chance ploughs through all these obstacles a triumphant furrow, and is arrested at the first joining of the finger of Saturn, I can answer for his happiness or success; but if it advances a little more and penetrates into the first phalange, it is a great misfortune—excess in everything is an evil. If the line of chance is broken, arrested, winding, I look at the mounts one after the other, Jupiter first. Has he crosses, stars, lines? All is good if these lines are not across; Jupiter will pro-

tect us. A line of the Sun taking the bottom of the hand may also replace or correct the Saturnian. Mercury, if he inclines towards the Sun, will give science, eloquence, and these qualities will compensate the bad chance; but if the mount of Mars is plain, without wrinkle, and if, which there nearly always happens, the mount of the Moon is also full and smooth, I breathe freely; I see resignation and tranquillity of mind triumphing over all the miseries of life. Hail, holy resignation, first of all virtues in life's struggle! With it Diogenes breaks in pieces his porringer; with it Socrates prepares himself with a smile for death."

"With resignation and calm, every passion developed in the hand, and well employed, may replace the Saturnian, and carve out for itself a new fortune. I study the form of the fingers according to astrological data. Jupiter pointed will give us contemplation necessary for the artist. Saturn broad and full at the nailed phalange will indicate sorrow, a disgust for life, and a horrible temptation to suicide; a desire for magic and superstitious fancies, an idea of finding hidden treasure. The spatuled ring finger somewhat swollen at the philosophic phalange, will indicate an ardent desire for the arts; Mercury, with a knot on the first phalange, will indicate the philosopher, the investigator.

"To finish my work, I examine the points, the crosses, the stars, the squares, the circles, the branches, the lines, bent or broken, and their colour, the isles, the chains, the bars, the triangles—always taking care

to modify them according to the place where they are found, on Mars, Jupiter, the Sun, or others. I then make a *résumé* of the whole; the best seconded instincts carry it over the others, and disown them; the good carries it over the evil, the evil over the good. I calculate the force of action and of resistance. I compare, and after the general instincts, more or less noble, I classify the worlds. The first world of the Sun, for example, will be glory based upon an aspiration after the beautiful; the second, celebrity based upon ambition; the third, fortune; and so of the other mounts. The work finished, I make my calculations, and say scrupulously what my conscience dictates.

“This process, slow and somewhat difficult at first, is done afterwards with great rapidity. It is the same as a child learning to read. He must first know his alphabet, spell his words, and then read.”

This is very clear and methodical as a general plan; and should any reader of this wish to practise the art upon himself, the few following specific applications may still further aid him:—

Jupiter gives religion, ambition, pride, or the desire to shine for the sake of shining.

Saturn gives prudence, sorrow, superstition.

Apollo gives glory, fame, riches.

Mercury gives science, eloquence, theft, and cunning.

Mars gives resignation, courage, and fierceness.

Venus gives charity, love, and passion.

The Moon gives melancholy, imagination, error.

It might be supposed, then, that a person with the mount of Jupiter well developed would be religious ; but he is not.

A line of the Sun may be seen well traced in a hand, and its owner may be thought to be devoted to art, but he has no genius for art ; he has only a passion for riches, gold, and silver, and for all that shines in luxury and splendour.

On the mount of Mereury you may think to find a man of science ; but in your dealings with him he turns out a rogue, and little better than a thief. Great care must therefore be used in sifting the evidence, and chiromancy comes to the aid of her sister art, chiromaney.

The pointed fingers represent the divine world.

The square fingers, the natural world.

The spatuled fingers, the material world.

Now, for the mount of Jupiter, the pointed fingers indicate religion ; for the mount of Apollo, the pointed fingers represent desire of glory ; the square fingers, love of truth in art ; the spatuled fingers, desire of riches, or progress in art ; and so on with the other fingers.

The lines also modify the tendencies of the mounts. A line of the head very straight, a line of the heart rather weak, knots in the fingers, a thumb long in the first joint, may give to the line of the Sun the signification of love of riches instead of the love of art.

Also, a study of the dispositions by the colour of the lines may aid powerfully. A pale line indicates a

phlegmatic, and consequently a lymphatic temperament. A red line indicates a sanguine person, irritable. A yellow line, a bilious habit. A livid line is the sign of a melancholy disposition. In the ancient art, a red line was the ideal, or power; white was reason, calmness; blue, material instincts, evil, disorder.

Great importance is attached to the colour of the lines by chiromancy, and in this, the heavenly part of the science, comes at least into close contact with a well-established law in chemistry and medicine upon earth. The colour and quality of the venous blood, as well as the arterial, indicate much as to health and temperament. Neither is the doctrine of the astral light, or starry influence, when modernized and resolved into the common language of popular science, so miraculous as at first sight it appears. The chiromants say that, after great study and analysis, it has been concluded that the astral light is nothing but the inspiration and respiration of the universal soul of nature; that it pervades all substances, and rises up into the manifestations, not only of animal life but of intellectual and spiritual. Everything breathes it out and breathes it in. It connects every object in nature with every other object; giving and taking, impressing and being impressed, not only on this side of the great ocean gulf between our planet and the heavenly bodies, but through that infinite Atlantic, speeding its messages from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth. This is all popularly believed; it is magnetic attraction. Nor less is it well known to exercise some

powerful influence over animal existence, and on the principle of vitality.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE ASTRAL FLUID.

WE are told that the physiological effects of galvanism are very wonderful. The action of this kind of electricity on a dead frog, as well as on other animals, occasions a tremulous motion of the muscles, and generally an extension of the limbs. If the legs of a frog recently dead be skinned, and a small part of the spine attached to them, but separate from the rest of the body, and a part of the nerve proceeding from this limb be wrapped up in a bit of tinfoil, or laid upon zinc, the motion of the limb will be vigorous. When the current of voltaic electricity is made to pass along a nerve distributed to any of the muscles of voluntary motion, they are thrown into violent convulsive contractions. Some animals are also extremely susceptible of an impression from the fluid.

An earthworm placed upon a piece of silver lying on a plate of zinc, will suffer no inconvenience until it happen to stretch its head over and touch the zinc, thus completing the galvanic circle, when it suddenly recoils, as if it had felt a shock.

On large animals the effects are still more striking. If two wires connected with the poles of a battery of 100 plates be inserted into the ears of an ox or sheep,

when the head has been removed from the body of the animal recently killed, very strong action will be excited in the muscles of the face every time the current is completed. The convulsions are so general as to make it appear as if the animal were restored to the power of sensation, and enduring intense suffering. The eyes are seen to open and shut spontaneously; they roll in their sockets as if endowed with vision, the pupils being, at the same time, widely dilated; the nostrils vibrate as if in the act of smelling, and the masticatory movements of the jaws are imitated. The effects of some experiments on a dead human body are very awful. A criminal hanged at Newgate was once so operated upon, and his contortions were so frightful as to terrify the students who witnessed them. The body raised itself suddenly up, lifted its arm, and with the eyes and muscles of the face showing the most intense agony, struggled apparently in convulsions.

As a matter of fact in science there is, therefore, no doubt of our susceptibility to the action of that agent. It does go into us and operate upon our nervous system. We see it also coming out of our bodies in sparks, when they are positively charged and touched by a negative.

The impression made upon some of the nerves of the face when they form part of the circuit, is accompanied by the sensation of a vivid flash of light. If a person on the electrical stool be charged with much electricity, his hair will stand on end, like quills on the back of "the ruffled porcupine." What may all

this be, then, but the exhaling or respiring of the universal life mentioned, and that it is brought from the clouds, where so much of it is in store, is well enough known. It comes from thence, and goes into the earth, and from the earth it goes back to the clouds; nor, so far as we know, does it stop there, but may be one of the elements of that all-pervading power of attraction that binds the whole universe together. Then if it does go beyond that wide gulf, it must have its terminus in the sun, moon, and the greater planets, and we will act upon them and they upon us after all. Radically, then, the principle enunciated by chiromancy may be sound, after all the ridicule heaped upon it. But if it is not sound, it is, at least, beautifully ingenious, as the following may show.

The great electric fluid—the astral light—is composed of different fluids, emanating from the seven principal planets, as light is composed of seven rays which have a single point of concentration. And as an object with one prevailing colour only reflects others partially, but does not extinguish them, some other cause may make them reappear, as chemistry shows us every day; so man more especially attracts, either by his hereditary conformation, or by the hour of his birth, the influence of the dominant planet in the heavens. From it he receives the impression, as objects imbibe their special prevailing colour. But, as an acid may change a colour, and replace it by another, so the will, when very powerful, may modify and completely change the native character. Colour is only

absorbed by a new combination, as character is swayed by a powerful will, and both will necessarily have tendencies to reappear. Do not the planets, in their successive movements, twisting together the net-work of their fluids, of which each one prevails in turn, form those jets of light which give an azure hue to the sky, the dark cloud, the calm, the tempest? May there not result from this perpetual motion a musical harmony, of which our too obtuse senses catch not the divine strains, and which rapt angels only perceive, because they extend, in the sublimity of their thoughts, the limits of human organization? Pythagoras thought so; and artists placed harps in the hands of angels, as the Pagans put into the hands of Pan, the universe, a pipe with seven reeds.

And is the light of the sun exclusively necessary for the creation? It is the sun which gives existence to vegetables, and which supports them; but that great agent of nature, all powerful as he is, is not the sole cause of their development. If the sun invites most of those of our climate to open their flowers, he makes others shut them, and these only flourish by night. His departure from our hemisphere destroys not the power of nature. It is then when most of the mosses which tapestry the rocks with an emerald green flourish, and when the trunks of trees in moist places are covered with plants, imperceptible to the eye, but which the microscope reveals as pillars of bronze. These vegetations, strongest in winter, destroy all our reasonings about the universal effect of heat, since

plants of an organization so delicate seem to have need of a milder temperature for their development. It is thus evident, as this passage of Bernardin St. Pierre proves, that there are plants on which the influence of the malign planets, as Saturn and the Moon, prevails occasionally over the solar influence; and, also, that each planet has its peculiar plant, which springs up and grows under its influence; and its favourite minerals, which it marks with its signature, as it impresses the race of men.

"You see," says Paracelsus, "each herb growing up in the form which is suitable for it. Man is also distinguished by a special form, perfectly adapted to his individual nature. And as by the form of the herb we recognize its species, we know also the character of man by his configuration."

The study of the heavenly signs teaches us to give to each thing its true name—not to call a wolf a sheep, or a dove a fox, for that true name is written in the form itself. Nature has established special characters which form the sign of each bodily member, and by aid of these signs it reveals the most intimate secrets of every organization, and chiefly man. Nothing that exists is without a particular sign, only it must be seen. It is, however, always to be understood that a type may predominate in a person; but it is never isolated. One may receive at birth the influence of several planets, it may be Jupiter, Saturn, and Venus. But while Jupiter only may predominate, Saturn and Venus will modify the character, in adding

to it their various influences. Thus a person will never be always nervous, bilious, or sanguine exclusively; but he will be nervous, bilious, and sanguine at once. One of these temperaments will essentially predominate, without doubt, but modified by the two others.

Nor are human actions alone written in the astral light. They also leave their traces upon the countenance; they modify the gait, the walk, the physiognomy; they change the accents of the voice. Each man carries with him the history of his life, readable to the initiated. Nature, indicating to us the wicked, never ceases to give the same warning under a thousand different forms, like the diamond, whose facets cast out a thousand different rays from the same stone.

Every analogy drawn between the physical and the moral world is true, because Nature is so harmonious that she is reflected always and everywhere in the three worlds. But what have we called that ceaseless operation in Nature that so moulds and forms all things with which it is in contact, sometimes latent, sometimes visible, now emission, now vibration, changing so often in form according to circumstances, but ever continuing its eternal progress through all created things? What name shall we give to that miraculous pendulum which never stops? Shall we call it the soul of Nature—the breath of God? It is, doubtless, the moving power, but a motion capricious, unequal, like the twinkling of the stars; like irradiation, still more resembling the light of the sun during a storm,

now brilliant, and again veiled by the clouds. For the ancients it was simply the light of the stars.

We still ask to be permitted to call it the astral fluid ; it matters little about a name, if we apprehend something of its nature and action ; and, besides, named or nameless, defined or undefined, that light exists. It is that which colours the plants ; it is that which sheds its fiery diamonds over the waves of the sea ; it is that which gives so mild a radiance to the blue vault of heaven ; it is the source of the rich lustre of the eye ; and it is in it that positive men find the source of all earthly riches.

The four elements—light, heat, electricity, and magnetism—these four fluids, or imponderable vibrations—are the four manifestations of that unique principle of which we have lost the demonstration, but which the ancients knew under the term, “ azote,” and wrote with two Latin letters, one Greek, and another borrowed from the Hebrew ; A, the first letter of all alphabets ; Z the last letter of the Latin alphabet ; Ω (Omega) the last Greek letter ; and ט (Thau), the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet.

This universal fluid leaves us at death, and while dying we shut our hands. On coming into the world we open them, as if to seize the fluid with which we enter into communication. Going to sleep, we shut or bend the hands, because the fluidic communication is then carried on by other parts ; the soul is at rest. Every mental emotion circulates this fluid, and has often a corresponding action, or gesture, on the hand.

When one expresses his inmost faith or conviction of truth earnestly, the palm of the hand is held out. Every man who wishes to deceive instinctively conceals his palm. A man who lies, swears concealing his palm. "I give you my word of honour," says the man of candour, showing his open hands, and extending his arms. "I swear to you it is so," says the untruthful, putting his two hands, the palm within, upon his breast. St. Vincent de Paul, with an open hand and upward palm, exclaims, "See these poor children, will ye leave them to perish without help?"

Clytemnestra, urging Egistheus, points out to him, with downward palms, Agamemnon asleep.

If you wish to preserve your secret and your purpose, you keep the fingers joined, and the palm within—it is the concentration of the fluid. With outstretched hand and parted fingers you freely communicate all your mind—it is the expansion of the fluid. An invocation to God is made with the open hands and the fingers separated.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RULING PLANETS; THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

IN the particular manifestation of the astral fluid, as shown in some of the preceding gestures, the reader may possibly think it is more a branch of French chiro-

mancy than English. But an explanation may easily be given. If the French are more given to gesticulating than the English, it is no argument against the fluid theory, but only that in the French character it has more excitable material to work upon. We all know that water does not boil at the same temperature as mercury, although ebullition is produced in both by the same agent. We are a dull, sluggish people in our manners, compared with the French, and the fluid has more inertia to overcome before its manifestations appear; and even when they do outwardly testify to the inward current, they give a different sign from the French. Two great fat fellows, in the streets of Paris, will run into each other's arms, as near as their obesity will admit, and kiss away at each other's whiskers like a loving husband meeting his wife on her return from a long absence. "How do, Brown?" says Jones, who has not seen the former for the last ten years. Frenchmen would seem, indeed, all born under Mercury, who is the great patron-planet of the posture-master, dancing-master, and gymnast.

It ought here to be mentioned what are the chief characteristics of each class born under its respective planet. This, however, is more a branch of astrology. It may be sufficient to say that each planet presides in turn over the birth of the human family. Each planet has also a benign and a malign aspect; so that even to be born under a good planet is not enough unless he happens to be in a good humour; and, indeed, if you are born under a bad planet, when he is unusually

cheerful, it is better than coming from under the sulking good one. That, at least, has a close parallel upon earth, as there is nothing worse than getting under the shady side of your model men. The bright side of the shady individual is preferable. Each one of these presiding powers has also his own peculiar fancy in shaping out his man, as a tailor cuts the pattern of his coat. He has, in fact, two patterns—a better and a worse; one for nature's own nobility, and the other for the lower classes. But it is impossible to go into detail on these points at present; and it may just be said, in a general way, that the sons of Jupiter are strong and of moderate size. They have a fair and ruddy complexion with a good colour; what is vulgarly called fleshy—neither too fat nor too lean. They have a clear voice, large eyes, genial and smiling, the pupil broad, round, limpid the eyelid thick, the eyelashes long and slender; their hair chestnut-coloured, long, thick, and curled, their beard ample in volume and frizzly; their manners are frank, easy and jovial. His step-children, however, are a different race; they have white skins, but little colour, are bald, or have straight, lanky hair, a snub nose, with unequal and black teeth. They are a dissipated set, vindictive, and quarrelsome, have no tender affections, but spend their nights in low clubs and taverns.

The Saturnians are long, thin, pale, brown-complexioned, with a dry and shrivelled skin. They are dark-haired, but very soon get bald. When they walk they have a shuffling gait, their knees bent, and their eyes fixed on the ground. Many of them are lame. They

are a gloomy, morose people, full of disquietude about a future state, and are great grumblers. But they are good mathematicians, and hard headed logicians. A great many of them are bigoted priests, and not a few Jesuits are among them.

The other class of Saturnians are a black-skinned dirty-looking race, often hump-backed, or at least high-shouldered. They seldom wash themselves, and are unpleasant to come near, exhaling a bad odour. They are greedy, idle, hungry fellows, many of them mountebanks and sharpers.

The children of the Sun are endowed with beauty and grandeur of soul, Agamemnon, noble, majestic in mien and walk. They are ingenious and intuitive in science. They are cheerful and gay, but tempered with wisdom.

His less-favoured offspring are small, puny, frizzly fair-haired mannikins. Often blind or deformed, yet they are vain and boasting little men, always pushing themselves in before their betters: think themselves poets or artists, and wonder why they are not appreciated.

The men born under the influence of Mercury are a slim, wiry, active race, preserving long a boyish appearance. Their complexion is rather pale, of the colour of new honey, and changes quickly at the least impression from paleness to an animated glow. They have light brown hair, rather curly and silky. Often a short, thin beard, and without whiskers. They are sprightly and nimble at all bodily exercises suitable

to their strength, and are crack billiard-players. It is from their ranks that the best dancers and acrobats are supplied—Blondin, Leotard. They are clever and skilful in business, and most banking and commercial houses have them as clerks and managers.

Their “counterfeit presentments” have a dirty-coloured skin, hollow and often blood-shot eyes. Their hair is light and bristling. Lean, ugly little creatures, with a nervous, grimacing countenance, sometimes resembling an ape. They are naturally addicted to all sorts of evil practices—thieves, liars, covetous, sharpers, and swindling impostors and vagabonds.

The sons of Mars are large, strong-built men; round-faced, red-coloured, sometimes blotchy-cheeked fellows, with staring grey eyes, the white injected with red. Their lips are thin, and closely set together, the lower lip thicker than the upper, with a short, thick black beard, bony cheeks, and a broad chest. They are bold, reckless, thorough-going men, great eaters, preferring their victuals mostly under-cooked. They drink ten fathoms deep on occasion, and are not a little given to boasting of their exploits. Catiline, as described by Cicero, was a type, not much exaggerated, of Mars’ best representatives. Nevertheless, it is from this class that movement, activity, and energy are imported into many of the professions. Strong-lunged orators and preachers command attention when Mars inspires them; advocates and politicians get pushed up into high places through his influence; even artists of the bold, dashing style,

when favoured by his patronage, get into the Royal Academy. But the other side of the martial picture is a very dark one. Great orators also abound in that class of opposites, but they are quacks, noisy pot-house brawlers, and seditious demagogues. Then, again, all the assassins, violent burglars, and garotters, thieves, and perjurers abound among them. Bill Sykes, Jack Shepherd, and Dick Turpin belonged to that brood. And their bodily appearance as a class it is impossible to describe, being seldom seen, except for a few minutes, when they come before the public on the platform in Newgate Street.

The descendants of the Moon have a round head, broad about the temples, at the place where it is said by phrenologists the organ of imagination is placed; but they have a rather low forehead, phrenologically inferring a want of logic in their ideas, but of quick, fanciful conceptions. They are of a pale complexion, soft-fleshed, and sometimes plumpy-looking, but the muscle spongy; long, thick, soft, fair hair, a short nose with a round, knobby end, and rather small for the face; small mouth and prominent lips, not very good teeth; large, flat eyes, greyish and of an unsettled, rolling aspect. These people are changeable, capricious, egotistical, are fond of travelling, but only to gratify their restlessness: cold, languishing, indolent, melancholy, and little addicted to love. Family life has but feeble attractions for them. They are rather mystical than religious, and apt to indulge in all sorts of dreamy reveries on all subjects.

People from the wrong side of the Moon appear to be but the same as those on the right side, only in exaggeration. They are great talkers, senseless, calumniators, evil speakers, and backbiters, untruthful, superstitious, and faithless; having a restless desire for some new pleasure, they run into all sorts of debaucheries, and yet not even through passion or desire, but through caprice and mere idle curiosity. They are a vain, insolent, cowardly set of people, often having a morbid desire to injure their neighbour's character by evil insinuations. They are often born during an eclipse, and are then squint-eyed, short-sighted, and sometimes blind; they are subject to epilepsy and paralysis, principally of the tongue, the lips, and the eyes. Yet lunatics, properly so-called, rather come from a mixture of the two breeds than any one particular branch of Cynthians.

The sons and daughters of Venus have a strong family likeness to those of Jupiter, only among the former the beauty is more feminine and the character more effeminate. They have a fair complexion and skin, soft and rosy cheeks, and are rather above the middle size. When smiling, two or three small lines appear between the eyebrows, a place on the forehead consecrated to Venus. They have long flowing hair, black, or dark brown, which seldom falls off to old age; a narrow nose with full nostrils, large, clear, beautiful eyes, small mouth with vermilion lips, and beautifully set white teeth, with a smiling and pleasant countenance. They are fond of gay clothing, love pleasure, and

are pleased with love ; but they are amiable and affectionate, abhor quarrels and strife, are compassionate and easily moved to tears. Those who are not inclined to dissipation are charitable.

Inspired by this patroness, artists, orators, poets, musical composers, and actors, have the great gift of charming through pathos. Cold science alone may cause admiration in works of art, but feeling only can move to heartfelt sympathy.

The antitheses of the children of Venus are of a whity pale colour, with sunk eyes, but immodest looking ; their hair is of a light red, more approaching to red ; large nose ; sometimes snubbed and showing the interior of the nostrils ; their lips, too prominent, chiefly the lower lip, and their whole figure something full and voluptuous. They are an idle and dissipated tribe of planetarians, whose occupation and pursuits it is best to leave altogether unexplained.

Such is a very faint outline of the characters impressed upon the sons of men by the ruling planetary powers ; and had the limits of this treatise permitted, it would have been no uninteresting picture to show details of such characters running up into the minutest points. Because, however, any one may object to the classification as a branch of chiromancy, there is no doubt as to the truthfulness of the picture itself. In modern geography we do not yet quite object to the doctrine of the five zones girdling our planet. It is a convenient, and in one respect truthful, division which we retain, although we do not now also believe that

at the creation, when the earth was soft, five belts were drawn around it, leaving their impression on the surface.

So, in like manner, any one is free to believe or disbelieve that those seven planets have impressed seven zones of character, with their various features nicely shading down from the brightest to the darkest hue ; but he is certainly not free to believe that such classes of character do not exist as an actual reality. And, perhaps, after all, this is the true key of initiation into these mysteries. The compasses, square, and diagram, are but the instruments of conveying to our limited understanding an abstract truth, but these instruments may be of many shapes and of different kinds. In early times they were very clumsy as compared with modern instruments, but that need not prevent us from accepting the knowledge conveyed by such primitive means ; nor are we perhaps much nearer the causes of many familiar phenomena, now than were the ancients, although we have got into a new nomenclature of their attributes. There is no more known now of what magnetism and electricity *are* than in the days of Tubal-Cain or the Chaldean shepherds. We know not whence they come or whither they go, nor why they act so powerfully ; but we have seen something more as to their effects, and we have controlled them in their operations, reclaiming some portion of them from a condition of wild savagism into a state of domestication ; yet what they are, and how they do our work, is a secret still known only to the Omniscient.

In the same way about the variety of character; we think we get over the difficulty by saying it is all a matter of education, inherent temperament or constitution, parental or other example. But admitting all these causes to produce such effects, how much nearer are we to the solution of the question. That question is, *why* do they so operate? and we cannot give any better answer to it than the planetarians, who said, that such and such attributes were impressed upon man at his birth.

It was seen, in a few short examples at a former part, how the astral fluid acted upon certain individuals in their bodily gestures; but the spirit of the stars has also its *voice* among the sons of men. Pan, with his seven-reeded pipe, is here the beautiful symbol. It is all nature breathing seven voices, and the human octave is thus defined:—

Saturn gives the hoarse, dull, solemn, slow voice.

Jupiter, the bold, gay, laughing, cheerful, and at times serious, measured tone.

The Sun, a pure, sweet, tranquil, melodious, voice.

Mercury a lively, joyous, but feeble voice, with a rapid utterance, sometimes stammering.

Mars, a loud, rude, harsh, impatient, wrathful, blustering voice.

The Moon, a low, faint, indifferent tone.

Venus, sweet, soft, tender, rather drawling and effeminate.

Then, as each planet has certain functions that it requires the body to perform, so has it a particular part

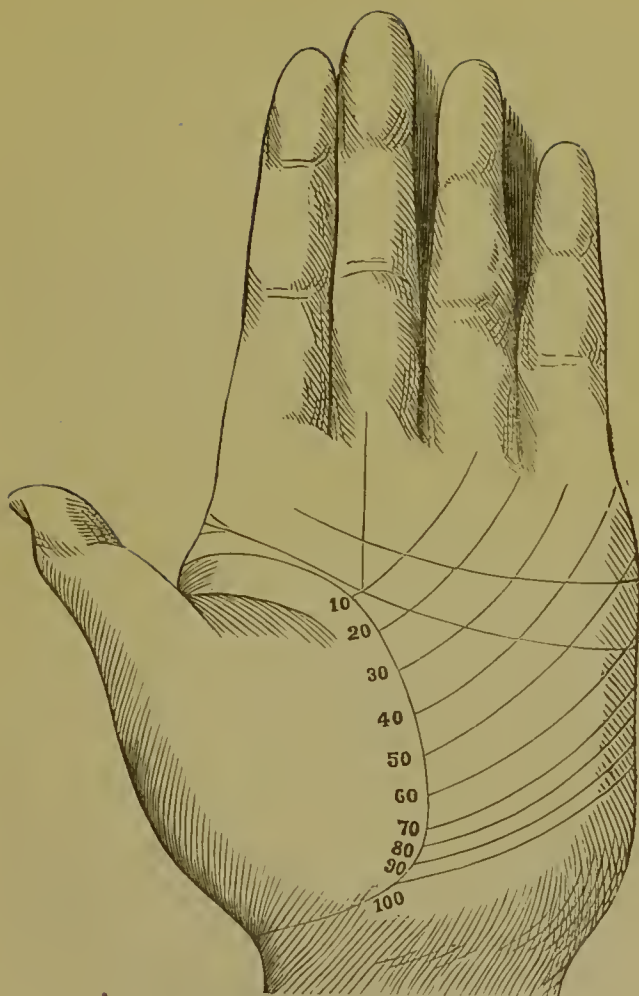
of the body assigned to it, as the organ of that function. All the ills that flesh is heir to are also caused by the malign influences of these powerful agents; and at least that a great many of them are caused by skyey influences, few will deny.

But we are now getting out of the way, and wandering into the domain of another science. Let us therefore, get back, and see if in chiromancy an antidote is not to be found for the baneful agencies. The modern science, it must be remembered, is not founded upon tradition. It will be in the reader's recollection that D'Arpentigny, after wading through all conceivable authors on the subject, found himself no nearer a satisfactory solution as to the truth or error contained in it. It was when he devoted himself to the far more arduous task of observation and generalization, that he found his ground become certain. He therefore claims attention to the science as founded in facts—though, perhaps, some one might say they were only his facts.

Desbarrolles, also, on his side, entirely discards tradition as its foundation, and challenges disproof on logical grounds. He is quite willing to bring everything to the test of reason and analogy—perhaps it might rather be said reason or analogy. He gets thus two strings to his bow, and when one breaks, the other sometimes shoots the arrow to his mark.

In the ancient art, a table of the hand was given, in which, upon the line of life, diversions were marked, denoting each ten years of existence. When, therefore,

any sign favourable or unfavourable was on the palm, it could be found by this table at what period of life it would happen. This is given as tradition in the new science. Nevertheless, it appears to us that, so far as analogy goes in favour of its proof, something might be got to speak in its favour too. Allusion was made, at a former part, to the cut stem of a tree. Each one of these concentric circles indicates a year's growth of the tree; but they are not all alike; they are broken in some places; at one part of the ring it is thicker than the other; sometimes the whole ring is very thick, sometimes very thin—in short, they are in every variety of ways. Now, it would be no stretch of prophetic inspiration to tell a great many things as to the past history of that tree from such data. Well, in some such way as this the line of life on the palm is sectioned out into ten years' spaces, and there may be seen in each decade all the great and startling events of our existence. It may here be said, indeed, that the analogy fails as to the future events; but that is the point on which faith ought to become strongest. The plan is this:—It will be remembered that the line of life goes round the bottom of the mount of the thumb. Take, then, a pair of compasses, and setting one foot in the middle of the root of the index finger, extend the other foot to the middle of the root of the ring finger, and remove the point of the compasses from the root of the finger to the contraction of the vital line; then that space from the beginning of the angle to the line shall point out the first ten years of life.



HAND DESIGNATING THE AGE.

Then, by looking what lines are in that division, the effects will show themselves in the first ten years, according to the proportion. For the next period, open the compasses, letting the end upon the root of the index stand still, and extend the point to the parting of the ring finger and little finger, and draw another line quadrant-wise, and where that touches upon the natal line, there observe the twentieth year of age.

Next, place the point of the compasses in the midst of the root of the little finger, and where that touches the vital line is the dimension of thirty years. This falls in the middle of the line of life, so that there will appear a perfect geometrical proportion from this point to the wrist, and from the same part to the supreme angle, the beginning of the line of life. For the next period, fix the movable point of the compasses in the midst of the root of the forefinger, and extend the point to the outside of the little finger, then draw a line to the line of life, over the percussion of the hand, and this will show the fortieth year of age. The fifth line must be chiefly observed. The movable point passes upon the line of the heart at the place where it is just traced on the percussion of the hand, sweeping up again to the line of life; this measures the fiftieth year. For the next space mark off a distance equal to that between the last two lines on the percussion of the hand, and again bring the point up to the line of life; this will complete sixty years. But now a third part of the space must be taken off at the starting-point, making that space only two-thirds of the pre-

ceding, and taking up the point of the compasses to the vital line, seventy years will be marked off. The same is done for the eightieth, ninetieth, and hundredth years; that is, by diminishing the starting distance, each time, one-third from the space before it.

The ancient chiromants made life begin, as we see, from Jupiter, the divinity, and from the Sun, light. Up till ten years of age man belongs to pure fatality, since he is not yet under the guidance of reason. The being is forming, and is only concerned in bodily growth and development. The space of the first ten years is greater than the others, and, as it belongs to fatality, it is found to coincide upon the line of life with a line drawn from the middle finger, Saturn. The years go in equal spaces up to sixty; then the vital strength diminishes, the fluids dry up and evaporate, and the following line is contracted by a third. At eighty, for the same reason, it is contracted another third, and continues so to the end of existence.

A diagram is here given of a hand thus divided, and any one may easily describe the same figure on his own palm; so that, according to the old fathers in this science, "the proportionate mensuration may give an apt conjecture of the times of life, and length thereof; and by the help of this mensuration predictions are made, and judgments given of offices, dignities, honours, riches, and good fortune, and when and in what time of a man's age such or such things shall come to pass; and also if marks in the hand appear, signifying death,

sickness, poverty, imprisonment, or any other mischance they are to be known according to the position of the marks in the hand commensurately proportioned according to the aforesaid dimensions, their places and significations being considered as to good or bad."

That there is no such thing as complete happiness upon earth, is a very old truism. But if such a *rara avis in terris* were ever to cross our path in life, a peep into its palm would, no doubt, be an interesting sight; yet, as chiromny can tell us what Alexander the Great and Homer's hands were like, from their characters, so chiromancy can sketch the ideal palm of the truly happy man. This would be, according to the sketch in the frontispiece, *a*, A double line of life; *b*, Complete happiness signified by the direct Saturnian; *c*, Wealth in love and goodness, branches at the beginning and end; *d*, Love union; *e*, Ring of Venus; *f*, Genius grounded on principle; *g*, Success in the arts, renown; *h*, The union of Mercury and Venus—plan and method in business, love, and fortune; *i*, Good disposition; *j*, Triple magic bracelet, long life; *k*, Love unalloyed, or the course of true love running smooth.

As either virtue or vice, when seen in action, is more palpable to the concrete mind than any abstract definition, however clear, it may, perhaps, give the reader a better idea of this science when seen in illustration of an individual character than when separately considered. A case is given for this purpose by Desbarrolles, and that no other than the inventor of chiromny himself.

“The hand of M. D'Arpentigny,” says he, “is especially remarkable for its uncommon beauty. His long and pointed fingers give it an extreme elegance, and, thanks to logic, second phalange of the thumb, and to the philosophic knot—causality, confer upon him the useful qualities of their race.

“We need not speak of the inspirations of the professor; the discovery of his system gives proof of it. Attracted by his pointed fingers towards the love of form, he cherishes the cultivation of the beautiful in art, poetry, and works of imagination. His taste is exquisite, but drawn away by an attraction for that which flatters the eye and the ear, inclines to the fastidious. However, restrained by his great logic, giving him also a love for truth and simplicity, the nature of his pointed fingers resumes from time to time its sovereign bias. He speaks well, writes in a charming style, never common-place, but often rising to great sublimity, and away from all contact with the sadly material age in which we live. He makes no account of his nobility, but is simple and unaffected, yet he courts the highest society of which he is an ornament. A native aristocracy pervades his whole demeanour, and his soul shrinks from anything approaching to vulgar habit. His conversation is delightful, always instructive, and sparkling with rich humour, but with no pretension to wit. His pointed fingers would induce religion, but the philosophical knot renders him essentially a sceptic. He has secret promptings, which he always combats, and sometimes even with bitter-

ness; one would say that he reproaches himself with inward convictions, of which he will not take account. With pointed fingers only he would have had an inspiration of his system, but vague, fleeting, and certainly impracticable; the philosophic knot, which gives the power of investigating causes, explained to him what his fancy first suggested, and logic confirmed and deepened his convictions. Notwithstanding his pointed fingers, his modesty is pleasing, and no one is more astonished than himself when told that he has made a great discovery. But the philosophic knot—doubtless most useful—has also grave inconveniences. It renders its possessor, as we know, independent; and the love of independence, but ill adapted to a military career, has prevented him from rising to that position in his profession which was due to his superior intellect. His fingers, smooth by the absence of the knot of order, giving to it generally all the qualities of the artist, have naturally been unable to guide him into those habits of method, arrangement, and economy of which they have a horror. But broadening at the base, they have inspired him with a taste for all the pleasures of sense, and conferred upon him an existence as enjoyable as could fall to the lot of any one, leading him to pick up, one by one, and without too severe a choice, all the flowers that lie along the path of his life. The soft hands have added to his sensuous tastes the allurements of an intellectual indolence. M. D'Arpentigny is idle through enjoyment, hence perhaps that indifference for success in the world, and the reputation that would

have come to him; hence that distaste for putting himself forward those discussions and academic distinctions reserved for every discoverer. His path lay in the full sunlight, while he preferred to walk in the shade, and unless the first phalange of the thumb, moderately broad, had given him a certain degree of obstinacy, there would also his system have remained, as much from a horror of notoriety, as contempt for the applause of mankind. M. D'Arpentigny had, therefore, in him all that which constituted the discoverer; the pointed fingers which received the heavenly inspirations; causality, the great sceptic, which discusses and examines; and logic, which at least adopts them, coldly judging of what is true in the suggestions of the pointed fingers, and in the doubts of causality. His long fingers, from the minuteness which they inspire, have served in his studies to make him follow out his system with care, up to the smallest details.

“But that which is a quality in discovering a system, may become a defect in explaining and rendering it intelligible. M. D'Arpentigny, wanting the order of classification in the square fingers, is led away by the charms of description, the charms of quotation, and the charms of science. Led away by his philosophic spirit, he has found at each step admirable subjects for reflection, interesting in a high degree to the reader, and perhaps even to himself, for he often loses sight of his starting-point, to which he only returns with regret, as to a subject too positive, to deliver himself up anew to all the fancies of his brilliant imagination. His

pointed thumb also—a form somewhat rare, and which still increases the power of his intuition—is long enough to give him a certain force of resistance, but not long enough to make him triumph over the philosophical indifference by which he allows himself too willingly to be swayed. This alone prevented our discoverer from making himself chief of the sect. He has made to himself of his science a sparkling ring; but he never thought to make a crown of it. With logic, that carries him much beyond the tendencies of his will, with a philosophic knot, which strips of their rich embroidered mantle all the grandeurs of the world, he has come in all simplicity to acknowledge that science is too noble, too great, and too proud to become the mere servant of ambition. He will only on this account descend the more honourably to posterity.”

CHAPTER XXX.

READINGS OF THE HANDS OF CELEBRATED MEN AND WOMEN.

THE preceding, it will be remembered, is altogether a chironomic portrait. The author of that science is drawn in colours of his own mixing, although laid on by a brother artist. The qualities of the length, knots, and points were all ready mixed up on the pallet, in the studio of M. D'Arpentigny, and Desbarrolles came in and got him to sit. The latter, therefore, could not

indulge to any extent in his own style of art—that is, he was confined to the mere characteristics of the hand in drawing the portrait; but it is most likely a striking portrait, as it certainly is a good picture. But opportunities were not wanting to furnish specimens of his own peculiar style of portraiture. That style may be called the astro-chiromantic, in which the planetary influences are introduced. Of several instances given by M. Desbarrolles, showing the connection between the lines of the hand and the character of its owner, together with the planetary influences modifying that character, that of the late M. de Lamartine may here be given.

“M. de Lamartine is born under the influence of Venus and Mercury, then of Mars and Jupiter, but mostly impressed by the former two. He derives from Venus the fresh and fair complexion that he possessed in his youth, if we are rightly informed, and now modified by the influence of Mercury. He has derived from Venus all his affability, goodness, and charming manners, and from Jupiter a taste for magnificence and high-bearing. Mercury, in length of features, has given him generally all the qualities due to their influence; Mars, the aquiline nose, the full chin, the erect head, imposing carriage, and broad chest. Mercury has inspired his great eloquence, the faculty of administrative science, a love for business, exceeding tact, spontaneous intuitions, approaching to the gift of prophecy; Mercury suggests his happiest thoughts, and the best occasion of their utterance; Mars adds fire,

the ardour which dazzles, electrifies, captivates, and forces conviction; while Venus strengthens his energy by the contrast of her tenderness. When first I had permission to examine the hands of one of our great poets, I experienced some little embarrassment that I could not easily dissemble; and for the first time since I became interested in chiromancy, I asked myself if that science which never yet deceived me might not still be erroneous. I expected to see very smooth-pointed fingers, a short thumb, a large and rayed mount of the Moon, a line of the head falling abruptly towards the Moon—all the signs of poetry. This I would have almost sworn, and instead I find beautiful, elegant hands, but with fingers mixed, or slightly square, a kind of order sufficiently marked to indicate a taste for worldly business—that is, almost an instinct for commerce. The line of the head is long, the mount of Mercury well developed; but, as if to prove to us that he is not only inspired with eloquence, I see engraved there the Aleph of the Hebrews, the sign of the juggler, of surpassing dexterity in the ordinary affairs of life.

“As my great aim was but the discovery of truth, I frankly made my confession, and told M. de Lamartine, with the courage of despair, what I read in his hand. He smiled, and answered me—

“‘I confess to you I thought I was going to do business with some very mysterious personage; and I expected that, judging of my person from my works, you would find in me all the qualities of the poet.

But now I admit it is I who am astonished. What you have seen in my hand is correct in every particular. I have written verses, because I had great facility in composition, and as a sort of inherent necessity; but that has never been my true vocation, and all my thoughts have ever been turned towards business, politics, and especially administration.'

"Whilst M. de Lamartine was speaking to me, I felt annihilated at the thought of that power of genius which takes, as if in playful mood, one of the first places in the literary world, and looks upon its own sublime achievements as a pastime. Notwithstanding the esteem I bore for so great a man, I should certainly have doubted my own conclusion had not chiromancy and chirognomy given me incontestable proofs of its accuracy. Then I sought for the secret of that tenderness, those outpourings, that enthusiasm, with which so many noble verses are filled; and this is what I found. Every man of a superior nature has a passion which guides and animates him. Often he has several passions—for passion, and even vices, are only an excess of power and energy—a superabundance of riches, which intoxicates and leads us on to our ruin by the disorder that their necessity for action excites in us. The steam bursts the boiler when it does not raise the piston. These riches must expand by force. Here no avarice is possible. It must be, and absolutely it is, to choose between the nettle and the palm of triumph, often between the crown and the scaffold. There is no one without some share of feeling; but

when a man, animated, combated by violent passions, masters, subdues, and chains them to his will, to arrive more gloriously at his end, as the conquerors of Greece reined their horses, to arrive more speedily at the goal, then that man is truly superior. He is the elect of God, and all ought to bow down before him. Do not seek for a great man without passions? you will not find one.

"This is what men of ordinary minds will not comprehend, who, measuring their own short stature against the giants of mankind, bitterly reproach them for defects which are, after all, but a consequence or a necessity of the noble vehemence of their nature. A great river may roll over its banks some mud brought down by the torrents which have just added a new power to its waters; but what matters it, since it makes the pride and riches of the country it traverses.

"M. de Lamartine possesses the most amiable organization, the most lovable that one can imagine. His line of the heart crosses the whole of the hand, and it is, at the beginning and end, enriched by a multitude of branches. The mount of Venus has nothing extraordinary as to size, but it is covered with bars, and we see the ring of Venus in his hands. Thus, all the allurements of pleasure combine to captivate his reason, but the wealth of his heart ennobles every aspiration, and from the subordination of his supreme passions, makes an exquisite tenderness, a mighty love for all that is great, all that is noble, all that is beautiful. His heart is the crucible in which matter is con-

verted into gold. His imagination, awakened by the desire of pleasure, finds it all unsatisfying upon earth, and, on the wings of ecstasy, flies to heaven to seek it there; and then, in the agonies of the holy struggle, he breathes forth his glowing thoughts. His accents, addressed to heaven, borrow its language and harmony; but when the rapture is over, when he has spent his energy in the ardent aspirations of his enthusiasm, he becomes the serious, composed, far-seeing man. It is not for me to censure or defend him; I paint him such as he appeared to me, and such as the science I study indicates him; what he has borne, in most difficult times, is well known; we are grateful to him from our inmost heart, and, as I think, the country ought to be so too. Finally, the coolness and civic courage of M. de Lamartine are clearly indicated in his hand, by the strength and tranquillity of the mount of Mars. He has the consciousness of his own merit; Jupiter is developed, but without excess, and without rising to immoderate ambition. Of this, M. de Lamartine has given proof. A star on Jupiter announces the unexpected position to which he has attained, but two transverse bars, on the same mount, just say that that position must not last, and will bring sad experiences. A line parts from the line of life, consequently, from the mount of Venus, and goes direct to Mercury; that is, as we have just seen, various changes of fortune. The Saturnian—line of chance—goes from Venus and the Moon; consequently, resting upon love and fancy, the two unite in a single branch in the plain of Mars,

rise erect, victorious in the struggle, and break off, further on, in many trunks, pursuing a still upward course. That is a high position lost, a fortune ruined, but repaired at intervals and by effort. The Saturnian of the left hand takes upon the mount the form of a pyramid, which is furrowed and fettered at the summit. It is always a great destiny, consecrated by contact with the thunderbolt. In the left hand, the mount of the Sun is grooved by two great lines, rising in a parallel direction, and announcing lofty aspirations; the third is broken. These three lines would signify, if complete, the three worlds of the Sun—glory, reputation, riches. One of them has lost its effect. In the left hand, three parallel lines on the mount of the Sun; two of them are broken by a cross bar, the third is struck, without being cut.

“This shows us clearly, M. de Lamartine stripped of his wealth, and attacked in his reputation, but whose glory cannot be diminished; and as, in the other hand, the line of reputation remains intact, we believe we can say, with certainty, that his glory and his reputation will always remain. Continuing our inspection, in a chironomic point of view, the first phalange of the thumb has rather the size of resistance than predominance, and the former is increased by the thumb’s broadness, which denotes strong partisanship, rising, on occasion, even to obstinacy. I may be deceived, but I do not find in M. de Lamartine a blind faith in the matter of religion; his own ought to be all love, but his logic, second phalange of the thumb—and his

causality, especially the philosophic knot—would not permit him to go further. He has long fingers, which give him the spirit of detail. He is, also, admirable in his commentaries and descriptions. These long fingers, since it must be said, might lead him occasionally to vanity, but never to pride. That minuteness would, also, give him the business aptitude in the highest degree, for his tact is great, and he receives from Mercury, as we already know, wonderful eloquence and a marvellous perspicuity, which might easily run into intellectual subtilty. But he is instantly arrested by the same obstacle—his heart! His hand, like that of M. Dumas', is adorned with the ring of Solomon; he would have been king in the occult sciences if he had entered into them. Many verses in his 'Meditations' give an insight into his character. Should I candidly declare my mind, I would say that the hand of this great poet had not in his youth the form that it now has. It ought to have fingers filberted and very smooth. Age, position, circumstances, have developed in M. de Lamartine qualities which he certainly had, but which were only secondary, and of which, by his superior genius, he has made primary qualities. His tastes have changed, and his hands have necessarily also become modified. In a word, his hand combines with the most manly courage an organization tending to that of woman, by its delicacy, tenderness, and the most exquisite sensibility."

There are, at least, two ways of arriving at the truth of any of nature's more recondite mysteries—that is,

by observation and by mental induction. A man can believe in the action of a steam-engine, and know all about its interior movements, although he may never have seen the emission and admission of that subtle, invisible fluid into and out of the piston. He can tell what weight of matter can be propelled by a certain quantity of steam under fixed conditions, while sitting at his desk in his study. In doing so, thinking over the matter, and putting this and that together, he may strike out some new plan, and come upon some new invention, ultimately to become a great and acknowledged fact in science.

Newton reasoned out the law of planetary attraction, and we know all the goings on of the heavenly bodies. These great truths all rest upon what are called axioms, very simple and apparently rather silly statements, but which the mind of the most reckless unbeliever cannot well get over. If any great original genius should discover that two straight lines *do* inclose a space, or that the whole is *not* greater than a part, there would be a fatal leak in the great scientific ship. But while no instrument ever devised by human ingenuity can perforate that bottom, the ship, with all her great cargo of untold wealth, rides on securely over the billows of time. However, many brave men lived before Agamemnon, and many great discoverers before Lord Bacon.

There is another old-fashioned way of getting at a thing, and that is just by looking at it, seeing what it does and what it doesn't. If a stone is seen not to keep

on the top of the water, it is known to sink ; and if a piece of wood is seen to object to submersion, another natural law is learned. Nor were there wanting discoveries by the force of mere natural induction. Many phenomena have been fixed according to law by observation. When light comes over the world as the sun makes his appearance, and darkness follows his departure, the most unsophisticated comes to know that the one is caused by the other. And, in the same way, when any one thing is seen for a great many times to have the same effect, it is set down to be its cause.

So in ancient palmistry many rules and maxims might be generalized from the hand by seeing certain marks and lines always accompanying certain dispositions or certain events, though no connection could possibly be seen to exist between them.

"The teeth rare and small, denote brevity of life," say the ancients. Well, but the moderns cannot see any cause and effect here, and they say there can be nothing in it. But if the ancient had seen with his eyes forty or fifty people who answered to that description, whether was he more or less to be believed than the modern who, merely in his *mind*, cannot see the why and the wherefore ; there may be a hidden cause and effect. Few people would think there is any heat in ice, but there is. It might also require more faith than reason to assert the proposition that Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands, that being an isolated case. But if there were thirty or forty steeples like that of Tenterden opposite to thirty or forty sands

like those of Goodwin, though the cause and effect might not even then be clear, the evidence presumptive of some connection would be stronger.

“Lines like scales of a gridiron on the mount of Jupiter, threaten imprisonment and persecution, and most commonly by means of clergymen or church affairs.” It is not easy to see the logical sequence here of the clerical persecution and the gridiron; but it possibly was laid down as a maxim in old persecuting times, when so many were burnt at the stake.

Many children, it is said, are born with marks impressed upon them through some previous mental impression of the same kind in the parent, and if any one's parent had been under a dread of that kind, the mark might have been so communicated. Then if there was a dread there was likely also a danger impending the family. And is there not something like internal evidence in the mere wording of the prediction itself, that it was generalized? What is the meaning of “most commonly” by clergymen, but that while some people with a gridiron on the mount of Jupiter had been imprisoned and persecuted in a general way, the mark was mostly found on such as had been clerically grilled, and hence the greater the danger to others so marked, of sharing the same fate. It is no unusual thing to see marks on the bodies of individuals resembling animals, vegetables, and other things, commonly believed to have been impressed by the parents. Ladies in a certain condition sometimes take odd fancies. A lady one day at her own table, at dessert, had an in-

describable longing to appropriate the last survivor of a small plate of rare strawberries; but in putting out her hand to take it, the impropriety struck her; and she hastily returned her hand, fumbling with her finger beneath her chin to conceal the action; but a fear that she had not done so successfully only made matters worse, and deepened an impression that seems to have been communicated to her next child, who was born with the most unmistakable signature in the neck of a large strawberry.

The figure of a mouse on a child is no unusual indication of its parent's nervous dread of that animal. Sometimes a whole family is marked more or less distinctly with figures of the various objects that had most vividly impressed the fancy of the mother. One of those performing monkeys carried about by an organ-grinder, once leaped upon the shoulders of a woman passing by on the pavement, who, in her terror that the animal would scratch her, covered her face with her hands, and had a child afterwards born into the world with a monkey's face.

But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of this kind that ever occurred was in the case of an unfortunate woman about to become a mother, with the prospect of having her offspring disowned by its father. No doubt the poor woman had many long weary days, and nights of grief on this account; but what was her amazement, perhaps not unmingled with gratitude, when the event arrived, to find legibly imprinted all round the iris of the child's eye the entire letters of the reere-

ant father's name—*John Wood*. There could be no gainsaying this, nature had outwitted John.

The ancient prophets, however, did not foun all their system on mere observation, there goes reason to the reading of their man sometimes.

“Teeth, big, thick, or long, argues long life, no principal cause impeding, for amongst the physiognomists there is not a sign of such excellency and valour as that which concludes simply without any other additional signification, because it shows the specific and occult virtue to be well fixed, and also representing the vivacity and strength of the radical moisture, and the vitality of the natural spirits.” So that if this can be said of big teeth, small ones can easily be defined on the contrary principle.

As to the hand, in its physiological aspect, the world is indebted to Sir Charles Bell, above most others, for giving it that high position it occupies among the designs of creation. Many extraordinary revelations have also been given to us from the microscopic investigations of Meissonier in Germany, proving its endowment with an almost intellectual vitality. The wonder is little, therefore, that both in ancient and modern times it has fixed the attention of any one desirous of gaining an insight into the character and habits of others.

CHAPTER XXXI.

M. D'ARPENTIGNY AND THE GIPSIES—MR. BORROW'S
RESEARCHES.

IT has been said M. D'Arpentigny was first struck with the idea of investigating the science from his interview with the gipsy in Spain. He could make nothing definite of it, however, out of all the books he read on the subject, and he resolved thenceforth to devote himself to the task of constructing a system of his own from observation. Chance favoured him with the means of gathering materials in certain reunions that were held weekly at a neighbouring gentleman's house. This gentleman was himself a great patron and student of the sciences, particularly mechanics; and he was consequently visited by many geometriicians and mechanicians. On the other hand, his wife was a great admirer of the arts, and was surrounded on her evenings of reception by groups of artists. M. D'Arpentigny mingled in both parties, and it was among those different classes of people that he began to make his observations. He himself had an elegant hand, as has been seen; nor was he at all unconscious of it, but in comparisons often made with others, either his own self-complacency or the real merits of the case decided in his own favour. Comparing the hands of the two different classes of guests, he saw that all the mathematical and engineering people had generally knotty fingers, while the fingers of the artists were

smooth. This was the first grand distinction. Seeking further into the proof, he found, or thought he found, in the smooth-fingered, impulse, impressionableness, that sudden inspiration which supersedes calculation, and the capricious faculty of judging at a glance, that give a taste for the arts. In those who had knotty fingers he found reflection, order, an aptitude for the mechanical sciences, agriculture, architecture, navigation, engineering, and all that required deep-thinking calculation.

On this first basis he began to build, and, after a course of investigation and observation that continued for nearly thirty years, he gave to the world the result of his labours, a *résumé* of which has already been placed before the reader. M. Desbarrolles, on his part, has also devoted many years of study and practice to adjust the new system to the old, or rather his whole scheme rests upon the elucidation of M. D'Arpentigny's system by the cabalistic theory of the ancients. There is, therefore, both deep research into the metaphysics of the case, and a wide range of observation brought together. But while we accord all praise to these two new professors, for so great labour and so much illustration of character, it would seem something like an act of injustice to pass by the old time-honoured wandering gipsy professors of the same art in a sketch like this. A little farther on, therefore, some notice of them may not be out of place; but, before doing so, another portrait must be given of an English artist by an English author on the chiromantic principle.

Fortune-telling has now got into good society. M. Desbarrolles has had an opportunity of practising the art in the best circles of German and French society, not without, it is said, winning many golden opinions in compliment to his skill. He was even admitted to an audience of the Emperor, whose august palm, as well as that of his imperial spouse, were divined; but what mysteries of the future he saw revealed in that favoured view, perhaps some state necessity has prevented him from disclosing.

The following palm picture, as well as interesting life narrative, is that of

MISS HELEN FAUCIT.

In this lady's hand there is an interesting example of the artistic type connected with the drama. In a work lately published on the "Psychonomy of the Hand," the following analysis of her hand is given:—"This hand is of unusual dimensions, almost masculine in its physiognomy. The palm is, however, of moderate thickness; it is elastic and flexible; the temperament is almost purely nervous. The two chief subdivisions (mounts of Venus and of the Moon) are fully developed, and the principal lines are well defined and direct. Here, then, we have the indices of great mental activity, combined with definiteness of aim and fervour in pursuit. The size of the hand indicates considerable power over detail. The full development of the first phalange of the thumb indicates a will of no ordinary strength, while the second phalange

is equally indicative of logical acumen. The fingers are symmetrical, of a full oval character, and with a larger endowment of order than usually falls to the lot of artists. The first phalanges, if not indicative of intuitive perception, are the indices of independence of thought and the spirit of inquiry. The moderate development of their base shows that material interests exercise only a secondary influence on the mind, which is therefore left free to follow its higher aspirations. The well-marked line of the heart is indicative of strong affection, while the sweeping branches thrown off to Saturn, and more particularly to Jupiter, speak of ambition determinately directed. The various lines which ultimately unite in the line of Saturn, indicate early struggles in the attainment of success. The lines impressed on the mount of the Moon, combined with a highly nervous temperament, suggest great susceptibility, agitation, and anxieties known only to few, and which must often demand all the energy of a powerful will to regulate and control. The mount of Venus is fully defined, but tranquil and devoid of lines, indicating, therefore, a love of beauty in form, melody in music, and elegance in movements; a desire to give pleasure, tenderness, the necessity for loving. The line of Saturn is rich in branches thrown off on the mount of Saturn, and is the index of success derived from the imaginative faculty. The well-defined line of the Sun, and the marked bifurcation of this line on the mount of Apollo, show the assurance of a wide-spread fame achieved in the pursuit of art."

It may here be stated that the preceding analysis was made before the following sketch of that talented artist's life was communicated to the writer: "Although born of humble parents, who both belonged to the dramatic profession, Miss Helen Faucit was educated without any view to the histrionic art. She received the ordinary training of an English girl of good family at a private boarding-school; was kept aloof from everything connected with the dramatic art, and had few opportunities of even entering a theatre. A strong inward instinct, however, developed chiefly by the study of our own great dramatist, induced her, contrary to, and despite great natural shyness and timidity, and the frequently-expressed wish of her relations, to think of the stage as a profession, that she might realize her conceptions of the heroines of Shakespeare, hitherto only pictured in her own imagination; for of this we are assured, that she never saw on the stage any character in which she herself afterwards performed. When the results of her girlish brooding were presented in a few preliminary trials to men of experience in the dramatic art, a genius of no ordinary kind was at once recognized. At the age of sixteen she was announced to appear at Covent Garden as Juliet. The impossibility of obtaining a Romeo to a Juliet so young, caused the play, almost at the eleventh hour, to be changed to 'The Hunchback,' by Sheridan Knowles, in which she sustained the character of Julia. Her success in this part, one which, it is well known, demands powers of the highest and most varied kind,

was so triumphant, that from that hour Miss H. Faucit assumed the position of the first actress of the higher drama in England. This position she sustained, with yearly increasing popularity, throughout Mr. Macready's management at Drury Lane, when the poetical drama enjoyed a brief but brilliant reign in the metropolis, which was eclipsed on the retirement of that gentleman in 1843, and has not since been restored.

"During this period, Miss Helen Faucit, still in the first freshness of youth, sustained all the great characters of our national drama, not only in tragedy but in comedy—Juliet, Constance, Imogen, Beatrice, Rosalind, Desdemona, Portia, Mrs. Beverley, Isabella, Mrs. Haller, Belvedere, besides giving life to the heroines of Browning, Bulwer, Marston, Darley, and other living dramatists. In one respect she presented a marked contrast to all preceding tragedians of eminence, inasmuch as her powers in comedy were found to be in no way inferior to those which she exhibited in tragedy. They are, in fact, of the highest order. Her Rosalind and Beatrice were, in their kind, as great triumphs of genius as her Imogen or Lady Constance, fulfilling Garrick's idea, that a good tragedian must be also a good comedian.

"The reputation thus early established by Miss Helen Faucit soon extended throughout the three kingdoms, and a few performances in Paris have made her name almost as familiar and honoured there as it is amongst ourselves. When it is considered that this high distinction was achieved so early without collateral

aid, and despite of the great physieal suffering and nervous exhaustion consequent upon the exaltation of the faaulties, both of brain and nerve, which go to the produetion of a great aetress, the significance of the various indieations given by this lady's hand will be more fully understood.

“Without definiteness of aim, fervour of pursuit, mastery of detail, great moral courage, readiness and self-command under difficulties, all the intensity of conception which gives reality and life to this lady's impersonation; all the rare endowments of voice, figure, and power of emotional expression by which they are distinguished, would have gone but a little way. A rare equipoise of the faaulties of heart and head, which is never wanting in the greatest natures, but which is found only in the greatest, must be pre-supposed; and, behind all, a refined moral nature, habituated to the contemplation of the highest ideals, and which conveys with electric force its own intense sympathies and lofty energies to the hearts and minds which, in its moments of inspiration, come within its influence.

“The same enthusiasm for her art which originally impelled Miss H. Faucit to adopt the stage as a profession, induces her from time to time to appear before the public still, to remind us that we possess the noblest dramatic literature in the world, and to foster the hope that it may again find expositors to show it to us in all the completeness which the stage alone can give.

“Further confirmation of the truth of the indica-

tions of her hand might be derived from the domestic life and pursuits of this distinguished lady, but to enter upon this field would be a desecration of the sanctities of private life. It is enough that what they present to the public gaze is open to comment of all mankind. Suffice it to say, that in this lady's case nature presents no combination of jarring elements. The great artiste is also the true woman, not more admired than honoured and beloved."*

It was in the province of Andalusia where M. D'Arpentigny had his first inspirations of the gipsy art. He himself was then a young officer, in the heyday of youth, and full of romance, as his revealed characteristics may readily lead us to believe. The young sibyl who read his fortune was also handsome, and probably had some share in adding to his new-born enthusiasm; forgipsies, among their other powers, are said to possess that of casting a spell over individuals to whom they take a liking. There must be, indeed, some fascination belonging to them apart from their fancied power of telling your fortune. A person of altogether opposite mental habits to those of D'Arpentigny—Mr. Borrow, the missionary, in Spain—fell no less, if not, indeed, much more deeply, under the seductive influence of their strange life. So much was this the case, indeed, that it seems even doubtful whether it was not more the hope of making their acquaintance in Spain that induced him to go there than his missionary enterprise.

* "Psychonomy of the Hand," pp. 72, 73.

He says himself, "I should find some difficulty if called upon to assign a reason why this singular race has, throughout my life, been that which has most invariably interested me. I can remember no period when the name of 'gipsy' did not awaken feelings within my mind hard to be described, but in which a strange pleasure predominated. The gipsies themselves, to whom I have stated this circumstance, account for it on the supposition that the soul which at present animates my body was at some former period tenanted by that of one of their people, for many among them are believers in metempsychosis."

A somewhat similar feeling was said, in early youth, to have possessed the late Professor Wilson, who spent many days and nights roaming about with them in Scotland; and who knows how much of the native fire of his genius was not kindled at the wild narratives or adventures listened to in their society?

Sir Walter Scott, in all his accounts of them, ever betrays the same strange liking. Their predatory habits and wild roving life had much to interest him as a poet and writer of romance, and no one has left more life-like pictures of that singular race. "Some circumstances of local situation," he says, "gave him an opportunity of seeing a little, and hearing a great deal of that degraded class who are called gipsies, who are in most cases a mixed race between the ancient Egyptians, who arrived in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and vagrants of European descent."

An account of them in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," says, "There are two writers, Munster and Spelman, who fix the time of their first appearance in Germany to be about the beginning of the fifteenth century (1417)." This, however, is supposed to be an error of the press, for 1517, as the latter of these authorities owns the first time he ever saw them was in 1529, and it is his account that Munster follows. This latter date is, therefore, the more likely period, as other historians inform us that when Sultan Selim conquered Egypt in the year 1517, several of the natives refused to submit to the Turkish yoke, and revolted under the Zingariens, whence the Turks call them Zinganees. At length, however, being surrounded and banished, they agreed to disperse in small parties all over the world, where their supposed skill in the black art gave them universal reception in that age of superstition and cruelty. In a short time they gained such a number of idle proselytes who imitated their language and complexion, and betook themselves to the same arts of chiromaney, begging, and pilfering, that they became troublesome and even formidable to most of the States of Europe. They were expelled from France in 1560, and from Spain in 1591. In England they came much earlier under the notice of government, and in 1580 we find them described by a statute of Henry VIII. as 'an out-landish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandise, who have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire in great companies, and used great, subtle,

and crafty means to deceive the people, bearing them in hand that they, by palmistry, could tell men's and women's fortune, and so many times, by craft and subtlety, have deceived the people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies.' They were then directed to avoid the realm, and not to return, under pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of their goods and chattels. Other severer statutes were also afterwards enacted against them, or any one seen or found in fellowship with them. Sir Mathew Hale tells us that at one Suffolk assizes no less than thirteen persons were executed upon these statutes a few years before the Restoration. The last of these sanguinary Acts was repealed in the reign of George III. They seem to have enjoyed considerably more immunity, if not even indulgence, in Scotland, and in a writ of privy seal was granted to one John Faw, styling himself Lord and Earl of Egypt, the execution of justice on his company and people. This was in 1594, and King James's subjects are therein enjoined to assist this Lord John of Egypt in punishing certain persons who had rebelled, robbed him, and absconded. Queen Mary also issued a writ in his favour on another occasion. This party was called the Faw gang. It is amazing to think how this regular swarm of banditti has spread itself over nearly all the earth. They are found in Asia, Africa, and most European countries.

In Henry the Eighth's time, and that of Elizabeth, they were a mark of persecution, and though grie-

vously oppressed and cruelly treated for a long period of time, their numbers never appeared to have diminished. Their general population, however, is in the south-east parts of Europe. They have wandered about for nearly four centuries in this loose form of society, through the world, yet among all the varieties of the human race with which they have mingled, they continue equally unchanged by the lapse of time, the variety of climate, or the force of example. In every country their marked physiognomy and manners are the same. The swarthy complexion receives no darker shade from the burning sun of Africa, nor any fairer tincture from the temperate climes of Europe. In England or in Spain, no additional indolence or industry mingles with their fixed habits; and in all countries their religion is a thing of itself, and apart from that of the nation. In civilized life they are barbarians, and, amidst the best shelter of modern buildings, they burrow in holes or caves, or live under canvas tents, as fugitives and vagabonds on the earth.

The origin of these people is not believed to be Egyptian. Their language differs entirely from the Coptic, and their customs are very different from those of Egypt. They are, no doubt, found there as everywhere else, but merely so as wanderers. Grellman thinks they came from India, and he founds his belief on the word "Polgar," the name of one of the first gipsy leaders, and of the Hindustanee god of marriage; also on the correspondence between the travelling smiths of the two people, who carry two pairs of bellows—the

Indian boy blowing them in India, the wife or child of the gipsy in Europe. Another coincidence is in their resemblance to the pariahs, or Sudras, the lowest class in India. He conjectures the cause of their flight from India to have been the cruelties practised upon the natives during the devastation committed there by Timour Beg, when as many as 100,000 were put to death. This was in the year 1408, when a universal panic seized upon the people, and they fled in multitudes.

Mr. Borrow had many occasions of getting into their most secret opinions during his intercourse with them. It was, of course, his ostensible object to lead their hearts, if possible, into something like a sense of religion; but very little progress could he make in that direction. One Pepa, at Madrid, who seems to have been little better than a sort of she-Thug, had two daughters, with whom he often came in contact—La Tuerta, the one-eyed, and La Casdami, the scorpion—names, one would think, forbidding enough. Nevertheless, he contrived to get into their good graces, and to have made many attempts to reclaim them. It was these two young ladies, indeed, that often assisted him in his studies, while endeavouring to master the language. He found that, although nothing of religion had any place in their hearts or minds, they were not free from superstition.

One evening, after having confessed to him some misdemeanour they had been guilty of, he took advan-

tage of a pause in the conversation, and asked, "Do you fear God, O Tuerta?"

Tuerta. "Brother, I fear nothing."

Mr. B. "Do you believe in God, O Tuerta?"

Tuerta. "Brother, I do not, I hate all connected with that name—the whole is folly. If I go to church it is but to spit at the images. I spat at the graven image of Maria, this morning; and I love the Moors and the English, because they are not baptized."

Mr. B. "You, of course, never say a prayer?"

Tuerta. "No, no. There are three or four old words taught me by some old people, which I sometimes say to myself. I believe they have both force and virtue."

Mr. B. "I would fain hear. Pray tell me them."

Tuerta. "Brother, they are words not to be repeated."

Mr. B. "Why not?"

Tuerta. "They are holy words, brother."

Mr. B. "Holy! You say there is no God; if there be none, then there can be nothing holy, Pray tell me the words, O Tuerta!"

Tuerta. "Brother, I dare not."

Mr. B. "Then you do fear something?"

Tuerta. "Not I—'*Saboca enrecar Maria ereria.*' And now I wish I had not said them."

Mr. B. "You are distracted, O Tuerta! The words simply say, 'Dwell within us, blessed Maria.' You have spat on her busto this morning, in the church, and now you are afraid to repeat four words among which is her name."

Tuerta. "I did not understand them; but I wish I had not said them." *

It is very certain that the gipsies are attached to no form of religion—at least, as practised in any country—and that they cannot be said to be religious very much even in principle, is also true; but much of their enmity against what are the mere accessories of the worship of any country must not be set down as irreligion. The Spanish peasant who bowed down before the same *busto* that *Tuerto* spat upon, was hardly doing anything much better. But if they have any sense of religion at all, it is, perhaps, more a fear of the Evil One than any God-felt fear. It is certain that neither Mohammedanism nor Brahminism was ever embraced by them in India; and in no other country were they ever known to conform to its religious observances. As an individual type of the class, no description ever surpassed that given by Sir Walter Scott, in "Quentin Durward," of Hayraddin, the Bohemian:—

"The rider was even more singular in his appearance than the horse he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France. Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sat with his feet in broad stirrups, something resembling shovels, so short in the leathers that his knees were well nigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban, of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume, secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots, was green in

colour, and tawdrily laced with gold. He wore very wide drawers, or trousers, of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which bound a pair of sandals on his feet; he had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a dagger on the right side, and on the left a short crooked Moorish sword, and by a tarnished baldric over the shoulder hung the horn which announced his approach. He had a swarthy and sun-burnt visage, with a thin beard and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks that hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilized man."

This is the very model of a gipsy, as to his outward man, and the following description of his character is inimitable:—

"Methinks, friend, you will prove but a blind guide if you look at the tail of your horse rather than his ears," said Quentin to the gipsy.

"And if I were actually blind," answered the Bohemian, "I could not the less guide you through any country in the realm of France, or in those adjoining to it."

"Yet you are no Frenchman born," said the Scot.

"I am not," answered the guide.

"What countryman, then, are you?" demanded Quentin.

"I am of no country," answered the guide.

"How! of no country?" repeated the Scot.

"No," answered the Bohemian; "of none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans, in their different languages, may choose to call our people; but I have no country."

"Are you a Christian?" asked the Scotchman.

The Bohemian shook his head.

"Dog!" said Quentin—for there was little toleration in the spirit of Catholicism in those days—"dost thou worship Mahoun?"

"No," was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who neither seemed offended nor surprised at the young man's violence of manner.

"Are you a Pagan, then; or what are you?"

"I have no religion," answered the Bohemian.

Durward started back, for though he had heard of Saracens and idolaters, it had never entered into his ideas or belief that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatever. He recovered from his astonishment, to ask his guide where he usually dwelt.

"Wherever I chance to be for the time," replied the Bohemian. "I have no home."

"How do you guard your property?"

"Excepting the clothes which I wear and the horse I ride on, I have no property."

"Yet you dress gaily and ride gallantly," said Durward. "What are your means of subsistence?"

"I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way," replied the vagabond.

"Under whose laws do you live?"

"I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure or my necessities," said the Bohemian.

"Who is your leader, and commands you?"

"The father of our tribe, if I choose to obey him," said the guide; "otherwise I have no commander."

"You are, then," said the wondering querist, "destitute of all that other men are combined by. You have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house or home. You have—may heaven compassionate you—no country! and, may heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?"

"I have liberty," said the Bohemian. "I crouch to no one—obey no one—respect no one. I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes."

"But you are subject to instant execution at the pleasure of the judge."

"Be it so," returned the Bohemian; "I can but die the sooner."

"And to imprisonment, also," said the Scot; "and where then is your boasted freedom?"

"In my thoughts," said the Bohemian, "which no chains can bind, while yours, even while your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your

fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I are free in spirit when our limbs are chained. You are imprisoned in mind even when your limbs are most at freedom."

"Yet the freedom of your thoughts," said the Scot, "relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs."

"For a brief time that may be endured," answered the vagrant, "and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die; and death is the most perfect freedom of all."

There was a deep pause of some duration, which Quentin at length broke by resuming his queries.

"Yours is a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe. Whence do they derive their origin?"

"I may not tell you," answered the Bohemian.

"When will they relieve this kingdom of their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?" said the Scot.

"When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished," replied his vagrant guide.

"Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel which were carried into captivity beyond the great river Euphrates?" said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothick.

"Had we been so," answered the Bohemian, "we had followed their faith and practised their rites."

"What is thine own name?" said Durward.

"My proper name is only known to my brethren. The men beyond our tents call me Hayraddin Maugrabbin—that is, Hayraddin the African Moor."

"Thou speakest too well for one who hath lived always in thy filthy horde," said the Scot.

"I have learned some of the knowledge of this land," said Hayraddin. "When I was a little boy our tribe was chased by the hunters after human flesh; an arrow went through my mother's head, and she died. I was entangled in the blanket on her shoulders, and was taken by the pursuers. A priest begged me from the Provost's archers, and trained me up in Frankish learning for two or three years."

"How came you to part with him?" demanded Durward.

"I stole money from him, even the god which he worshipped," answered Hayraddin, with perfect composure; "he detected me and beat me; I stabbed him with my knife, fled to the woods, and was again united to my people."

"Wretch!" said Durward, "did you murder your benefactor?"

"What had he to do to burden me with his benefits? The Zingaro boy was no house-bred cur to dog the heels of his master, and crouch beneath his blows for scraps of food; he was the imprisoned wolf whelp, which, at the first opportunity, broke his chain, rended his master, and returned to his wilderness."

There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still further investigating the character and purpose of this suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin whether it was not true that his people, amid their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity which

was not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines of more polished society.

"We pretend to it," said Hayraddin, "and it is with justice."

"How can it be that so high a gift is bestowed on so abject a race?" said Quentin.

"Can I tell you," answered Hayraddin. "Yes I may, indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of a man, while man, the nobler animal, hath not power to trace those of a dog. These powers, which seem to you so wonderful are instinctive in our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand, we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring what fruit it will bear in the harvest."

"I doubt of your knowledge, and defy you to the proof."

"Defy me not, Sir Squire," said Hayraddin Maugrabin. "I can tell you that, say what you will of your religion, the goddess whom you worship rides in this company."

"Peace," said Quentin, in astonishment, "on thy life; not a word further but in answer to what I ask thee. Canst thou be faithful?"

"I can; all men can," said the Bohemian.

"But wilt thou be faithful?"

"Wouldst thou believe me the more should I swear it," answered Maugrabin with a sneer.

"Thy life is in my hand," said the young Scot.

"Strike, and see whether I fear to die," answered the Bohemian.

"Will money render thee a trusty guide?" demanded Durward.

"If I be not such without it, no," replied the heathen.

"Then, what will bind thee?" asked the Scot.

"Kindness," replied the Bohemian.

"Shall I swear to show thee such, if thou art true guide to us on this pilgrimage?"

"No," replied Hayraddin; "it were extravagant waste of a commodity so rare. To thee I am bound already."

"How," exclaimed Durward, more surprised than ever.

"Remember the chestnut-tree on the banks of the Cher. The victim whose body thou didst cut down was my brother, Zamet the Maugrabin."

"And yet I find you in correspondence with those very officers by whom your brother was done to death; for it was one of them who directed me where to meet with you: the same, doubtless, who procured yonder ladies your services as a guide."

"What can we do?" answered Hayraddin, gloomily. "These men deal with us as the sheep-dogs do with the flock; they protect us for a while, drive us hither and thither at their pleasure, and always end by guiding us to the shambles."

It is commonly ascribed to the gipsies that, although

they have no religion, they are much swayed by many superstitious fancies and customs. Indeed, this may be said to take the place of a religion in the guidance of many of their movements. Very possibly, too, much of it arises from the practice of their profession. In the preceding case, in which Hayraddin is made to say that there is no pretence in the exercise of their palmistry, it is possibly the expression of a general feeling; not that they really deceive themselves into an idea of their power of foretelling events, but that it is one of their articles of faith to believe in it; proceeding upon fixed principles of reading the palm, they announce what is revealed according to the tables of their law; and to meet the difficulty of events not answering the prediction, as has been seen in chiromancy, counteracting causes in abundance can be found. No doubt the very nature of their art has a tendency to superstition, but they are not singular in that respect; and Scott tells us that many of their notions were common to other old people.

The idea that the protracted struggle between life and death is painfully prolonged by keeping the door of the apartment shut was a popular notion among many in Scotland. Meg Merrilies impersonates the custom at the death-bed of the smuggler Brown:—A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sate on a stone by this miserable couch; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with

some liquid, and between whiles sang, in a low monotonous cadence, one of those prayers or spells which in some parts of Scotland and the north of England are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a parting soul, like the tolling of the bell in Catholic days. She accompanied the dismal sound with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The song was answered by one or two hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strife.

"It will not be," she muttered to herself. "He cannot pass away with that on his mind—it tethers him. Heaven cannot abide it; earth refuses to hide it. I must open the door;" and rising, she faced towards the door of the apartment, observing carefully not to turn back her head, and withdrawing a bolt or two, she lifted the latch, saying, "Open lock, end strife; come death, and pass life."

A writer in "Blackwood" says, "I have ever understood," speaking of the Yetholm gipsies, "that they are extremely superstitious—carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the *soughing* of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, on meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect; nor do they ever proceed on their summer peregrinations without some propitious omen of their fortunate return. They also burn the clothes of their dead, not so much from any apprehension

of infection being communicated by them, as the conviction that the very circumstance of wearing them would shorten the days of their living. They likewise carefully watch the corpse by night and day till the time of interment, and conceive that 'the deil tinkles at the lykewake' of those who felt in their *dead-thraw* the agonies and terrors of remorse."

It may, perhaps, be said about the superstitions being the peculiar inheritance of the poor and ignorant, that it hardly seems borne out by facts. Many persons of cultivated minds and tastes are swayed by lucky and unlucky signs and omens. It matters not that they disbelieve in them. If something said to be unlucky comes before them they will try and avoid it.

Few people will accuse Dr. Johnson of a want of judgment and intelligence, yet it is said that should he have happened to put his left foot foremost on going out of the door on any expedition, he would instantly return.

With one end on the pavement, and the other resting against the top of a house, may sometimes be seen a long ladder, standing where crowds of people are passing by. Let any one count the number of those who pass inside of that ladder nearest to the wall, and those that go outside, the latter will be found to be far the most numerous. It would be curious to know how many of the outsiders preferred that course on account of the unluckiness of going inside. No doubt there may be something of a natural reason attaching to that omen, as the outside, in a general way,

is the safest; but that certainly is not the general reason.

If you are going out on any business causing you anxiety as to its issue, and forget something for which you have to turn back, the impression will not be agreeable, and not unlikely you may try to neutralize it by sitting down on a chair before again starting.

The most sensible and well-informed sea captain will hardly leave the port for a voyage on a Friday, even with a favourable wind; but on a Sunday, if possible, he is sure to sail.

To look up into the sky, and catch a first glance of the sharp horns of the new moon, without anything of value in your pocket, is not agreeable.

A magpie flying across the road before you in the country; a raven croaking on the top of the house, or any other such like phenomenon, are all felt, more or less, by most people, if they think about them at all, as something unsatisfactory.

Nor can it be said of the ancients, who dealt so largely in omens, that they all actually believed in them. They *felt* them in some way or other just as we do ourselves, and preferred going upon the feeling rather than the dry logic of the case. In this, therefore, the gipsies are, perhaps, not peculiar.

Not so common, however, is that strange power of reading the character of any one about them from a general survey of the person. In palmistry and in chiromancy, many collateral circumstances often go to read off an individual, as well as the mere palm-reading.

Indeed, it is unquestionably from that intuitive power of seeing into the character from other causes that gains them credit for their art.

More frequently it is physiognomy, manner, gait, surrounding circumstances, and other causes, that form their stock-in-trade. But, undoubtedly, a true gipsy has a keen power of reading your countenance at a glance; and when Hayraddin told Quentin Durward the state of his heart, and the object of his worship, such knowledge was only gained in the ordinary way, but with a much deeper penetration than that of ordinary people. Another of Mr. Borrow's Spanish anecdotes illustrates this, and also shows the sort of freemasonry that enables one gipsy to know another under any disguise:—

“I served,” said Antonio, “as a soldier in the war of independence, against the French. War, it is true, is not the proper occupation of a Gitana; but those were strange times, and all those who could bear arms were compelled to go forth to fight. So I went with the English armies, and we chased the Gabiné unto the frontier of France; and it happened once that we joined in desperate battle, and there was a confusion and the two parties became intermingled, and fought sword to sword, and bayonet to bayonet; and a French soldier singled me out, and we fought for a long time, cutting, goring, and cursing each other, till at last we flung down our arms, and grappled. Long we wrestled, body to body; but I found that I was the weaker, and I fell. The French soldier's knee was on my breast,

and his grasp was on my throat, and he seized his bayonet, and he raised it to thrust me through the jaws; and his cap had fallen off. I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face: our eyes met; I gave a loud shriek, and cried, 'Zincalo!' I felt him shudder, and he relaxed his grasp, and started up; and he smote his forehead, and wept; and then he came to me, and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead; and he took my hand, and called me brother and Zincalo, and he produced his flask, and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived; and he raised me up and led me from the concourse, and we sat down on a knoll, and the two parties were fighting all around; and he said, 'Let the dogs fight and tear each other's throats till they are all destroyed, what matters it to the Zincali; they are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them?' So we sat for hours on the knoll, and discoursed on matters pertaining to our people; and I could have listened for years, for he told me secrets which made my ears tingle; and I soon found that I knew nothing, though I had before considered myself quite Zincalo; but for him, he knew the whole cuento (reckoning); the Bengui Lango (the lame Asmodeus) himself could have told him nothing but what he knew. So we sat till the sun went down, and the battle was over, and he proposed that we should both flee to his own country, and live there with the Zincali; but my heart failed me; so we embraced, and he departed to the Gabiné, whilst I returned to our own battalions."

It was a narrow escape, and for which he was in-

debted clearly to the practised eye of his profession.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his notes to "Guy Mannering," has a story about the King of the Gipsies in Galloway, whose cap or bonnet had also an important office in a perilous crisis:—

Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshal, one of the royal consorts of Willie Marshal, more commonly called the *Caird* of Barullion, King of the Gipsies of the Western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice, from the following peculiarities: He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael, about the year 1671; and as he died at Kirkcudbright, 23rd November, 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted in the army seven times; and he had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children by less legitimate affections. He subsisted, in his extreme old age, by a pension from the present Earl of Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshal is buried in Kirkcudbright church, where his monument is still shown, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two tups' horns and two *cutty* spoons.

In his youth he occasionally took an evening walk on the highway, with the purpose of assisting travellers by relieving them of the weight of their purses. On one occasion, the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally, at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the gipsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant, Bargally came up with some assistants, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge; and though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the Circuit Court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the court; Bargally swore that it was the identical article worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deposed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomily for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable. But there was a person in court who knew well both who did, and who did not, commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar, near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and looking

the laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the court and crowded audience—

“Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn—am not *I* the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?”

Bargally replied, in great astonishment, “By Heaven, you are the very man!”

“You see what sort of a memory this gentleman has,” said the volunteer pleader; “he swears to the bonnet, whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington.”

The tenant of Bantoberick was unanimously acquitted, and thus Willie Marshal ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger, without incurring any himself, since Bargally’s evidence must have seemed to every one too fluctuating to be relied upon.

While the King of the Gipsies was thus laudably occupied, his royal consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood from the judge’s gown; for which offence, combined with her presumptive guilt as a gipsy, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GIPSY CHIROMANTS.

IN A curious and learned work on magic, by Torreblanca, written in 1678, he comes across these gipsies of Spain, and thinks they are impostors, and not to be trusted as true chiromantists.

He says, "In judging these lines—the five principal lines of the palm—you must pay attention to their substance, colour, and continuance, together with the disposition of the corresponding member; for if the line be well and clearly described, and is of a vivid colour without being intermitted or punctured, it denotes the good complexion and virtue of its member according to Aristotle."

So that if the line of the heart be found sufficiently long and reasonably deep, and not crossed by other accidental lines, it is an infallible sign of the health of the heart, and the great virtue of the heart, and the abundance of spirits, and good blood in the heart, and accordingly denotes boldness and liberal genius for every work. In like manner, by means of the hepatic line, it is easy to form an accurate judgment as to the state of a person's liver, and of his powers of digestion, and so on with respect to all the other organs of the body. After having laid down all the rules of chiromancy he then says—

"And with these terminate the canons of true and

catholic chiromancy ; for as for the other species by which people pretend to divine concerning the affairs of life, either past or to come—dignities, fortunes, children, events, chances, dangers, etc.—such chiromancy is not only reprobated by theologians, but by men of law and physic, as a foolish, false, vain, scandalous, futile, superstitious practice, smelling much of divinity and a pact with the devil.”

He then falls upon the gipsy wives :—“ A practice turned to profit by the wives of that rabble of abandoned miscreants, whom the Italians call Zingari, the Latins, Egyptians, and we Gitanas, who pretend they are wandering over the world in fulfilment of a penance, part of which penance seems to be living by fraud and imposture.”

Mr. Borrow, however, raises them to a higher pedestal of notoriety. He says :—

If there be one being in the world who more than another deserves the title of sorcerer—and where do you find a word of more romance and thrilling interest—it is the gipsy female in the prime and vigour of her age, and ripeness of her understanding—the gipsy wife, the mother of two or three children. Mention to me a point of devilry with which that woman is not acquainted. She is a prophetess, though she believes not in prophecy ; she is a physician, though she will not take her own philters ; she is a singer of obscene songs, though she will not suffer any obscene hand to touch her ; and though no one is more tenacious of the little she possesses, she is a cut-purse and a shop-lifter whenever opportunity offers.

Observe the Gitana of Seville standing before the portal of a large house in one of the narrow Moorish streets of the capital of Andalusia. Through the grated iron door she looks in upon the court ; it is paved with small marble slabs of almost snowy whiteness ; in the middle is a fountain distilling limpid water, and all around there is a profusion of macetas in which flowery plants and aromatic shrubs are growing, and at each corner there is an orange tree, and the perfume of the azabar may be distinguished ; you hear the melody of birds from a small aviary beneath the piazza which surrounds the court, which is surrounded by a linen awning, for it is the commencement of May, and the glorious sun of Andalusia is burning with a splendour too intense for her rays to be borne with impunity. The gipsy looks through the iron-grated door and beholds seated near the fountain a richly-dressed dame and two lovely, delicate maidens, busied at their morning occupation. The gipsy approaches, accosts them. She is of the middle stature, neither strongly nor slightly built, and yet her every movement denotes agility and vigour. As she stands erect before you she appears like a falcon about to soar, and you are almost tempted to believe that the power of volition is hers ; and were you to stretch forth your hand to seize her she would spring above the house-tops like a bird. Her face is oval and her features are regular but somewhat hard and coarse, for she was born amongst the rocks in a thicket, and she has been wind-beaten and sun-scorched for many a year, even like her parents before her.

There is many a speck upon her cheek, and perhaps a scar, but no dimples of love; and her brow is wrinkled over, even though she is yet young. Her complexion is more than dark, for it is almost that of a mulatto, and her hair, which hangs in long locks on either side of her face, is black as coal and coarse as the tail of a horse, from which it seems to have been gathered. There is no female eye in Seville can support the glance of hers, so fierce and penetrating, and yet so artful and sly, is the expression of their dark orbs; her mouth is fine and almost delicate, and there is not a queen on the proudest throne between Madrid and Moscow who might not and would not envy the white and even rows of teeth which adorn it, which seem not of pearl but of the purest elephant's bone of Mooltan. She comes not alone; a swarthy two-year old bantling clasps her neck with one arm, its naked body half extant from the coarse blanket which, drawn round her shoulders, is secured at her bosom by a skewer. Though tender of age, it looks wicked and sly, like a veritable imp of Roma. Huge rings of false gold dangle from wide slits in the lobes of her ears, her nether garments are rags, and her feet are eased in hempen sandals. Such is the wandering Gitana—the witch wife of Mooltan, come to spae the fortune of the Sevillian countess and her daughter.

“Your palm, blessed lady, your palm, and the palms of all I see here, that I may tell you all the rich venture which is hanging over this good house. Who can read the stars, or the lines of the palm like the Egyptians? But first let me sing you a song.”

Her demeanour now undergoes a change. Hitherto she has been pouring forth a wild, lying harangue, without much flurry or agitation of manner. She now stamps on the ground, and placing her hands on her hips she moves quickly to the right and left, advancing and retreating in a sidelong direction. Her glances become more fierce and fiery, and her coarse hair stands erect on her head, stiff as the prickles of the hedgehog; and now she commences clapping her hands and uttering words of an unknown tongue to a strange and uncouth tune. The tawny bantling seems inspired with the same fiend, and, foaming at the mouth, utters wild sounds in imitation of its dam. Still more rapid become the sidelong movements of the Gitana. Movements! she springs—she bounds, and at every bound she is a yard above the ground. She no longer bears the child in her bosom. She plucks it from thence, and fiercely brandishes it aloft, till at last, with a yell, she tosses it high in the air like a ball, and then, with neck and head thrown back, receives it as it falls on her hands and breast, extracting a cry from the terrified beholders. Is it possible she can be singing? Yes, in the wildest style of her people, and in the language of Roma, which she occasionally screams—

“On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand;
Wild Moors come trooping o’er the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee;
O how from their fury shall I flee?”

In a Spanish work, “*Historia de Alonso*”—the story

of Alonso—by Geronimo of Aleala, a novel of the seventeenth century, the following trick is related: It is a not uncommon one, and considered one of their best and most fruitful sources of plunder. It is called in the Rommany, *hokkano baro*.

A band of Gitanas being in the neighbourhood of a village, one of the women went to a house where lived a lady alone. This lady was a young widow, rich, without children, and of very handsome person. After having saluted her, the gipsy repeated the harangue, which she had already studied, to the effect that there was neither bachelor, widower, nor married man, nobleman, nor gallant, endowed with a thousand graces, who was not dying for love of her, and then continued:

“Lady, I have contracted a great affection for you; and since I know that you well merit the riches you possess, notwithstanding you live heedless of your good fortune, I wish to reveal to you a secret. You must know, then, that in your cellar you have a vast treasure, nevertheless you will experience great difficulty in arriving at it, as it is enchanted, and to remove it is impossible, save alone on the eve of St. John. We are now at the 18th of June, and it wants five days to the 23rd, therefore, in the meantime, collect some jewels of gold and silver, and likewise some money; whatever you please, provided it be not copper, and provide six tapers of white or yellow wax, for, at the time appointed, I will come with a sister of mine, when we will extract from the cellar such abundance of riches that you will be able to live in a style which will excite the envy of the whole country.”

The ignorant widow, hearing these words, put implicit confidence in the deceiver, and imagined that she already possessed all the gold of Arabia and the silver of Potosi.

The appointed day arrived, and not more punctual were the two gipsies than anxiously expected by the lady. Being asked whether she had prepared all as she had been desired, she replied in the affirmative, when the gipsy thus addressed her.

“You must know, good lady, that gold calls forth gold, and silver calls forth silver; let us light these tapers and descend to the cellar before it grows late, in order that we may have time for our conjurations.”

Thereupon the two went down, and having lighted the tapers, and placed them in candlesticks in the shape of a circle, they deposited in the midst a silver tankard, with some pieces of eight, and some corals tipped with gold, and other jewels of small value. They then told the lady that it was necessary for them all to return to the staircase by which they had descended to the cellar, and there they uplifted their hands and remained for a short time as if engaged in prayer. The two gipsies then bade the widow wait for them, and descended again, when they commenced holding a conversation, speaking and answering alternately, and altering their voices in such a manner that five or six people appeared to be in the cellar.

“Blessed little St. John,” said one, “will it be possible to remove the treasure which you keep hidden here ?”

"Oh yes, and with a little more trouble it will be yours," replied the gipsy sister, altering her voice to a thin treble, as if it proceeded from a child four or five years old. In the meantime the lady remained astonished, expecting the promised riches, and the two Gitanas, presently coming to her, said—

"Come up, lady, for our desire is upon the point of being gratified. Bring down the best petticoat, gown and mantle which you have in your chest, that I may dress myself and appear in other guise than I do now."

The simple woman, not perceiving the trick they were playing upon her, ascended with them to the doorway, and leaving them alone, went to fetch the things they demanded. Thereupon the two gipsies, seeing themselves at liberty, and having already pocketed the gold and silver that had been deposited for their conjuration, opened the street door, and escaped with all the speed they could.

When the beguiled widow returned with the clothes, and found she had been robbed of her jewels and gold, she, of course, began to cry and weep, collecting the neighbours, but they only laughed at her misfortune, and admired the dexterity of the Gitanas, who had by this time got far out of reach.

The following autobiography of Mr. Borrow's hopeful young friend may well justify his description of a Gitana that there is no point of devilry with which she is not acquainted:—

Mr. B. "You do not mean to say, O Tuerta, that you are a jockey, and that you rob on the highway?"

Tuerta. "I am a Chalana, brother, and many a time I have robbed upon the road, as all our people know. I dress myself as a man, and go forth with them. I have robbed alone in the pass of Guadarana. With my horse and escopeta, I alone once robbed a curdrilla of twenty gallegos, who were returning to their own country after cutting the harvests of Castille; I stripped them of their earnings, and could have stripped them of their very clothes, had I wished, for they were down on their knees like cowards. I love a brave man, be he busno or gipsy. When I was not much older than the Scorpion, I went with several others to rob the cortigo of an old man; it was more than twenty leagues from here. We broke in at midnight, and bound the old man. We knew he had money, but he said No, and would not tell us where it was. So we tortured him, pricking him with our knives, and burning his hands over the lamp; all, however, would not do. At last I said, Let us try the *pimientos*; so we took the green pepper-husks, pulled open his eyelids, and rubbed the pupils with the green pepper fruit. That was the worst pinch of all. Would you believe it? the old man bore it! Then our people said, Let us go kill him; but I said, No; it were a pity; so we spared him, though we got nothing. I have loved that old man ever since for his heart, and should have wished him for a husband."

The Scorpion. "Ojola, that I had been in that cortigo to see such sport."

Mr. Borrow thinks that when he was in Spain the number of gipsies in the peninsula could not be fewer than 40,000, but this is probably only an approximate calculation. In our own countries of England and Scotland, during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, they were reckoned to be about 10,000 and several most severe enactments were made against them.

In these documents they are described as "Sturdy roags, rascalls, vacabonds, masterless men, ydle, vagraunte, loyteringe, icwde and ylldisposed persons, going aboute usinge subiltie and unlawful games, or plaie, such as faynte themselves to have knowledge in phisiognomye, palmestrie, or other abused sciences."

In Scotland, at one time, their condition was much in advance of that in most other places. One of the Scottish kings acknowledged them as a separate and independent race, and one or two statutes were made in their favour. In later times, however, their deprecations and other misdemeanours brought down the law upon them, and the character of gipsy became equal in the judicial balance to that of thief.

Yet they still prospered, even amidst the distresses of the country, if not more, indeed, from those distresses than from more favourable times, their bands being replenished from among those whom no famine or oppression had deprived of the means of ordinary subsistence. These tribes were, in short, as Scott says,

"The pariahs of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits, and opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilized part of the community."

An account of these gipsy tribes, however, although certainly the only original depositories of the art of palmistry, is, perhaps, verging on the out side of the subject of the present sketch, which is that of the reformed and scientific faith. Yet one other incident may here possibly be allowed.

The intrigue of the celebrated Johnnie Faa with the Earl of Cassilis' lady is a subject of ballad and popular authority in Scotland. Tradition points out an old tower in Maybole as the place where the frail countess was confined. In his notes to the old ballad of the "Gipsy Laddie," Mr. Finlay gives the following account as the result of his inquiries regarding the truth of tradition on the subject:—

"The Earl of Cassilis had married a nobleman's daughter contrary to her wishes, she having been previously engaged to another; but the persuasion and importunity of her friends at last brought her to consent. Sir John Faa of Dunbar, her former lover, seizing the opportunity of the Earl's absence on a foreign embassy, disguised himself and a number of his retainers as gipsies, and carried off the lady, nothing loth. The Earl having returned opportunely at the time of the commission of the act, and nowise inclined to participate in his consort's ideas on the subject, col-

lected his vassals, and pursued the lady and her paramour to the borders of England, where, having overtaken them, a battle ensued, in which Faa and his followers were all killed or taken prisoners, excepting one—"the meanest of them all—who lives to weep and sing their fall." It is by this survivor that the ballad is supposed to be written. The Earl, on bringing back the fair fugitive, banished her *a mensa et thoro*, and, it is said, confined her for life in a tower at the village of Maybole, Ayrshire, built for the purpose; and that nothing might remain about this tower unappropriated to its original destination, eight heads carved in stone below one of the turrets are said to be the effigies of so many of the gipsies. The lady herself, as well as the survivor of Faa's followers, contributed to perpetuate the remembrance of the transaction, for if he wrote a song about it, she wrought it in tapestry, and this piece of workmanship is still preserved at Culzean Castle. It remains to be mentioned that the ford by which the lady and her lover crossed the river Doon from a wood near Cassilis' house is still denominated the "Gipsy Steps." *

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE HAND AS AFFECTED BY MARRIAGE.

RETURNING shortly to the chiromny of M. D'Arpentigny, and, in addition to our former *exposé* of its

* Finlay's "Scottish Ballads," vol. ii. p. 39.

general principles, a few other collateral points may not be uninteresting. It is a leading principle with the author of that system that types of the same hand, or, in other words, races of the same individuals, degenerate if not intermixed with other races or types. That is just what we understand by breeding "in and in," and is in itself no new doctrine; but a more extensive application of it is made in this science. He says when one ruling idea governs society—that is, some one undivided aim and pursuit—the people who embody it naturally derive the advantages of such union of purpose in the power and riches that accrue to them, cemented afterwards by female society. The idea is soon strengthened by a number of adherents from organization and blood, more than what it would have been if it had not got into power. It is an axiom in horse culture that the stallion usually, not necessarily, transmits to his brood his own nature with his form.

To a certain degree it is the same with man. The people who remain unprogressive are those who have restricted the crossing of the race by the seclusion of the women and the division of the masses into castes. Countries where these customs do not exist make progress by war—which a great poet has called the "moving power of mankind"—and invasions; whilst those deprived of the salutary infusion of foreign blood have degenerated, entirely through want of this transfusion. In a very marked degree the people of the East Indies are to-day what they were in the time of

Alexander. And, in passing, it may be said, if a man of genius is to be measured by the duration of his work, what admiration ought we not to have for the lofty far-seeing mind that framed the yoke under which, during five thousand years, all the successive generations of India have passed. Every year in the United States of America, where foreign blood flows in from all parts, the laws are modified to meet the corresponding changes thus effected on the character of the nation; whilst in China and Japan, empires hermetically shut against invasions of the same blood, even the least important laws remain stationary, the native wants of the people being the same from the sameness of their national organization. According to Montesquieu it is a necessary relation resulting from the nature of things.

The unbending laws of Sparta agreed with a spatuled race descended from Hercules; and the elastic laws of Athens, with a people whose genius was fluctuating and brilliant, as Thucydides said of them, "always the slaves of the wonderful, and disdainful of common things; who, enamoured of fine phrases, put less confidence in what they saw than in what they heard, and who, not looking as they ought to their own true interests, always seduced by sparkling and witty thought, as it were, by the mere pleasure of hearing, rather resembled in their assemblies spectators seated to hear the disputations of sophists than citizens deliberating about the affairs of the state."

"In the country of Leon, in Bretagne," says M.

Souvestre, "there are villages entirely peopled with men always in motion, jollity, and festivity; others entirely peopled with men always sad, and gloomy, and morose." He ascribes, with reason, that condition of things to the custom religiously followed in each village, not to marry except in the same locality.

"Among the Babylonians and Egyptians," says M. D'Arpentigny, "people famous in antiquity for their wisdom and intelligence, prostitution—so far at least as between tribes and families of the same race—was regarded favourably in the eyes both of gods and men; and the women who surrendered themselves were held in esteem. And in our own day, in the kingdoms of Achantes and Juida, countries governed by mysterious instincts, and to which fate seems to promise some future, if any vague fear of the wrath of the gods takes possession of the people, the priests, in expiation of the secret crime which had caused it, order a general prostitution. Such are the physical and moral resources which nature adopts to arrive at her ends."

It is hardly possible to pass by such a recital as this without a remark or two. It is indeed a sad revelation, and, unfortunately, it must be added, only too true.

But there is an additional inference drawn, not only erroneous in itself, but a great and wicked libel upon nature. It is here alleged that if spatule fingers were continually to intermarry with spatules, nothing but spatules would be ever produced, a stagnation then ensues, and everything freezes all about that tribe in

habit, thought, feeling, manners, and customs. This is an evil ; no progress is made—although one might say that sometimes progress is itself an evil—the good is alike frozen up with the bad, and the bad with the good, and neither of them can float down the stream until a thaw comes. Then, if the thaw of an increased civilization were only to allow the good to move onwards, it would be beneficial progress ; but the bad has also a fatal activity to move, and often to outstrip the good. Now if a square or pointed type, when married into the spatuled, would only unloose the good and keep the bad stationary, the intermarrying ought to take place on some allowable principle, as it would be a public benefit. But chiromy looks at the matter in this way. It assumes immovability to be an evil among a people, and that Nature, like a policeman, gets angry because they don't "move on." Then, when Nature has thoroughly frightened them, but perhaps not shown them clearly enough where they ought to go, they make an "ugly rush" forward to get out of the way of this enraged functionary, and commit some heinous damage. It seems all that Nature wants is progress, and better bad progress than none.

The Babylonians, Egyptians, and modern Achaean, got out of the dilemma by a way of their own even worse than the Sabine affair ; and if they did anything wrong, it was all the fault of Nature. Nature must have progress, and to please her they rushed into those wild extravagances mentioned. But Nature has long been accustomed to bear the sins of her wicked

children. She is here made to appear as if urging on the crimes of war and licentiousness to bring about her ends, and to promote good among men. But there is another way of explaining the seeming paradox of good often coming out of evil. Nature or Providence never does evil that good may come. Wicked men, from the bad passions of their heart, do evil for an evil purpose; and God not only prevents that evil, but turns it to good. Nature, then—if we must call it Nature—always does good; but she never does it by evil practices. The evil is done by unnatural men.

But hear this again, which it is hoped, in all charity, does not in any way point to the Salt Lake people:—

“Communism, as some theorists of our time have defined and explained it, might not, perhaps, be impracticable among a small people, free from all mixture of foreign blood. And what was the foundation of the Spartan government, if not a kind of wisely-organized communism? The Spartans alone, of all the people of Greece, admitted no foreigners to the rights of citizenship.”

But here follows a good picture of the *hard* spatuled hands. It is what one might call the concrete hand—people who can only see a principle in some material shape:—

“The strange epoch contained between the ninth and twelfth centuries belongs exclusively to the hard spatuled hands. On the death of Charlemagne, society, as then constituted, was broken up into an infinite number of small groups, independent of each other, and

which arrived at the conception of an idea only by aid of the external sign that materialized it. Each group had its chief, its cry, its device, its banner; each profession its distinct grab. Without these signs all would have been confusion; for an equal ignorance weighing down all, order and civilization—if civilization it is—are much more in things than in ideas. All those hands enveloped in brazen gauntlets aspire after dominion. War they wish—they invoke war; or, if not war, that which next resembles it—the tourney and the chase. Theirs the long cavalcade, the brilliant glittering of arms—glory and fortune to the strong, shame and misfortune to the weak. Here are the open lists; the end is power, the more intoxicating, that neither law nor philosophy prescribes limits to it. On attaining this, they will attain, at the same time, the only pleasure appreciated at a period when intellectual pleasure is everywhere unknown, except in the cloister—mere sensual pleasure. These were the iron warriors of the strong castles and impenetrable armour, which chiromancy alleges would all have destroyed each other, had it not been for their good ladies.

That is, no doubt, good sound doctrine; but it would almost appear as if in Russia Nature had been playing some of her naughty tricks again—even, in fact, if she is not doing so still. In Russia the nobles have such rights, by law or custom, over the women of their lands, that the population scarcely resent the sale by auction of all the young peasants of their villages. These nobles—a race at once proud and mean, extravagant

and covetous, full of vice and cunning—are said to be a class superior to that of the people. Yet they are working to the ruin of their influence by multiplying in the masses the number of individuals, already very considerable, to whom they have transmitted their genius with their blood.

Chirognomy deals a heavy blow and great discouragement against the fond presumption of those possessed of a fine-pointed hand, as being the true test of aristocracy; or, at least, if it is the aristocracy to which it belongs, it has a large infusion of much commoner blood. Nevertheless, it is a sign of uprising democracy, and alleges the immorality of the great as a source of development for the liberty of the poor. Tell people who boast of their descent in a direct line from the great warriors of the ninth century, and who, at the same time, pique themselves on possessing fine-pointed hands, that these are two pretensions that destroy each other. Every gentleman descended from the old nobility of the sword has necessarily the spatuled hand. If it is fine and pointed, he must seek the cause of that anomaly in the alliances which existed in the middle ages between the ladies and their chaplains; or in that which later opened the boudoir of the intriguing marchioness to the gay abbé. “The true type of the old noblesse,” he says, “smell, in their houses or castles, of the carcases of beasts taken in hunting, dogs, and stables, and they are as unacquainted with modern fashion as Chinese painters are of the rules of perspective.” They still retain the original type of spatuled hand.

As an illustration of the elementary hand, M. D'Arpentigny gives the Turk in his unprogressive fatalism. This style of hand, it may be remembered, had fat and unpliant fingers, a thumb truncated, often bent back; a palm—the most prominent and characteristic sign of this type—excessively broad, thick, and hard. The elementary organization of the Turks—a people come from middle Asia, has scarcely undergone any change through time. Given up to fatalism, and consequently absolutism, they prefer, by an old-fashioned taste for liberty, as savages understand it, to the regular governments, of which the action is necessarily continuous, arbitrary government, whose action can only be intermittent. To-day, as ever, they are governed exclusively by instinct, entitled the gift of God—as if reason were not also the gift of God. They look upon instinct as the sole, infallible guide. They think, in their stolid gravity, that it supplies everything—study, reflection, experience, knowledge. The favourite of Mohammed, the civilized Sultan, Achmed Fevzi Pacha, had been a shoemaker, then coffee-house keeper, then watercarrier, juggler, and probably messmate of the wandering dogs of the imperial city, when that prince, struck with his fine countenance, thought proper to invest him with the employment of pipe-bearer. From that post he passed to that of seraglio executioner; after which he was named colonel of the guard, then sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg; to-day he is Capitan Pacha.

What it takes to make a Turkish admiral.

In 1821 they had raised to that dignity the Tcho-

banbaehi, or head shepherd, a grey-haired old man, as motionless as a melon under a glass bell, who had never hitherto reckoned up anything more difficult than the leads of his sheep, and who let himself fall into the water the first day he went to take possession of his admiral's ship.

M. Fontanier relates the following incident in his "Eastern Travels":—"At last we entered the city, and I installed myself in a café—sole hotel of the place. There, after having arranged my carpet, and seated myself on my heels, holding my pipe in one hand, and the indispensable coffee in the other, I entered into conversation with the master of the house, who was not slow in telling me that I was welcome, and addressed to me a string of questions, to all of which I had got quite accustomed, and the answers to which were ready—Where do you come from? Where are you going? Have you a passport? Have you much money? Are you a spy? Four or five Turkish travellers, separated from me by a wooden partition, which divided the coffee-room into different compartments, listened with indifference, and smoked with imperturbable gravity. Then each of them, without any further effort of fancy, addressed to me the very same questions, of which he had just heard the answers. It was simply for me an effort of memory, not to say patience, for there might have been twenty questions, that it would have been necessary for me to answer twenty times."

"And such," says D'Arpentigny, "in all things is the

heavy-mindedness of the Turks. Read their tales, listen to the narrative of their dreams, eternally filled with bushels of diamonds, troops of wanton houris, concealed treasures suddenly discovered by means of an enchanter won by some spontaneous act of ordinary hospitality, and you will find that nothing in the world is more foreign to their nature than moral exertion, which they put out of sight by means of fatality, and manual labour, against which they protest by their love and faith in talismans. This manner of feeling is the result of their physical organization, which owes its permanency to their civil and religious institutions. They themselves feel that every attempt to regenerate them as a nation would be useless, and that the waters of civilization, as we understand it, would be as fatal to them as those of the ocean to the fish of a river.

It was mentioned to Faslé-Bey, a colonel in the Sultan's guard, in 1817, "that the reform of Mahmoud appeared making progress."

"The Osmanlis," replied he, "remain entrenched in their prejudices; they are like fools, to whom one would point out the right way, only to see them choose the wrong."

But it was answered, "We see many Mussulmans dressed like Europeans, which proves that they wish to be civilized."

"These Mussulmans," replied Faslé-Bey, "are like men attired as musicians, but with no notion of music. Turkey is at this moment in a very miserable condition, it is like a cistern, from which one is always drawing water, without returning any fresh supply."

“Your thoughts on that country are rather gloomy.” He replied, with this verse of the Koran: “No people can bring on or ward off its fall; each nation has its appointed term, which can neither be advanced nor retarded by an instant. God alone is eternal.”

The Christian’s hope is an active power; the Moham-medan’s resignation is a negative power.

In Barbary, the possession of a book is a crime. In the eyes of the Turks, folly is venerable and holy. Among the Calmucks, each family has under its tent a machine called *tchukor*, the cylinder of which, covered with written hymns and prayers, is set in motion by means of some mechanism like a turnspit. This machine, turning round, praises and prays to God for all the family. Such is the way to gain heaven in an easy, agreeable manner, without much trouble about it.

Such is a character picture of the elementary hand in Turkey; and its likeness to all we know of the race is striking. Like most of all the other descriptions, solely as such, it is drawn with a skilful hand, but one sometimes feels as if the knots on that hand must have been rather smaller than Desbarrolles specified.

Getting out of the painter’s studio into the philosopher’s study, M. D’Arpentigny sometimes does not show to equal advantage, his deductions and inferences not always seeming to arise naturally and logically enough. He says.—“Their manner of feeling is the result of their physical organization, which owes its permanence to their civil and religious institutions.” But since their feeling comes of their bodily shape,

would not their civil and religious institutions, which are only the public encrustment of that feeling, be considered as of the same origin? and if that be so, then these institutions rather owe their permanence to the elementary hand, than the elementary hand to them. Neither should we too severely condemn the Turk's apathy and love of ease. His indolent fatalism may govern him too much, but our over-anxiety and bustle may be, on our part, no less an evil. It all depends, again, upon the direction of that activity. Of course, to a Frenchman, war, glory, artistic beauty, and all that, is civilization, progress; but is it happiness? Why should the Turk leave his pipe, his coffee, and his delightful dreams to rush hither and thither in quest of civilized happiness when he has enough of it already? Progress is not always improvement. French pegtops are no more civilized than the Albanian kilt; neither is "sitting on your heels" on the carpet of a Turkish divan anything more morally barbarous than whirling in the waltz of a fashionable ball-room. Then the Turks are governed by instinct, and civilized people by reason; but unless reason be governed by something better than itself, it is questionable whether the Turk would exchange for the better by giving up his instinct and taking to it. No doubt they are fools when *we* show them the way and they won't walk in it; but are *we* quite sure that our own way is any better? It wouldn't be by dressing, and dancing, and fighting—even thinking and talking like the French, or worshipping God by images and pictures, and all

that—that a Turk would become civilized. He is unquestionably a stoic, and France is epicurean. But Diogenes and Epictetus, though less civilized, were much better, and likely far happier men, than Alcibiades and Lucullus; so that the elementary hand may be backed against the smooth-pointed anywhere.

One of the best illustrations of this elementary and original hand is certainly to be found in that unique specimen of its craft, the praying and praising machine of the Calmucks. But have not we of the conical digits something not at all dissimilar in our organ—that is exactly what the Scotch call it—a machine to praise God. So that if we mean to keep ahead of the Calmucks in the machinery of our worship, the next improvement might possibly be a preaching machine.

According to the doctrine of chiromny, reason is the great regenerator of nations. In France the useful hands gave way to the philosophic before the Revolution, and it was the latter type that brought it about. On the accession of Louis XV. to the throne, a type of hand sprung from the mass of the people, surged up to the surface of society with a consciousness of its own power, and a gloomy egotism that impelled one instinct openly and ostentatiously to claim precedence over every other instinct. This was the philosophic hand.

Contrary to the useful hand, that for fifteen lustrums held out to the people subordination, authority, custom, expediency, faith, predestination: the philosophic hand invited them to reason, investigation, proof, liberty,

free-will. At these words France, crushed by the heavy leaden mantle of form, raised her head and breathed. Like a ship becalmed, when an unexpected breeze gives warning of the coming wind, hastily she unfurled her idly flapping sails, lit up her joyful fires, and saluted with loud plaudits the blessed hands that restored her to freedom, innovation, and progress. First attacking religious despotism, the philosophers say :—

“That which essentially distinguishes us from the lower animals is reason ; it is then from reason that the idea of a God has come to us, since animals, only because they are destitute of reason, have no similar idea. If then, our reason is our only proof of the existence of God, it follows that it alone ought to direct us in the studies and researches which have God for their object.” To which they added :—“That God would not take account of us for a faith condemned by reason, the faculty by which He has been revealed to us, and the faculty without which He would have been unknown.”

The intolerant Catholicism of that period, being undermined by these arguments, and tottering on its foundation, they turned the strength of their aggressive logic against religious despotism. Kings are made for the people, and not the people for kings. This maxim, hitherto looked upon as impious, appeared just and holy to a generation who, having just reasoned out their worship, and conformed it to their understanding, believed they had more right to reason out their form of government. Liberty descended trium-

phantly into the mind, but in the sphere of thought was yet her only resting-place. That of things was only opened to her in 1789, when she poured her light into the laws. Since then the arts have opened their sanctuary to her, and in our day philosophers labour to incorporate her with manners. They claim the right of election for all—the emancipation of women; they preach individual Protestantism.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCLUSION.

As all the foregoing scheme of chiromnomy is professedly based on facts and observation, it is nothing wonderful to find some few exceptions to the rules so generalized; one of these is the fact, that in hands generally answering to one or other of the inventor's types there will occasionally be exceptional signs. In the knotty fingers, for example, there will occur one smooth finger, or perhaps two; or in the square-fingered hand, one of the fingers, or more, may be somewhat pointed, and so on. This is one of the points in which chiromancy claims to be of especial service, because although the majority of the signs might indicate the general character, these exceptional ones have also some qualities to be defined. Now some of the lines or mounts must come across those recusant members and bring them to account. Or if the exception be in any of the pha-

langes, it then comes under one or other of the three worlds, and is defined accordingly. Thus, all throughout, the science of chiromancy alleges to rest upon the double basis of observation and logic. The proof of the whole is said to lie in magic, and on the cabalistic precepts. The strongest magical power is the *will*, and that may be said to sum up the whole *cabala*.

Whatever you will to do you are sure to do it, if it is possible to be done. But it might be suggested here that an inquirer into the truth of these sciences would do well to have some faith as well as logic, which would go as far to remove some of the mountains as the will itself. If you have this faith, much of the rest will follow. Suppose, for example, a person having the smooth artistic fingers of chiromancy, and a long and thick first joint of the thumb, were, in the first instance, under the belief that these indications would lead to excellence in art—there would be a strong incentive to enter on that course of training. Because he would not only believe that he had the capacity, but the *will* to persevere. Since, then, his will was swayed in that direction, or, in other words, since he was willing to undergo the preliminary labour of attaining excellence, there is reason to think he would most likely attain to it. This might possibly be all the magic in the case, as, no doubt, in a sense, the will is a magical power. Then, again, this leads to another inquiry. What may be the benefit arising out of this science? and it can even be supposed that apart

altogether from its entire authenticity, much good might accrue from it. Every one can have his own hand-book for guidance, or even as a note-book, to put down memoranda. Many people, afraid to forget something they ought to remember, tie a bit of thread round one of their fingers, that the sight of it may aid their memory. The indications given on the lines and mounts might serve as remembrancers in this way. Suppose a believer looked into his palm and saw the line of the heart and the line of the head running into one, in both hands, he must have a firm persuasion that if great caution be not used he may come to a violent end. Would not this then make him a cautious and careful individual in general; and if ever he found himself getting into any doubtful or dangerous position, might not a sight of the fatal junction in those lines furnish a fresh stimulus for care. When a mother sees her child getting into danger she sometimes holds up a warning finger, which the child reads and understands, and here we have mother nature doing the same thing. In infant and other schools, placards are hung up on the walls, warning the youthful inmates "not to steal"—"not to commit murder"—and "not to lie." On the hands may be seen the very same monitions, and, of course, implying the same necessary caution to be used.

Listen to the few following rules of hand-reading, as laid down by the old fathers in palmistry, where such warnings are abundant—not, however, unmixed with more encouraging admonitions:—

If you find any lines at the top of the fingers, be ware of drowning or falling into the water.

If you find two lines under the joints of the thumb, it denotes a large estate ; if there be but one, the person will not have much wealth ; and if they be great and apparent, the party has some wealth, concerning which he will have some law-suits.

If between the joints of the thumb there are two lines stretched out, and well united, the person will be a gamester, and thereby endanger his life ; but if they are disjointed, or winding and crooked, he will fall into the hands of thieves.

A woman that has lines at the root of the thumb, upon the mount of Venus, will have so many children ; if they verge towards the outside of the hand, so many men will marry her.

A hand that has two lines joined together within, under the last joint of the thumb, denotes danger by water ; but if they are pale, it signifies that it has happened in childhood, or will happen late ; but if these lines are without, they threaten some loss by fire.

If the first joint of the thumb has a line that joins to it within from the part of the fore-finger, the person will be hanged ; but if the table line be united without, and not within, the man will lose his head ; and if it be environed all about, he will be hanged.

When the table line is crooked, and falls between the middle and fore-finger, it denotes loss and effusion of blood.

When you find upon the mount of the thumb, called

the mount of Venus, certain lines thwarting from the line of life to it, the person is luxurious, and will be hated by his friends and superiors: but when you find two lines near the thumb, fair and apparent, they denote great wealth.

The mount of Venus swelling up or high in the hand, shows the person to be unchaste.

If the line of life be separated, or divided into halves, the person will receive a wound in his body by a sword.

A hand something long, and the fingers thick, denote the person to be of a phlegmatic complexion, idle, slothful, but modest.

If the palm of the hand be long, and the fingers well-proportioned, and not soft, but rather hard, it denotes the person to be ingenious, but changeable, and given to theft and vice.

If the hand be hollow, solid, and well knit in the joints, it predicts long life; but if over thwarted, it then denotes short life.

He whose hand is according to the quantity of his body, and the fingers too short and thick, and fat at the ends, will be a thief, a liar-in-wait, and addicted to all manner of evil.

When the palm of the hand is longer than the due proportion requires, and the fingers more thick, by how much they are the more short, it signifies that the man is proud, idle, negligent, and so much the more by how much the hand is more brawny.

Great and long hands betoken a great spirit, liber-

ality, good conditions, craftiness; but the person will be a good counsellor, and faithful to his friends.

A hand shorter than it should be, according to the proportion of the other members, shows the person to be a great talker, a glutton, insatiable, and a censurer of other men's actions.

He whose fingers turn backwards is an unjust person, subtle, ingenious; and the more neat his fingers seem to be (as being more dry), the more he is mischievous, and an enemy to virtue. Beware of such servants, the lines of whose joints are all alike. He whose fingers are well united and close, so that the air can hardly pass between them, is a curious person, and very careful in his affairs.

When the fingers are retorted at the highest joint, and turned backward orderly, the person will emulate others, and be a professed enemy to vice.

He whose fingers are in such a manner, that they seem to strike against one another, as if he were beating a drum, is changeable in his thoughts, and has a bad opinion of other people.

Observe the finger of Mercury—that is the little finger; if the end of it exceed the joint of the ring-finger, such a man will rule his own house, and his wife will be pleasing and obedient to him; but if it be short, and reach not the joint, he will have a shrew, and she will wear the breeches.

Broad nails show the person to be bashful, fearful, but of gentle nature.

When there is a certain white mark at the extremity of them, it shows that the person has more honesty than subtlety, and that his worldly substance will be impaired through negligence.

White nails, and long, denote much sickness and infirmity, especially fevers ; an indication of strength and deceit by women.

If upon the white, anything appears at the extremity that is pale, it denotes short life by sudden death, and the person to be given to melancholy.

When there appears a certain mixed redness of divers colours at the beginning of the nails, it shows the person to be choleric, and very quarrelsome.

When the extremity is black, it is a sign of husbandry.

Narrow nails denote the person to be inclined to mischief, and to do injury to his neighbours.

Long nails show the person to be good-natured, but distrustful, and loves reconciliation rather than differences.

Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage.

Little and round nails denote obstinate anger and hatred.

If they be crooked at the extremity, they show pride and fierceness.

Round nails show a choleric person, yet soon reconciled, honest, a lover of secret sciences.

Fleshy nails denote the person to be mild in temper, idle, and lazy.

Pale and black nails show the person to be very deceitful to his neighbour, and subject to many diseases.

Red and marked nails signify a choleric and martial nature, given to cruelty ; and as many little marks as there are, they speak so many evil desires.

THE END.



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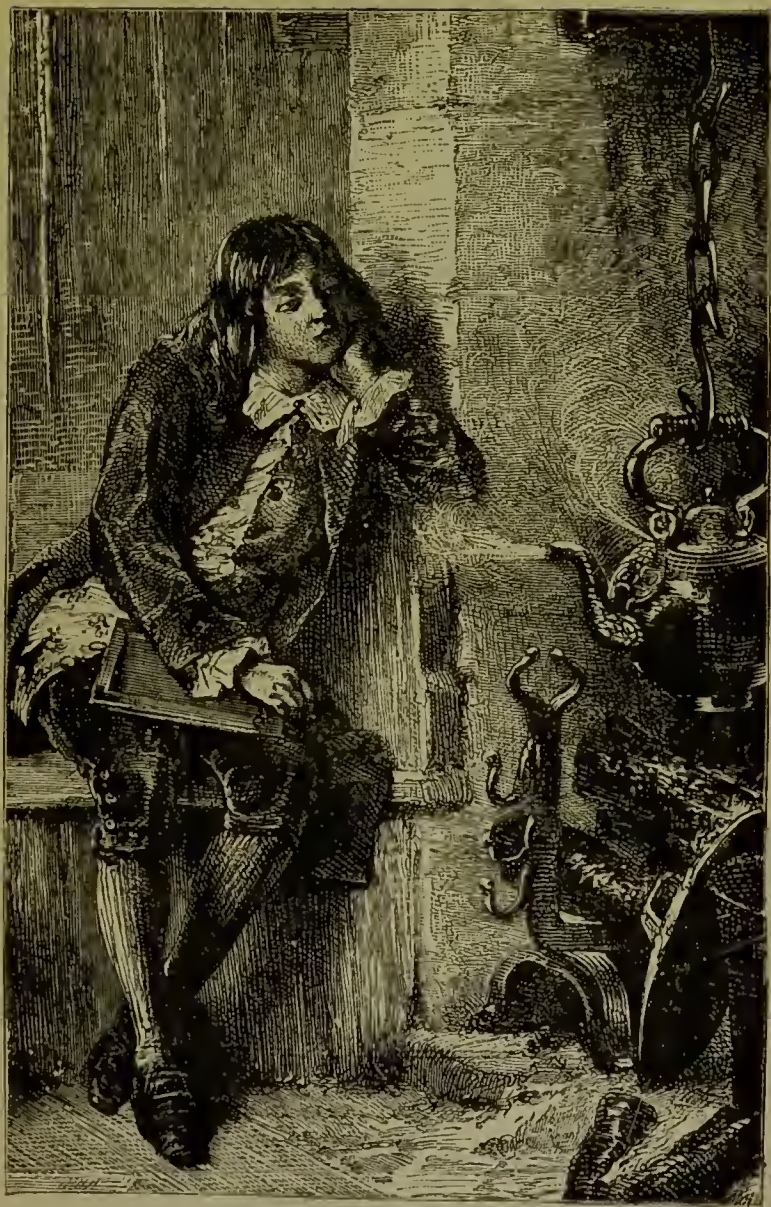
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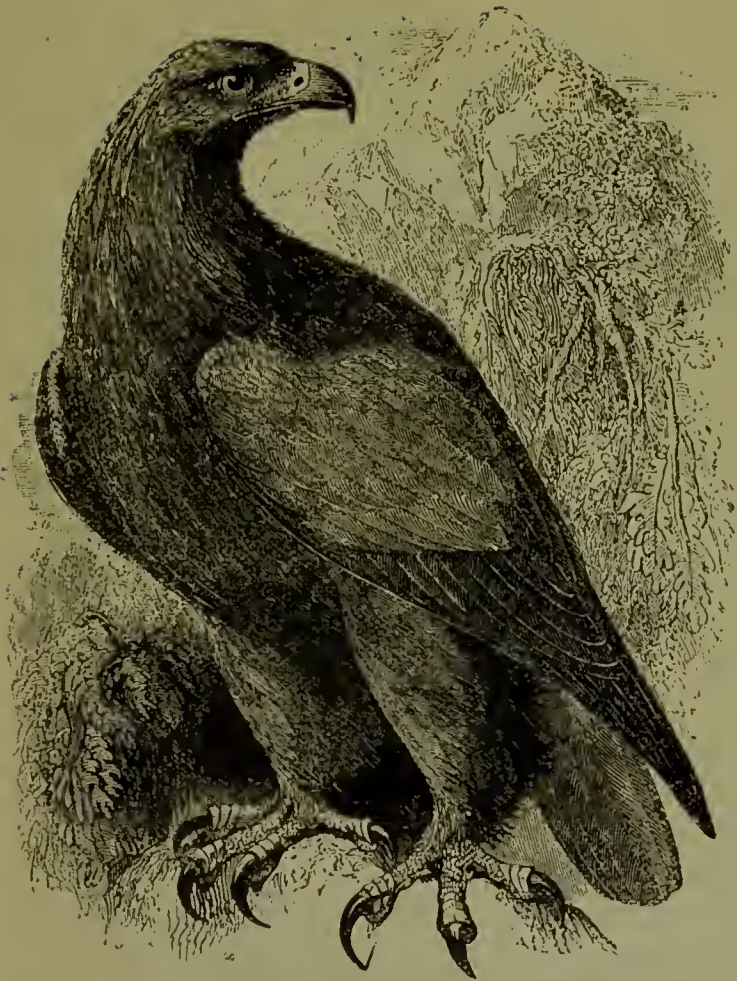
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